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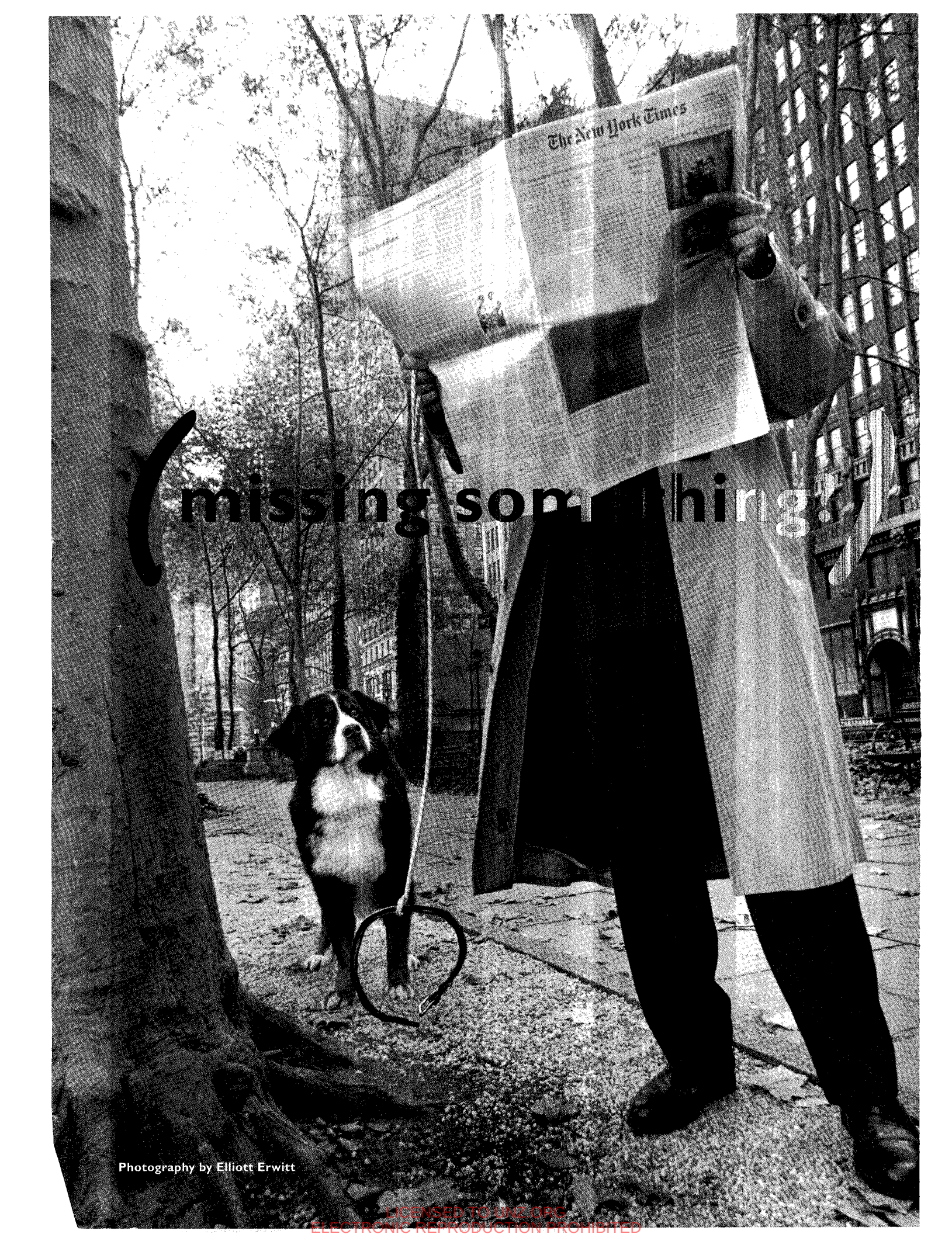
A black and white cartoon illustration by Mankot depicting a crowded, surreal party. The scene is filled with numerous caricatured figures in various costumes, including formal wear, a clown, a man in a top hat, and a man in a suit holding a long, thin object. A speech bubble containing musical notes is visible. In the foreground, a man in a tuxedo holds a glass, and a small gingerbread man stands nearby. The artist's signature 'MANKOT' is in the bottom right corner.

11



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A black and white photograph of a person in a long coat reading a newspaper while a dog waits nearby. The person is holding a large newspaper, "The New York Times", and is looking down at it. A dog is standing on a leash, looking up at the person. The scene is set outdoors, with trees and a building in the background. The text "missing something?" is overlaid on the image, with a large question mark to the right.

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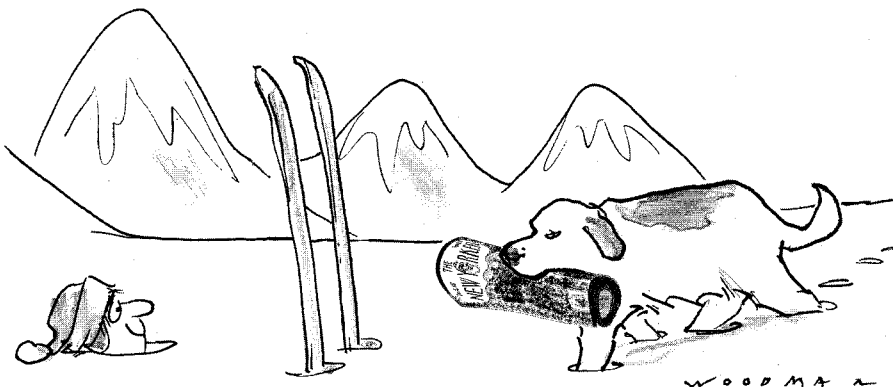
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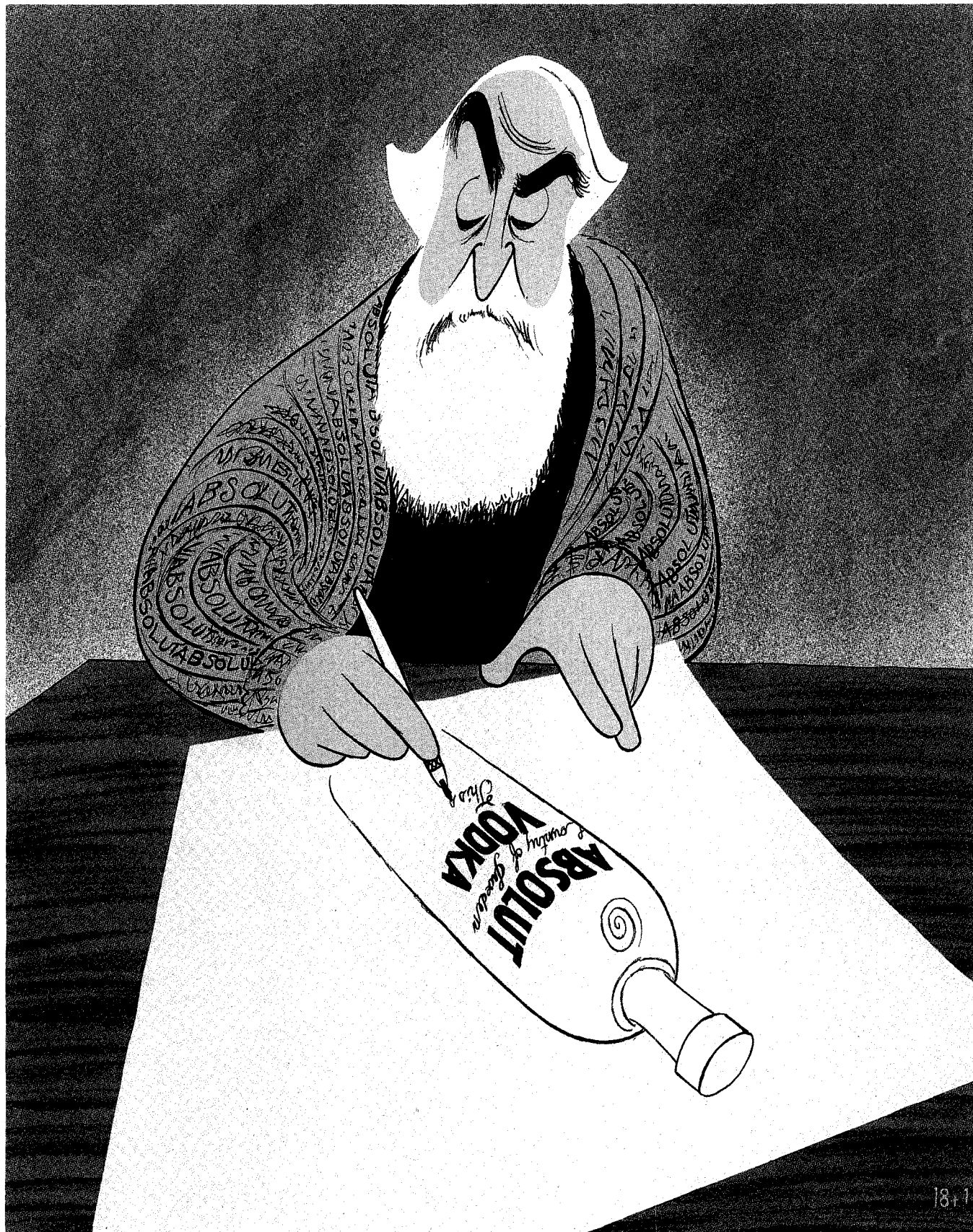
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BILL WOODMAN

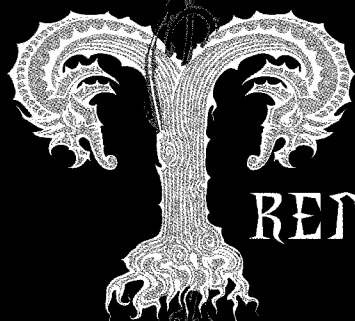


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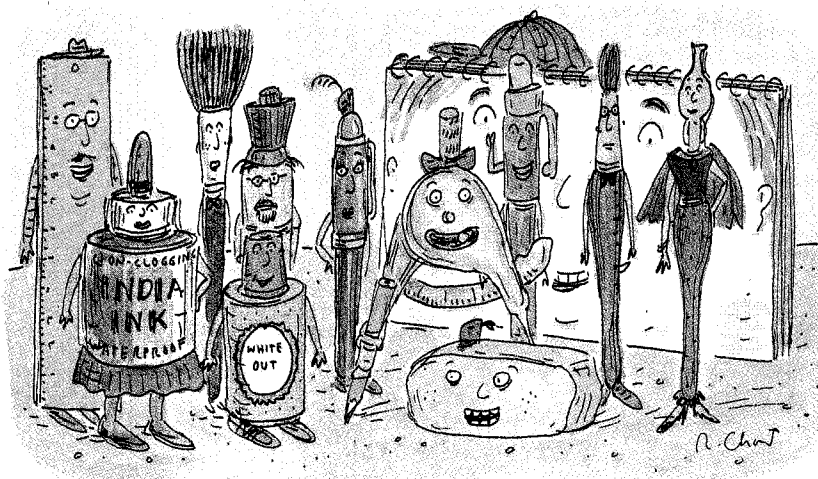
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CARTOONISTS

Before moving to the United States in 1966, **ED ARNO** was an art director for a publishing house in Romania. He has published more than ten collections of cartoons and illustrated more than a hundred children's books, including "The Magic Fish."

CHARLES BARSOTTI ran a school for mentally disabled children in Texas from 1958 to 1963. He was the cartoon editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* in the late nineteen-sixties and has published four books, including "Kings Don't Carry Money." His first cartoon appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1962.

GEORGE BOOTH was the president of the Cartoonists Guild and has been a contributor to this magazine since 1969. He has received several awards for his drawings from the National Cartoonists Society.

ROZ CHAST'S first cartoon appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1978. Since then, she has published six covers and more than five hundred cartoons in this magazine. She lives in Connecticut, with her husband and their two children.

A *New Yorker* contributor since 1978, **TOM CHENEY** studied psychology and art at the State University of New York at Potsdam. His work has also appeared in *Mad*. He lives in upstate New York.

RICHARD CLINE studied fine arts at Hobart College, and has worked as

a designer for New York City Ballet. He has drawn for *Barron's* and *Adweek*, among other publications.

Until 1986, **FRANK COTHAM** was a staff artist in the production department of a television station in Memphis, Tennessee, where he still lives. He has been contributing to *The New Yorker* since 1993.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD lives in Rhinebeck, New York. He has been a contributor to this magazine since 1983, and has published more than two hundred cartoons and illustrations. In January, his collection of portraits of mobsters will be featured in a New York gallery.

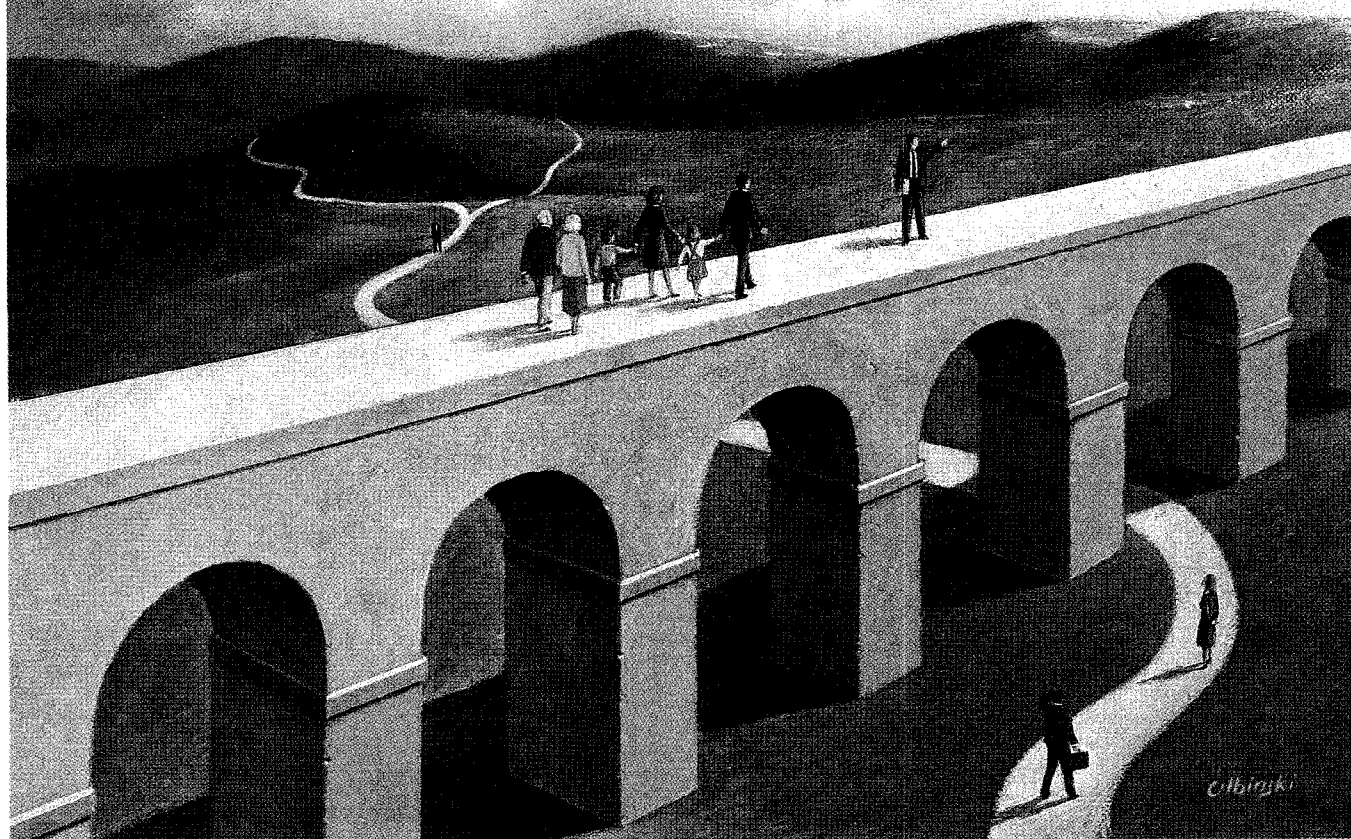
LEO CULLUM has been a pilot for T.W.A. since 1968. Recently, one of his cartoons was reproduced on a postage stamp issued by the Royal Mail in Britain. He lives in Southern California with his wife and two daughters.

WHITNEY DARROW, JR., is the author of four books, including "Stop, Miss!," and the illustrator of numerous others, among them Johnny Carson's "Happiness Is a Dry Martini." His first cartoon appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1933.

CHON DAY has been drawing cartoons for *The New Yorker* since 1931 and has had more than a thousand published in these pages. The author of five books, including "Brother Sebastian," he has also

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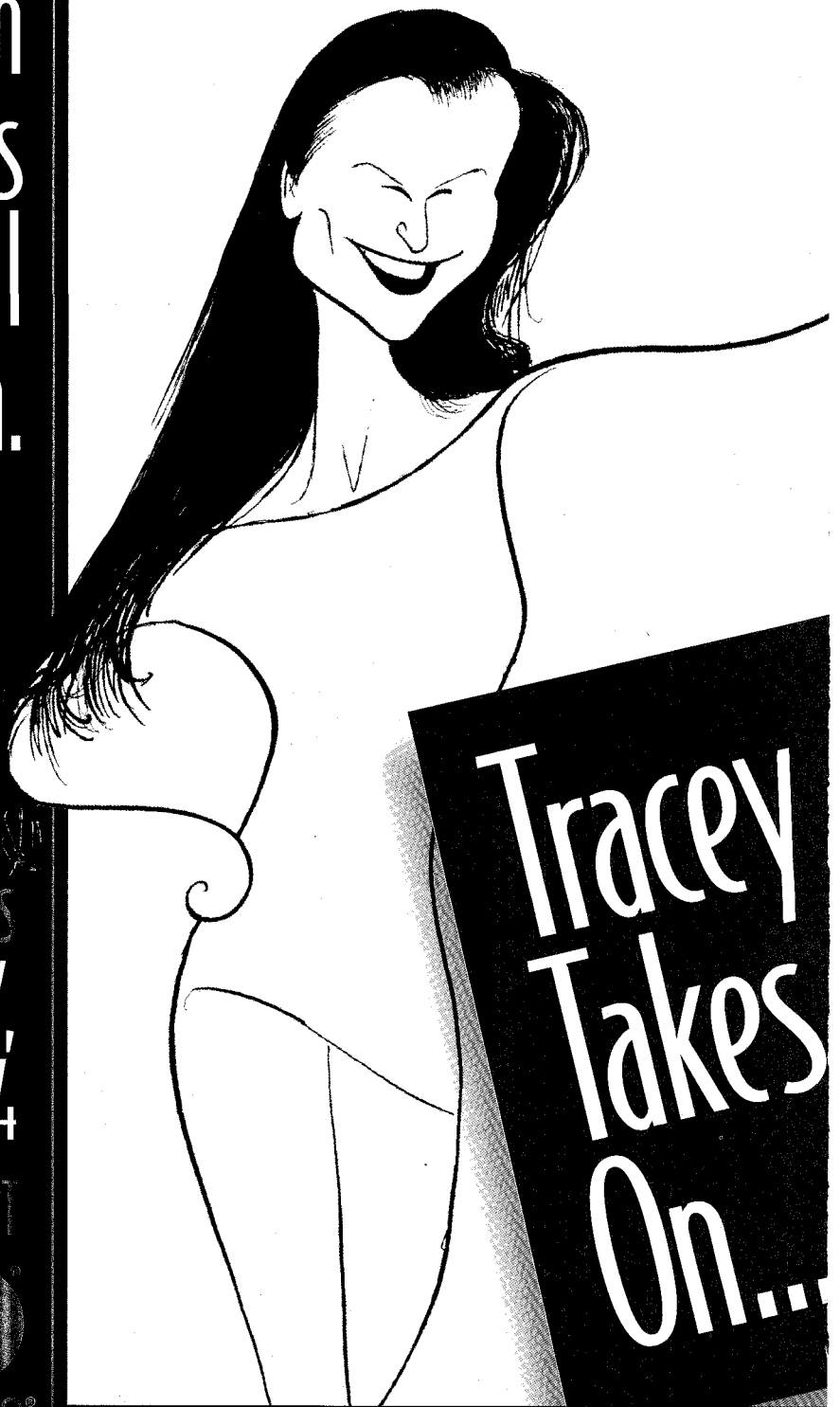
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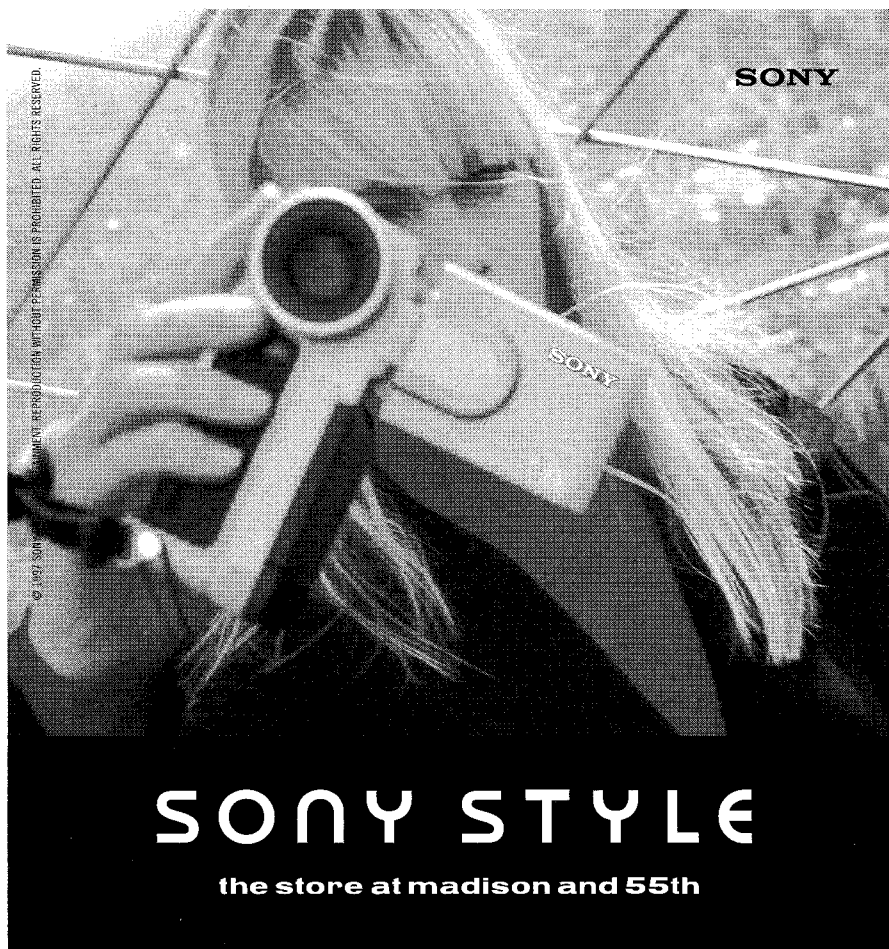
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had his work published in *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Ladies' Home Journal*.

ELDON DEDINI'S books include "The Dedini Gallery" and "Much, Much Better World," which is a collection of computer cartoons for Microsoft. He has won several National Cartoonists Society awards.

LIZA DONNELLY has a daily feature, "Liza Donnelly's Family Follies," on ParentTime, a Time Warner Web site. With her husband and fellow *New Yorker* cartoonist, Michael Maslin, she is the author of two books, "Husbands and Wives" and "Call Me When You Reach Nirvana."

For his work as a painter, JOSEPH FARRIS received an Emily Lowe Memorial Award. His daily cartoon panel, "Farris Wheel," appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* for several years in the nineteen-seventies, and his work has been shown at the Ward Eggleston Gallery, in New York.

ED FISHER, a *New Yorker* contributor since 1951, is the author of the comic novel "Wine, Women, and Woad: A Tale of Decadent Rome" and the co-editor of "The Art in Cartooning."

DANA FRADON is the author of three award-winning children's books, including "Sir Dana, A Knight." He lives in Connecticut, where he is at work on a humorous novel.

EDWARD FRASCINO teaches cartooning at the Fashion Institute of Technology, in New York. He has illustrated more than thirty-five books and has published a collection of cartoons, "Avocado Is Not Your Color."

MORT GERBERG is the author of "Cartooning: The Art and the Business," a new edition of which was published this year. He has worked as a television commentator and currently has a cartoon feature called "Out of Line" on the World Wide Web.

SAM GROSS is the cartoon editor of *Smoke*. He began his career by producing cartoons for G.I.s in Germany in the nineteen-sixties.

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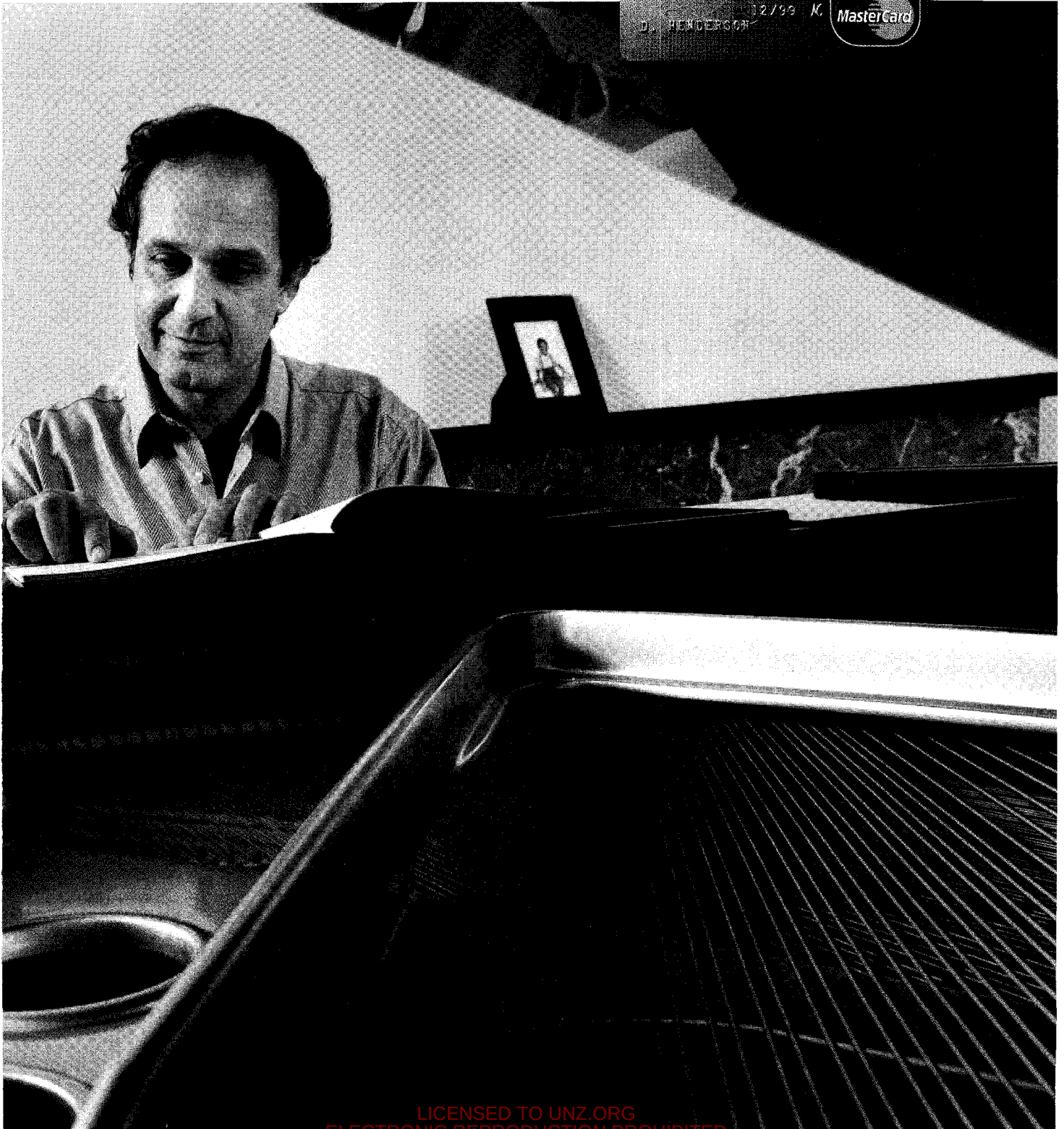
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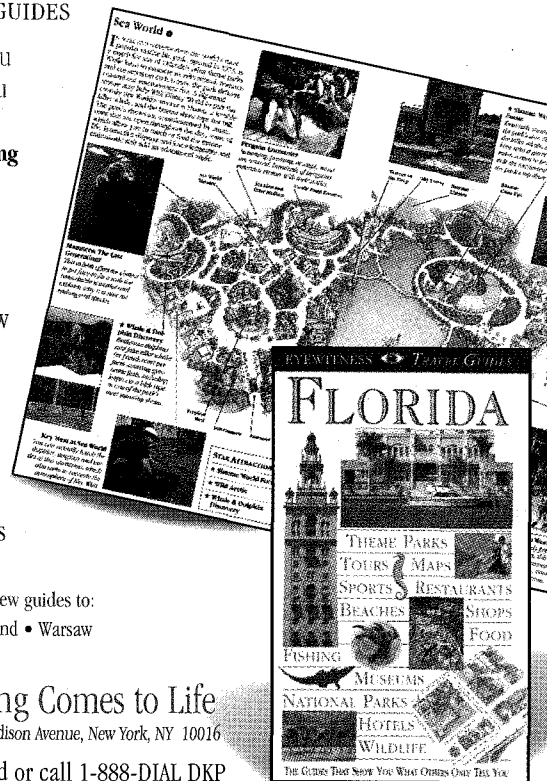
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WILLIAM HAMILTON has been contributing to *The New Yorker* since 1965. The author of several cartoon collections, four plays, and three novels, he publishes a weekly drawing in the *New York Observer*.

J. B. HANDELSMAN wrote and drew "Freaky Fables," a weekly column in *Punch*, for a decade, and has illustrated two humorous books on psychology by John Cleese. He lives in Hampton Bays, New York.

STAN HUNT has contributed some eight hundred cartoons to *The New Yorker* since 1956. He lives in Gaylordville, Connecticut.

Since 1991, BRUCE ERIC KAPLAN has contributed some two hundred cartoons to *The New Yorker*. His work has also appeared in the *Boston Globe* and *L. A. Weekly*. He is currently a television writer and lives in Los Angeles.

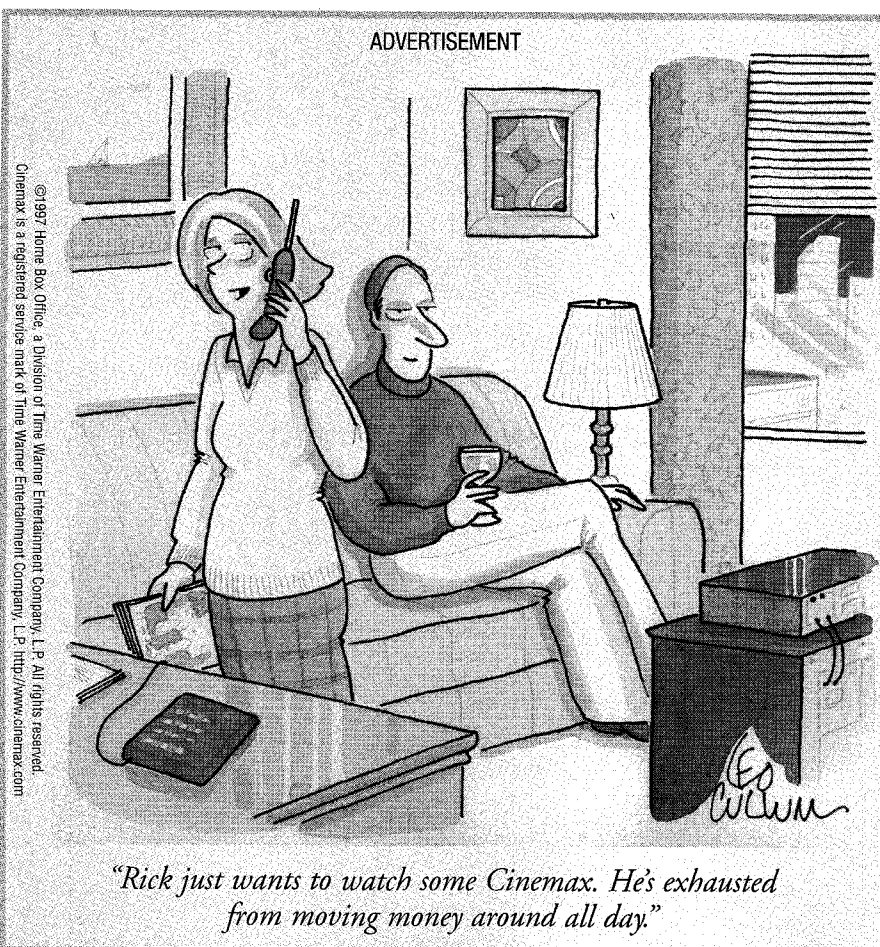
EDWARD KOREN was an art professor at Brown University from 1964 to 1977. He has been publishing cartoons and cover illustrations in *The New Yorker* since 1962, and received a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1970. His five cartoon collections include "Quality Time: Parenting, Progeny, and Pets." He lives in Brookfield, Vermont, where he is the captain of the volunteer fire department.

STUART LEEDS teaches illustration and humorous art at the Cooper Union and at Syracuse University. He is the founder of the New York (Baseball) Giants Historical Society.

ARNIE LEVIN won several awards at the London Film Festival for his animated films for the Children's Television Workshop. He has also been honored for his drawings by the National Cartoonists Society.

LEE LORENZ was the *New Yorker's* art editor from 1973 to 1993 and its cartoon editor until this year. He has been contributing covers and cartoons since 1958 and is the author of "The Art of *The New Yorker*." He plays hot cornet at Arthur's Tavern, in Greenwich Village, on Sunday nights.

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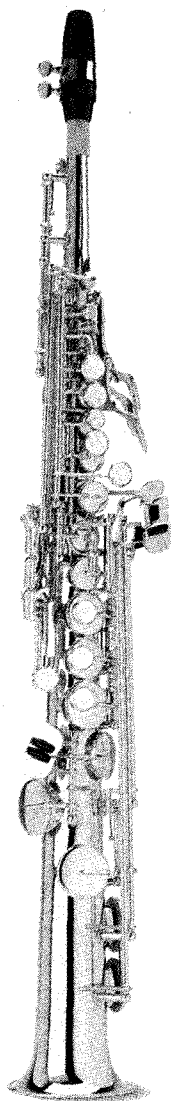


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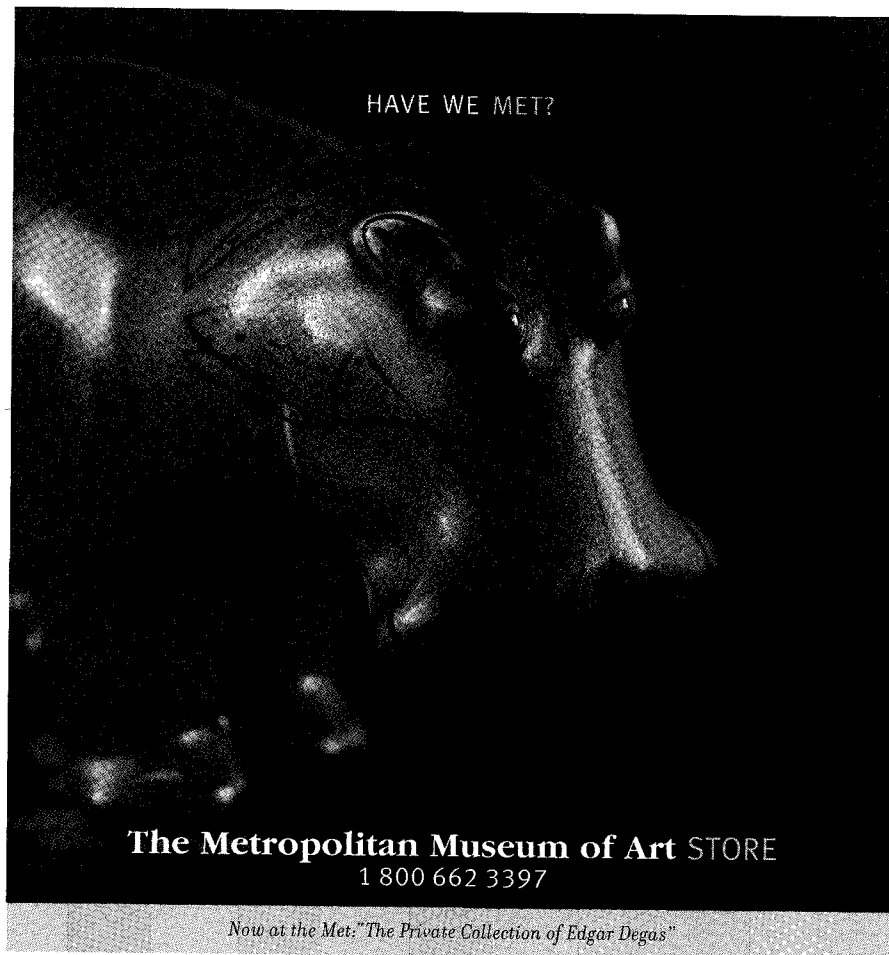
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ROBERT MANKOFF is the *New Yorker's* cartoon editor, and has been a contributor since 1977. He is a former speed-reading teacher and experimental psychologist, and is the founder and president of The Cartoon Bank, a computerized cartoon archive that is now owned by *The New Yorker*.

HENRY MARTIN, a contributor since 1964, has had cartoons published in *Good Housekeeping*, the *Times*, and *Audubon*. He lives with his wife in Princeton, New Jersey.

MICHAEL MASLIN has contributed some four hundred cartoons to *The New Yorker* since 1978, and he has published four cartoon collections, including "Mixed Company."

WARREN MILLER has been a contributor since 1961. He has published two collections of cartoons—"All Thumbs" and "Prince and Mrs. Charming"—and his work has appeared in *Playboy*, *Esquire*, and *Punch*.

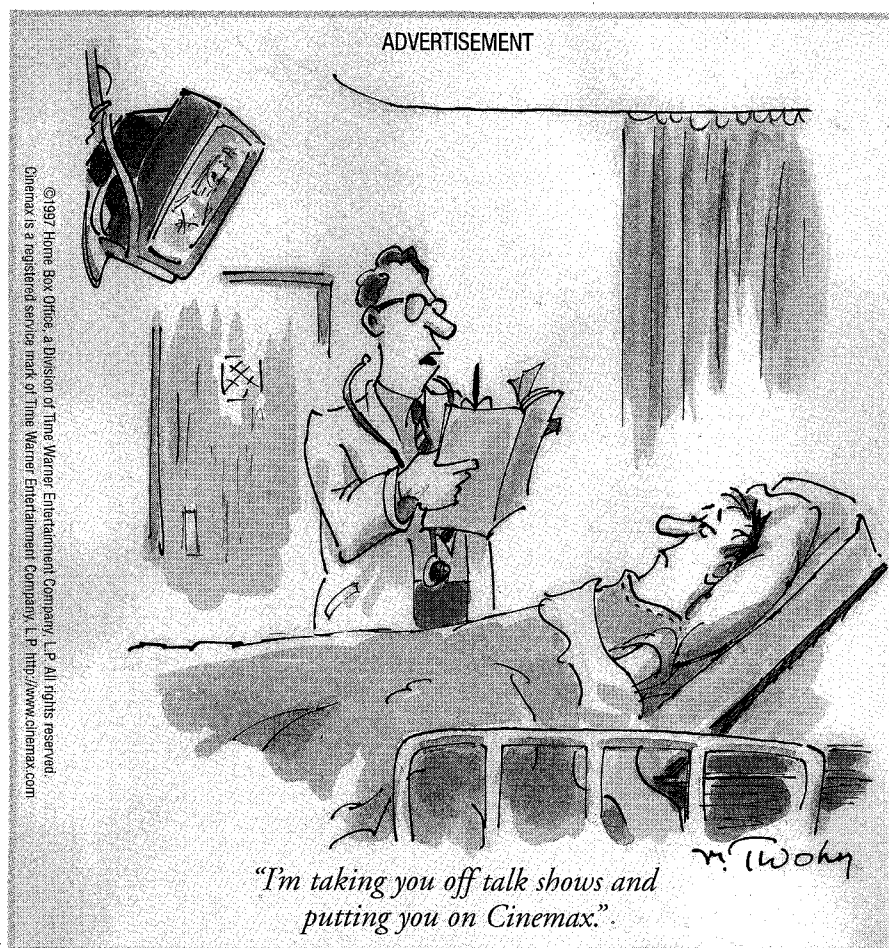
FRANK MODELL has drawn six covers and more than a thousand cartoons for this magazine since 1946, and he is the author of several children's books, including "Skeeter and the Computer." He lives in Guilford, Connecticut.

JOHN O'BRIEN has written and illustrated more than fifty books for children, including "The Twelve Days of Christmas." He lives in New Jersey, where he plays the banjo, sings, and spends his summers working as a lifeguard.

PETER PORGES came to the United States from Austria in 1947. He teaches cartooning at the School of Visual Arts, in Manhattan. His first cartoon appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1965.

DONALD REILLY has contributed more than nine hundred cartoons and sixteen cover illustrations to *The New Yorker* since 1964. He plays jazz trumpet and lives in Connecticut.

MISCHA RICHTER is the author and illustrator of some ten books, including "Strictly Doctors." He is one of the founders of the National Cartoon-



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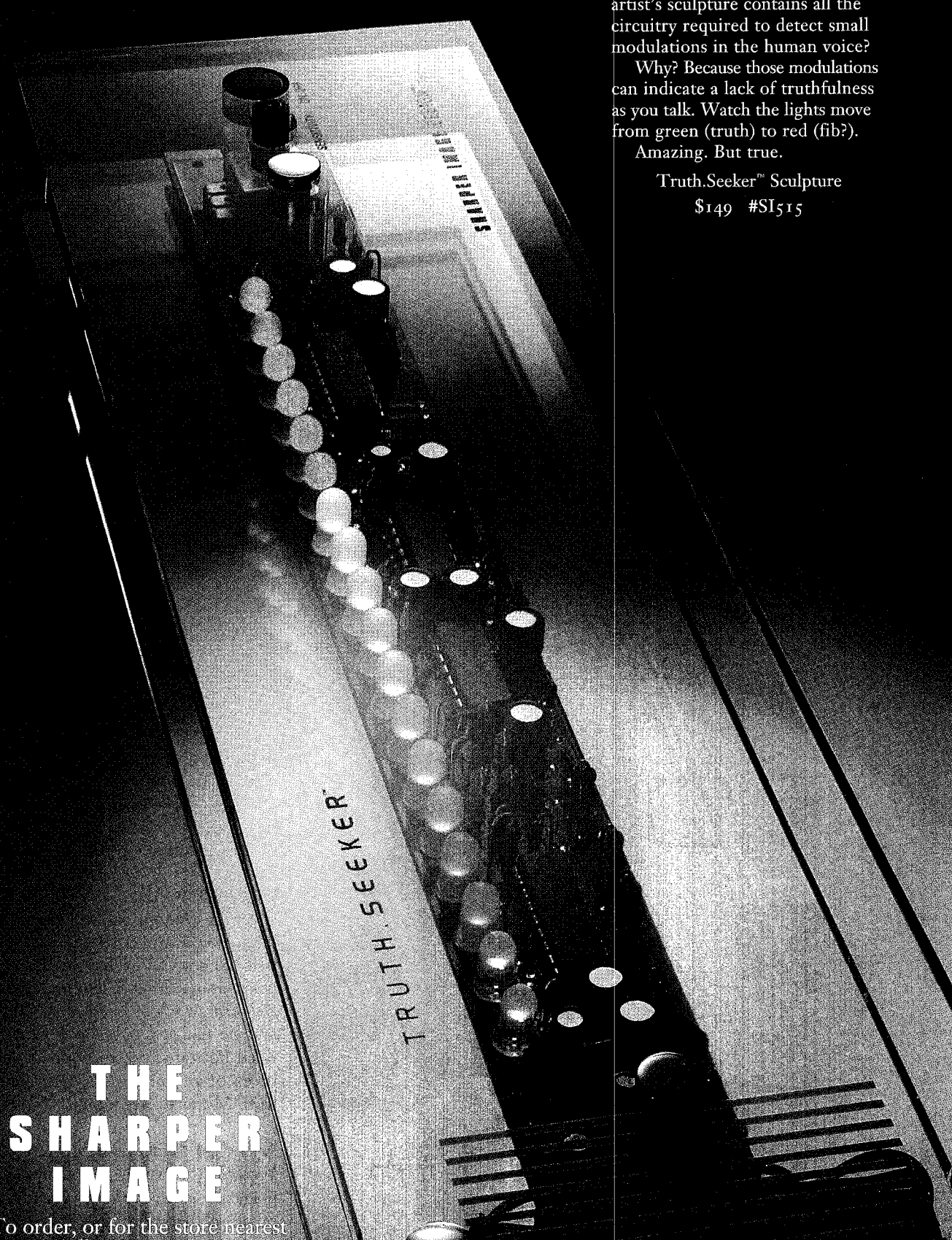
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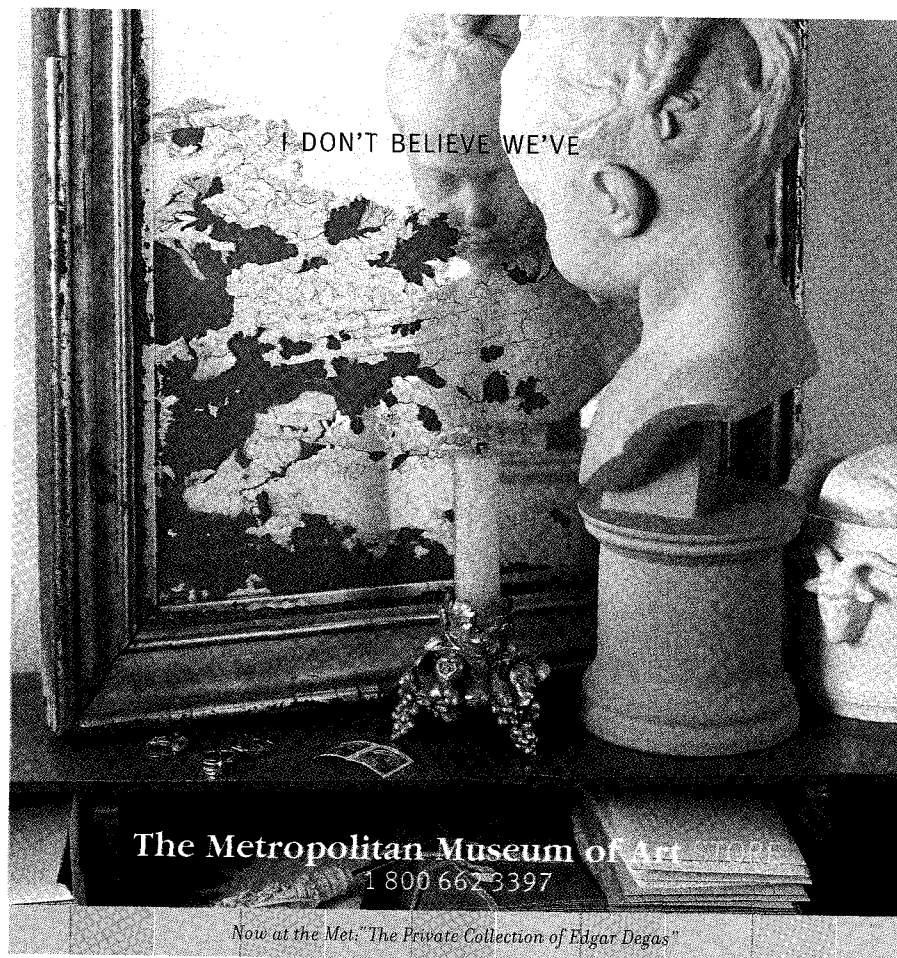


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ists Society, and his drawings and paintings have been featured in various exhibitions.

VICTORIA ROBERTS' first cartoon strip appeared in the *Nation Review*, an Australian weekly, in 1976. Her most recent exhibition of cartoons and illustrations was mounted at the Centro Cultural "El Nigromante" in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. She lives in New York City.

AL ROSS is the author of four books, including "Cartooning Fundamentals" and "Sexcapades." His first cartoon appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1937.

Before he began contributing to *The New Yorker* in 1974, **BERNARD SCHOENBAUM** owned a commercial art studio. His cartoons have been collected in "Dogs Dogs Dogs" and "Cats Cats Cats."

DANNY SHANAHAN tended bar at the Bitter End, in Greenwich Village, before becoming a full-time cartoonist. His work has appeared in *Playboy*, *Esquire*, and the *Times*. He is the author of a book of cartoons: "Lassie! Get Help!" He lives in Rhinebeck, New York, with his wife and two sons.

BARBARA SMALLER, a former standup comedian, has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1996. Her work has also appeared in the *Utne Reader*, *Dollars & Sense*, and the *Times*.

EDWARD SOREL has drawn seventy cover illustrations and cartoons for *The New Yorker* since 1990. He and his wife, Nancy Caldwell Sorel, had a regular feature, "First Encounters," in *The Atlantic Monthly* for fourteen years, and he has just published "Unauthorized Portraits," a collection of caricatures of prominent people ranging from Moses to Madonna.

WILLIAM STEIG is the doyen of *New Yorker* artists, having contributed to the magazine since 1930. He is the author of more than forty books, including many beloved children's books. His drawings and watercolors are in the permanent collections of numerous



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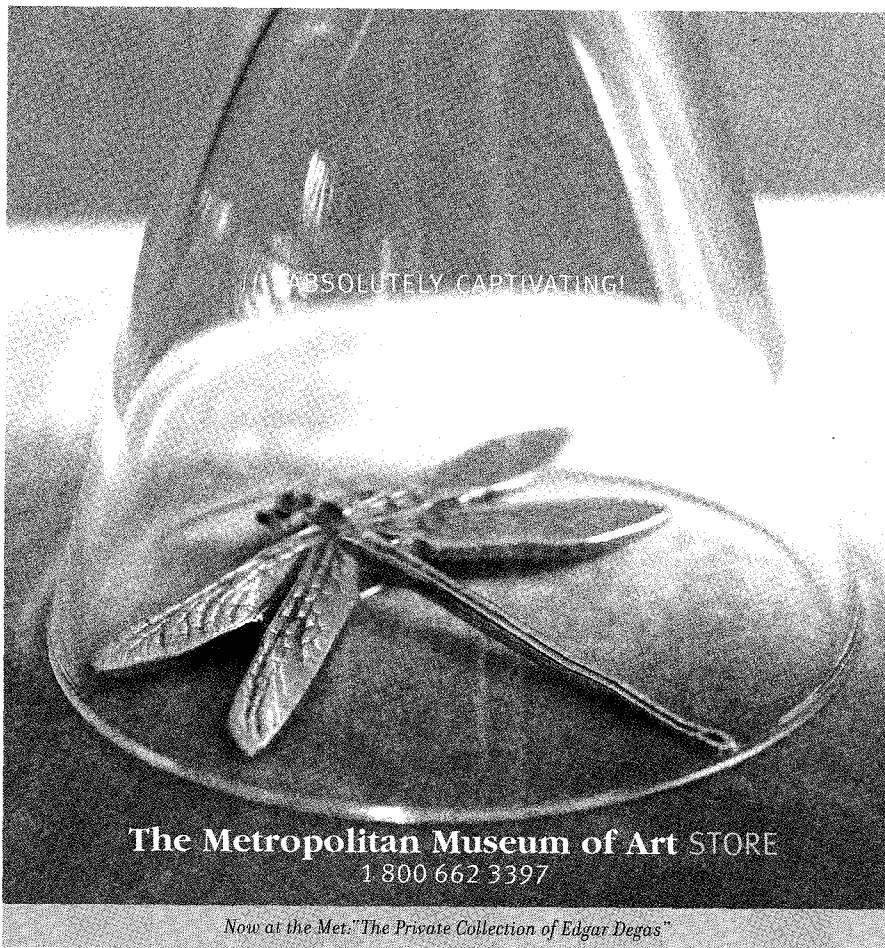
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museums, including the Brooklyn Museum. He lives in Boston.

PETER STEINER was a professor of German at Dickinson College, in Pennsylvania, from 1969 to 1978. His drawings and paintings have been exhibited at the Alan Stone Gallery and the Frumkin Adams Gallery, in New York.

MICK STEVENS' work has appeared in the *Harvard Business Review* and in *Barron's*. He has published three cartoon collections, including "If Ducks Carried Guns." He lives on Martha's Vineyard.

MIKE TWOHY has contributed some two hundred cartoons to *The New Yorker* since 1980. He has a regular cartoon feature in the *National Law Journal*. He lives in Berkeley, California.

DEAN VIETOR was a graphic designer for Hallmark and drew a daily cartoon called "Funny Business," which appeared in *USA Today* over a span of ten years. Since 1967, he has contributed more than two hundred cartoons to *The New Yorker*. He lives, with his wife, in Phoenix, Arizona.

ROBERT WEBER began his career as a fashion illustrator, and has been doing covers and cartoons for *The New Yorker* since 1962. His work has also appeared in *Look*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and *Collier's*.

GAHAN WILSON has published fifteen collections of cartoons, including "Still Weird" and "Even Weirder," and is the author of two novels and a forthcoming book of short stories. He also creates animated programs for television.

BILL WOODMAN was a graphic artist for CBS in New York, and has contributed more than a hundred cartoons to these pages since 1975. His work has also appeared in *Playboy* and *National Lampoon*.

JACK ZIEGLER has published five collections of drawings, including "Worst Case Scenarios." His first cartoon appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1974. He lives, with his wife, a singer, in Las Vegas. ♦



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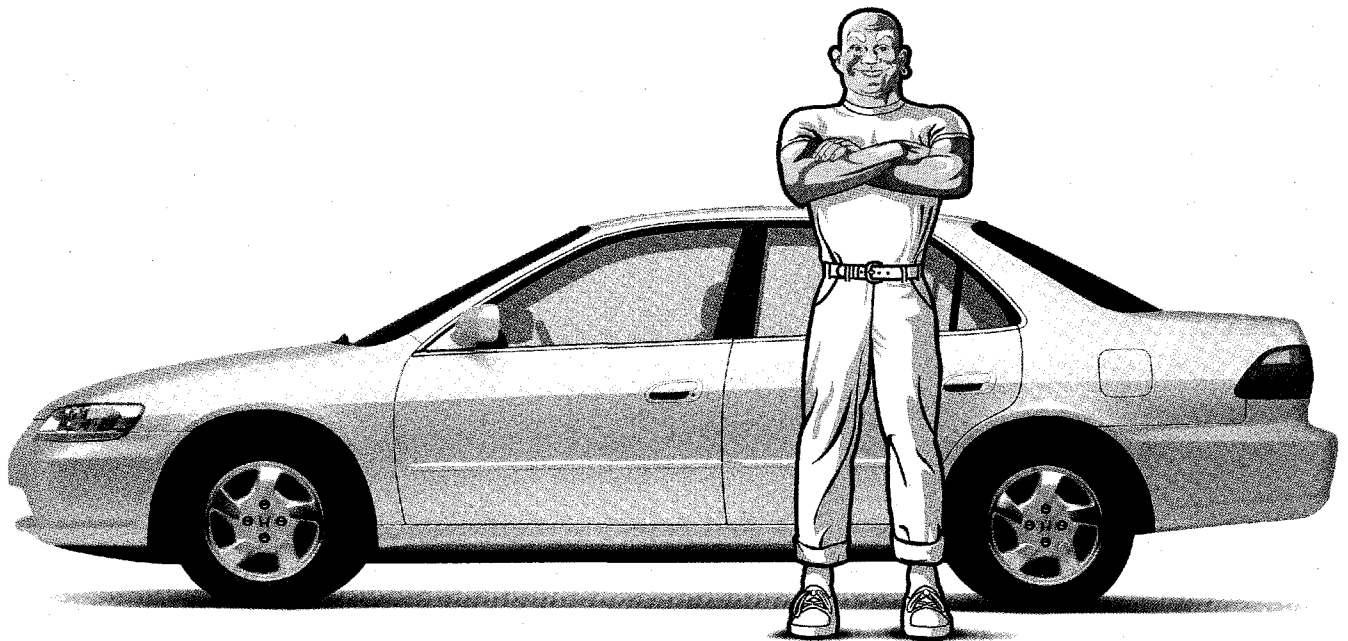
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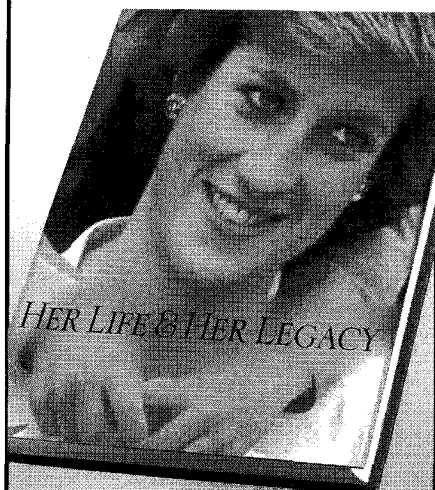
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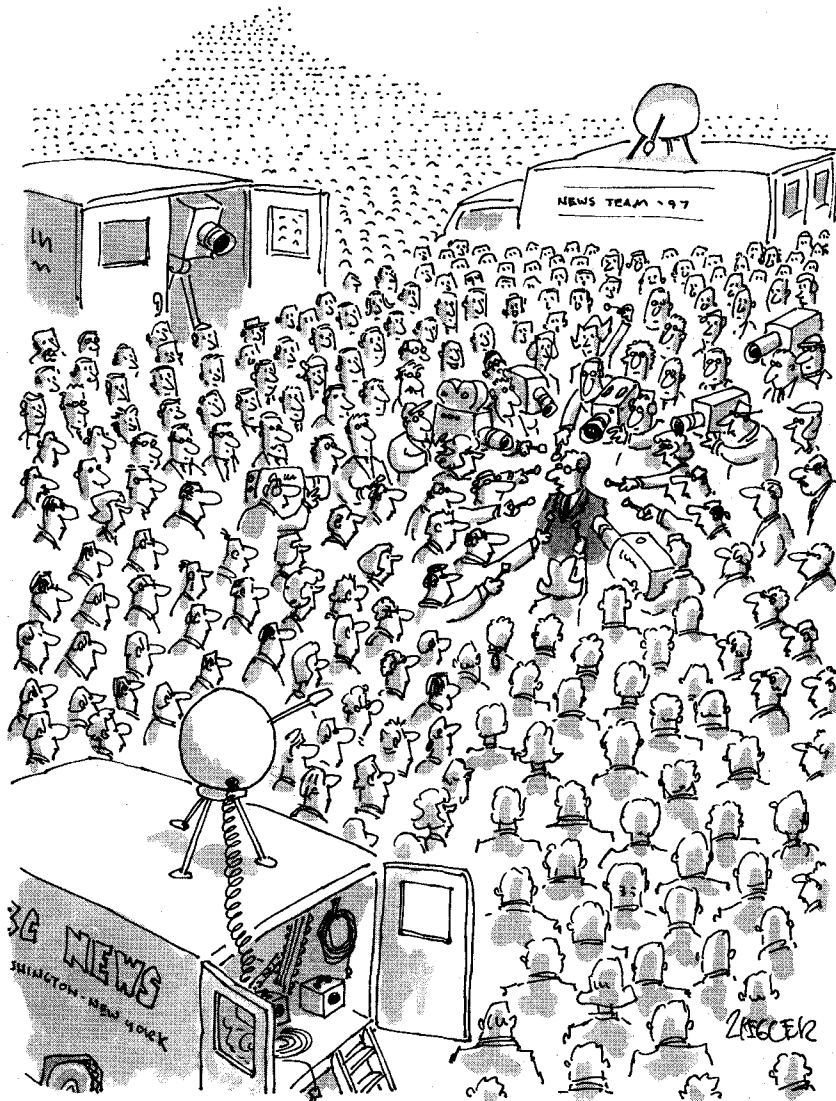
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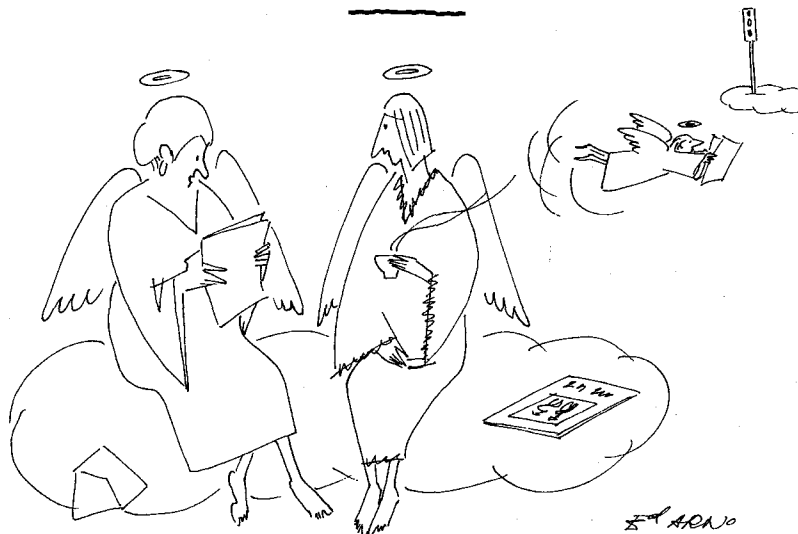
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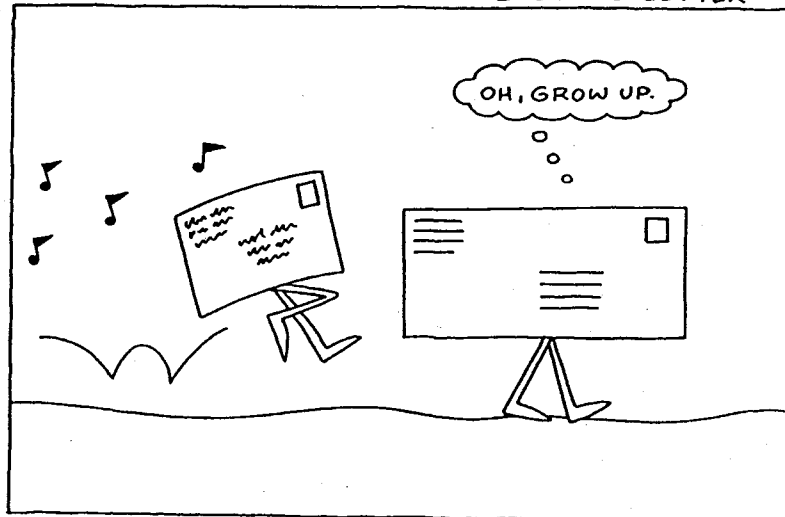


"It's from my husband, in Hell, and it took only four days to get here."



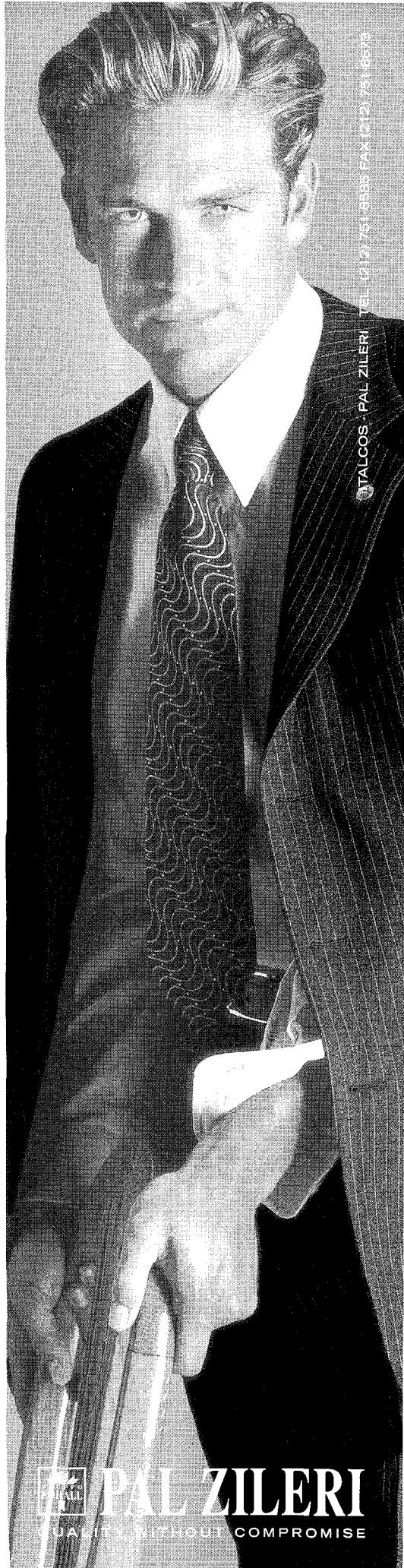
"Dear Editor: How are you? I am fine. Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here. Love, Sally."

THE GREETING CARD AND THE BUSINESS LETTER

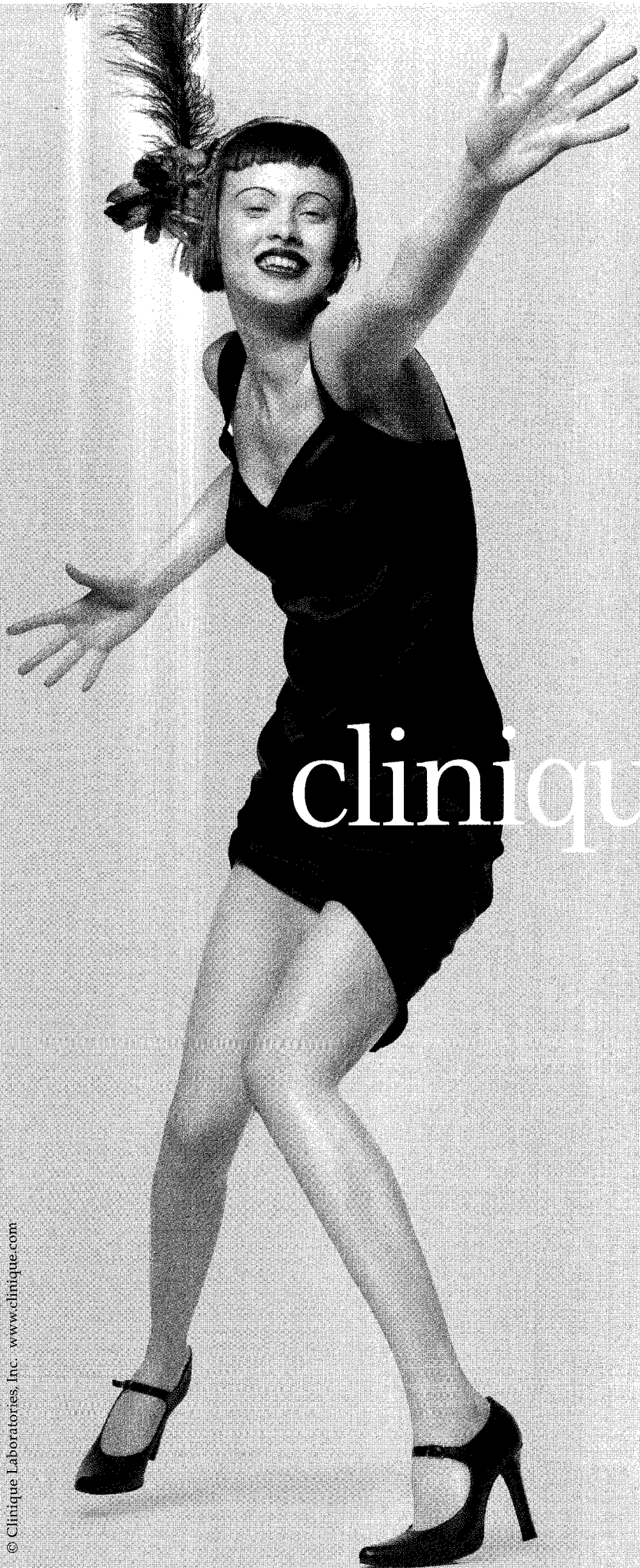


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OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

THE CAPEMAN—A musical by Paul Simon and Derek Walcott, directed and choreographed by Mark Morris. In previews. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

CHRISTMAS AT THE IVANOV'S—The Classic Stage Company and Arden Party's co-staging of Alexander Vvedensky's 1938 black comedy. Directed by Karen Coonrod. In previews through Dec. 13. Opens Dec. 14 at 7. (C.S.C., 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

FALSTAFF: THE BRAGGART SAMURAI—The actor Mansaku Nomura translates Shakespeare's Sir John into a Japanese warrior, in a production by the Nomura Mansaku Theatre, of Tokyo. Dec. 10-12 at 8. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015.)

THE FIELD OF MARS—A production inspired by Tacitus, in which the audience wanders through the set as the action progresses. Staged by Gale Gates et al. Opens Dec. 10 at 9 and continues through Dec. 20. (37 Main St., Brooklyn. 718-522-4597.)

GOOSE-PIMPLES—Scott Elliott directs the New Group's season opener, a 1981 comedy by Mike Leigh. In previews. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

S • M • T • W • T • F • S

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14	15	16				

MUD, RIVER, STONE—An African-American couple becomes stranded while vacationing in Africa, in a new drama by Lynn Nottage. In previews through Dec. 13. Opens Dec. 14 at 7. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

POUNDING NAILS IN THE FLOOR WITH MY FOREHEAD—Eric Bogosian, in an encore engagement of his most recent monologue. Dec. 16-17 at 8 and 10:30. (Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. 219-3055.)

THE SHOW GOES ON—Lyricist-librettist Tom Jones and composer Harvey Schmidt star in a revue of their songs. In previews. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820.)

STEPPING OUT WITH MR. MARKHAM—The marriage of ballroom-dance partners in London crumbles, in a dark comedy by Jeanne Dorsey. Opens Dec. 10 at 8. (46 Walker Street Theatre, 46 Walker St. 560-7387.)

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN—Randolph Curtis Rand and Floraine Kay's adaptation of Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, staged by the Drama Dept. Pre-

views on Dec. 10. Opens Dec. 11 at 8. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 541-8441.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—Michael Mayer directs Anthony LaPaglia, Allison Janney, and Stephen Spinella in the Roundabout's revival of Arthur Miller's modern tragedy. In previews through Dec. 13. Opens Dec. 14 at 2. (Broadway at 45th St. 719-1300.)

VISITING MR. GREEN—Eli Wallach portrays a Jewish widower, in a drama by Jeff Baron. In previews through Dec. 14. Opens Dec. 15 at 7. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-0700.)

OPENED RECENTLY

BASHEVIS: TALES OF I. B. SINGER—David Margulies stars in a performance of three of the author's short stories adapted for the stage. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 354-2220.)

BRIDES OF THE MOON—A sci-fi comedy by the Five Lesbian Brothers. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 460-5475.)

CLUE: THE MUSICAL—The board game hits the boards. (Players, 115 MacDougal St. 239-6200.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Frank Langella directs, and dons the schnozz in, his own adaptation of Rostand's romantic drama, from a translation by Brian Hooker. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

DEFYING GRAVITY—Take a step back from Jane Anderson's impressionistic play about the Challenger disaster and you see a lovely rendering of man's desire to be part of something infinite. This is a thoughtful, affecting work, with fine performances by everyone in the cast, including Lois Smith as a tourist anxious to see the space shuttle's launch, Candy Buckley as a Christa McAuliffe-like teacher, and Philip Seymour Hoffman as a NASA mechanic. Michael Wilson directed, with a deft touch. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK—Natalie Portman stars in a new adaptation, by Wendy Kesselman, of the 1955 play. James Lapine is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

HALLOW'D GROUND—A one-man show about Abe Lincoln, starring Richard Bourg. (Gene Frankel Theatre, 24 Bond St. 279-4200.)

I'M STILL HERE ... DAMN IT!—A mean little cocktail from Sandra Bernhard, composed of equal parts stand-up, performance art, cabaret, world-weariness, and dish. Although the cracks in the plaster holding her many selves together sometimes reveal an unexpected vulnerability and gentleness, she maintains complete control from her spike-heeled perch. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 307-7171.)

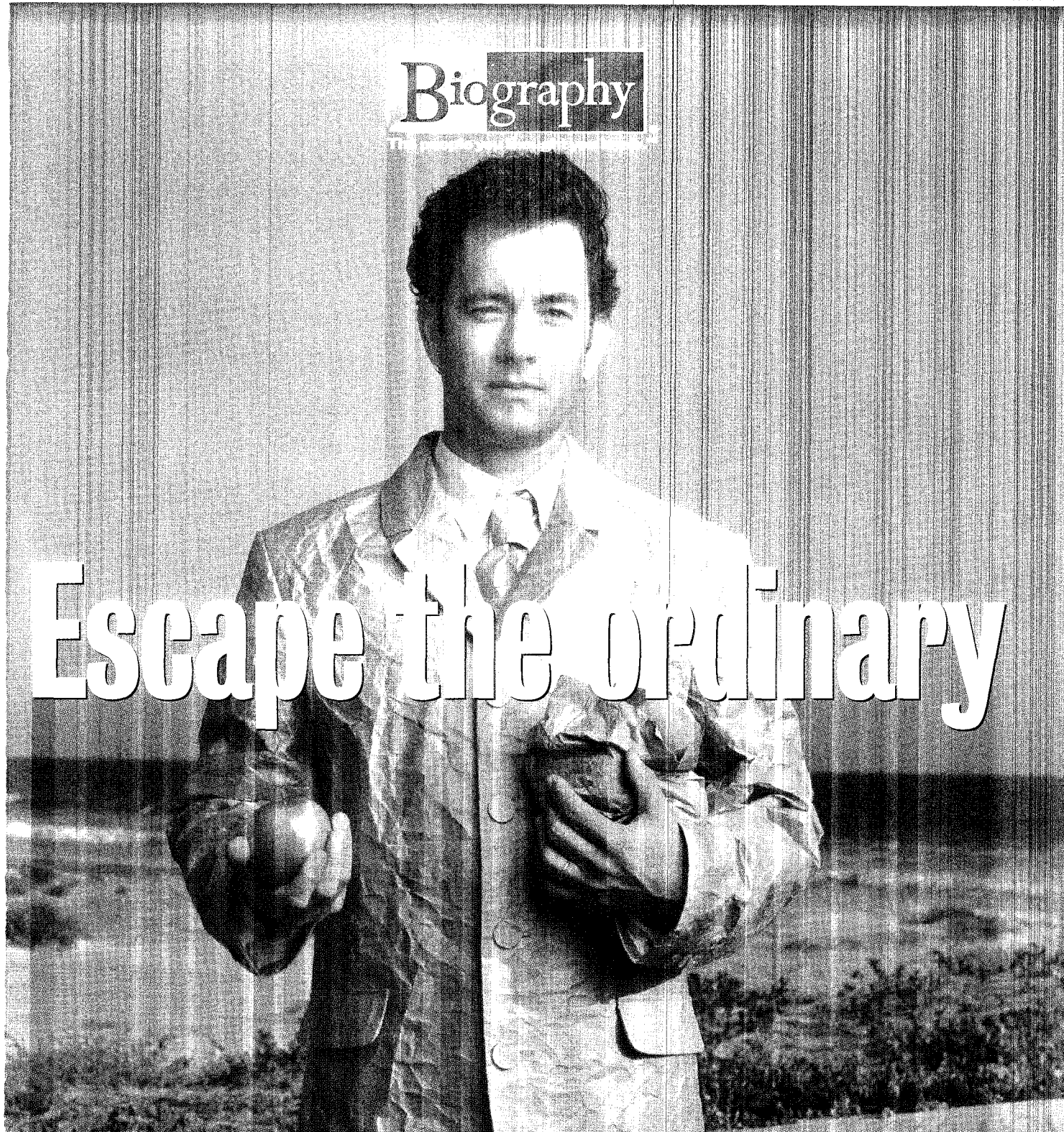
THE IRISH ... AND HOW THEY GOT THAT WAY—A good-natured if somewhat choppy revue by Frank McCourt, performed by a versatile and charming cast of six singers and musicians. Deftly directed by Charlotte Moore. (Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

IVANOV—Because American actors have trouble inhaling the nihilistic ozone of Chekhov, Gerald Gutierrez's production looks authentic but doesn't feel it. Kevin Kline powerfully conveys the honesty and intelligence of the title character but not his raw, nervy, spiritually deracinated mood of decline. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/1/97.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

JACKIE—A complete delight. The playwright, Gip Hoppe, may be satirizing what we think we know about the former First Lady, but he does it with such heart and high



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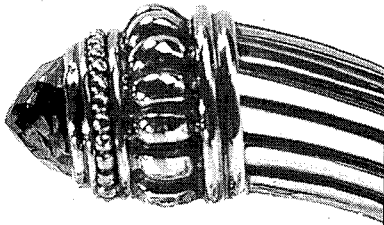


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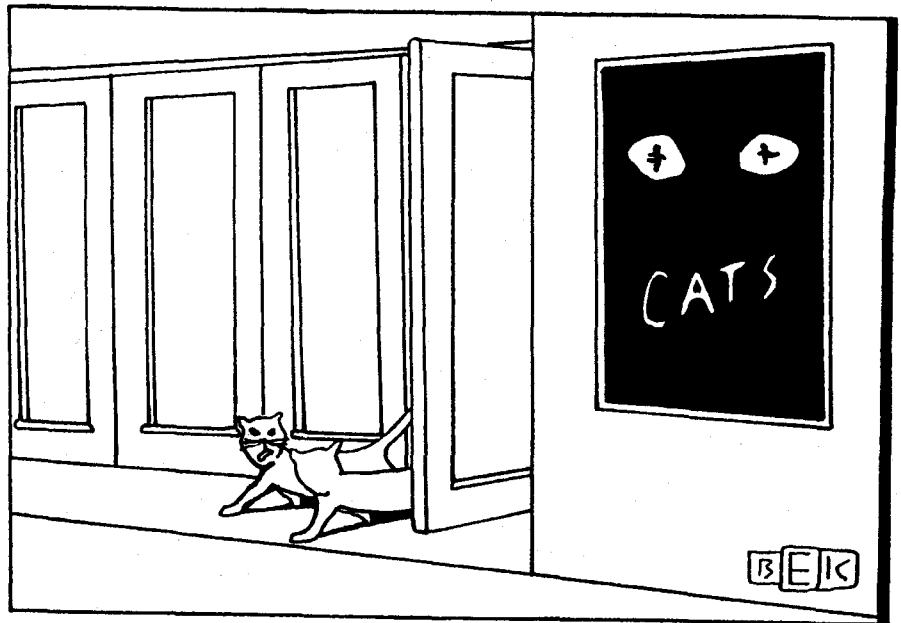
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"It was so depressing. When I go to the theatre, I want to be entertained."

comedy that you may not want to leave the theatre. Margaret Colin leads the gifted cast, and Hoppe, who also directed, is aided and abetted in this zaniness by the set designer David Gallo. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

JUMP CUT (FAUST)—A multimedia adaptation of the German legend, written by John Jesurun. (Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway. 966-9520. Closes Dec. 20.)

THE LAST SESSION—A musical by Steve Schachlin (music and lyrics) and Jim Brochu (book), about an AIDS-afflicted songwriter's final studio work. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

THE LION KING—The director Julie Taymor has proved to Disney that taking the high theatrical road can be a good business decision. She creates a theatrical event far more textured and original than the animated film, submerging the audience in a mythic universe; it's like being in a dream awake. The show's high visual style, however, is in sharp contrast to its low verbal one. Garth Fagan is the choreographer. (11/24/97) (New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.)

MAJOR BARBARA—Shaw's often maligned disquisition on faith, money, and the good uses of hypocrisy has received a spectacular, fast, and funny revival at the hands of Tony Walton, the director and designer of this Irish Repertory Theatre production. Mr. Walton is assisted by a uniformly wonderful cast, including Melissa Errico, Boyd Gaines, Jack Ryland, and Rob Sedgwick. (132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737. Closes Jan. 4.)

MARC SALEM'S MINDGAMES—The mind reader shows off his telepathic feats. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

MOJO—Two parts Mamet, one part Pinter, and a smattering of Shepard, mixed together by the young Briton Jez Butterworth. Two pill-popping spivs (Patrick Fitzgerald and Matthew Ross) think they've hit pay dirt when they discover a young rocker, only to end up under siege when the occasion turns into a gangland rubout. The characters converse in a flashy, garbled Cockney that's as unreal as the story's premise. Neil Pepe is the director. (12/1/97) (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242. Closes Dec. 21.)

THE MOTHER—The Irondale Ensemble Project takes on Brecht's 1932 play about a Russian widow who becomes a revolutionary. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 633-1292. Closes Dec. 20.)

NEVER THE SINNER—A drama by John Logan, about the sensational 1924 trial of Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes Dec. 21.)

THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD—David Mamet's three elegant, autobiographical one-act plays full of laughter and lament. Well acted by Peter Riegert, Patti LuPone, Vincent Guastaferrro, Rebecca Pidgeon, and Jack Willis, and crisply directed by Scott Zigler. Serious, beautiful, and short: an almost impossible feat these days on Broadway. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

PEARLS FOR PIGS—The avant-garde dramatist Richard Foreman's latest mind-bender. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 279-4200. Closes Jan. 4.)

PRIDE'S CROSSING—A ninety-year-old woman who once swam the English Channel (Cherry Jones) relives the stages of her life, in Tina Howe's new play, directed by Jack O'Brien. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

PROPOSALS—Neil Simon's new play is set at the summer home of a family that has been disrupted by divorce and is about to be further shaken by death. Although the wisecracks rely on Catskills-era ethnic stereotypes from which all the humor has long been drained, there is real feeling here—a softly sad, end-of-summer feeling—and it's brought out very capably by L. Scott Caldwell, who plays the family's longtime housekeeper, and by Dick Latessa, as a divorced father who's still in love with his former wife. Directed by Joe Mantello. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL—This new musical, based on the Baroness Orczy novel, has a lot going for it (if you don't count its music and lyrics, which are dreadful and appalling, respectively): its charismatic star, Douglas Sills, Andrew Jackness's sets, and Jane Greenwood's costumes. Peter Hunt directed. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

THE SEAGULL: THE HAMPTONS, 1990s—Jeff Cohen's contemporary take on Chekhov's play, in a Worth Street Theatre revival. (Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. 279-4200.)

1776—Scott Ellis's lean, lively production of Sherman Edwards and Peter Stone's still fresh 1969 musical about the drafting of the Declaration of Independence. (9/8/97) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

SIDE SHOW—A promising premise for a musical—the story of Violet and Daisy Hilton, Siamese twins who grew up in the world of carni-

BRUCE ERIC KAPLAN 8/1/94

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vals and became a vaudeville act in the thirties—flattened by bombastic shock rock, an unimaginative set, and a book that reduces the sisters' entire existence to a pulp-romance plot. Nevertheless, most of the actors manage to carry themselves with dignity. (11/3/97) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

SKETCHES ON MORNING, NOON & NIGHT—Spalding Gray presents his latest monologue. Mondays, through Dec. 22. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

STREET CORNER SYMPHONY—A revue of some thirty songs, mostly from the sixties and seventies, such as "Respect," "Proud Mary," "Soul Man," and "I Want to Take You Higher." The eight cast members deliver these familiar tunes with great enthusiasm and great volume, turning the performance into a real beltfest at times. When they tone things down a bit and do some harmonizing, as on "Me and Mrs. Jones," you recognize what the show, given some tighter direction, could have been. Conceived, choreographed, and staged by Marion J. Caffey. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—Jack Klugman and Tony Randall team up again, in a revival of Neil Simon's 1972 comedy. John Tillinger is the director. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

TELL-TALE—Theatre Couture's comic thriller puts a drag spin on Edgar Allan Poe. Sherry Vine and Jackie Beat are the stars. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.)

THICKER THAN WATER—The Ensemble Studio Theatre presents an evening of one-acts by playwrights between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982.)

THREE DAYS OF RAIN—There's a deeply felt, unutterable sadness at the core of Richard Greenberg's play, in which three no longer young people try to sort out the legacy left to them by their parents. John Slattery gives an astonishingly moving performance as an articulate and ironic lost soul; Patricia Clarkson is good as his more stable sister; and Bradley Whitford is terrific as his oldest friend. Every element of this production, which was directed by Evan Yionoulis, rings true, right down to Chris Barreca's set, a SoHo loft that's so forlorn it practically moans. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

TRIUMPH OF LOVE—A musical adaptation of the 1732 Marivaux farce which brims with intelligence, feeling, musicality, and wit. The characters are more or less stock types, but the actors bring them to full ripeness. Michael Mayer directed. (11/3/97) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

TWO PIANOS, FOUR HANDS—With the Canadian keyboardists Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

WOMEN. WAR. COMEDY—A staging by Joseph Chaikin's Other Theatre of the German playwright Thomas Brasch's epic drama. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Closes Dec. 21.)

LONG RUNS

AS BEES IN HONEY DROWN: Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200. . . . **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST**: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . .

BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES: Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **BRING IN DA NOISE**, **BRING IN DA FUNK**: Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . .

CATS: Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO**: Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . .

THE FANTASTICKS: Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY**

STRIKES BACK!: Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **FOREVER TANGO**: Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200. . . .

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM: St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL**: SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . .

GROSS INDECENCY: THE THREE TRIALS OF OSCAR WILDE: Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. . . .

HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHEN PIGS FLY: Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . .

HOW I LEARNED TO DRIVE: Century, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE**: Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . .

JEKYLL & HYDE: Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE KING AND I**: Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. . . .

THE LAST NIGHT OF BALLYHOO: Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. . . . **LATE NITE CATECHISM**: St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 279-4200. . . .

THE LIFE: Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **MERE MORTALS**: John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . .

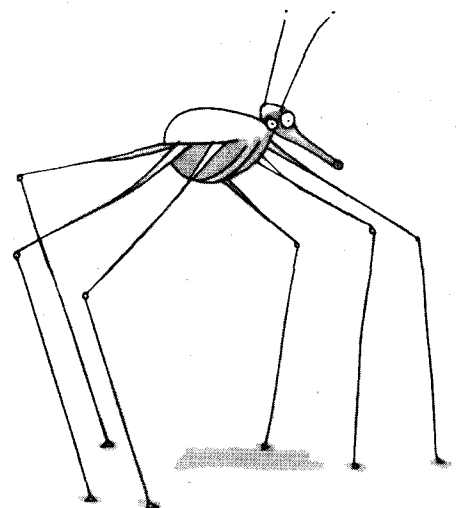
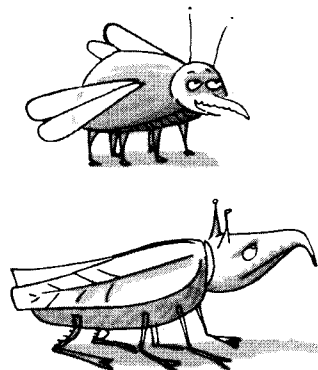
LES MISÉRABLES: Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON**: Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . .

PERFECT CRIME: Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**: Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . .

RENT: Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ**: Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . .

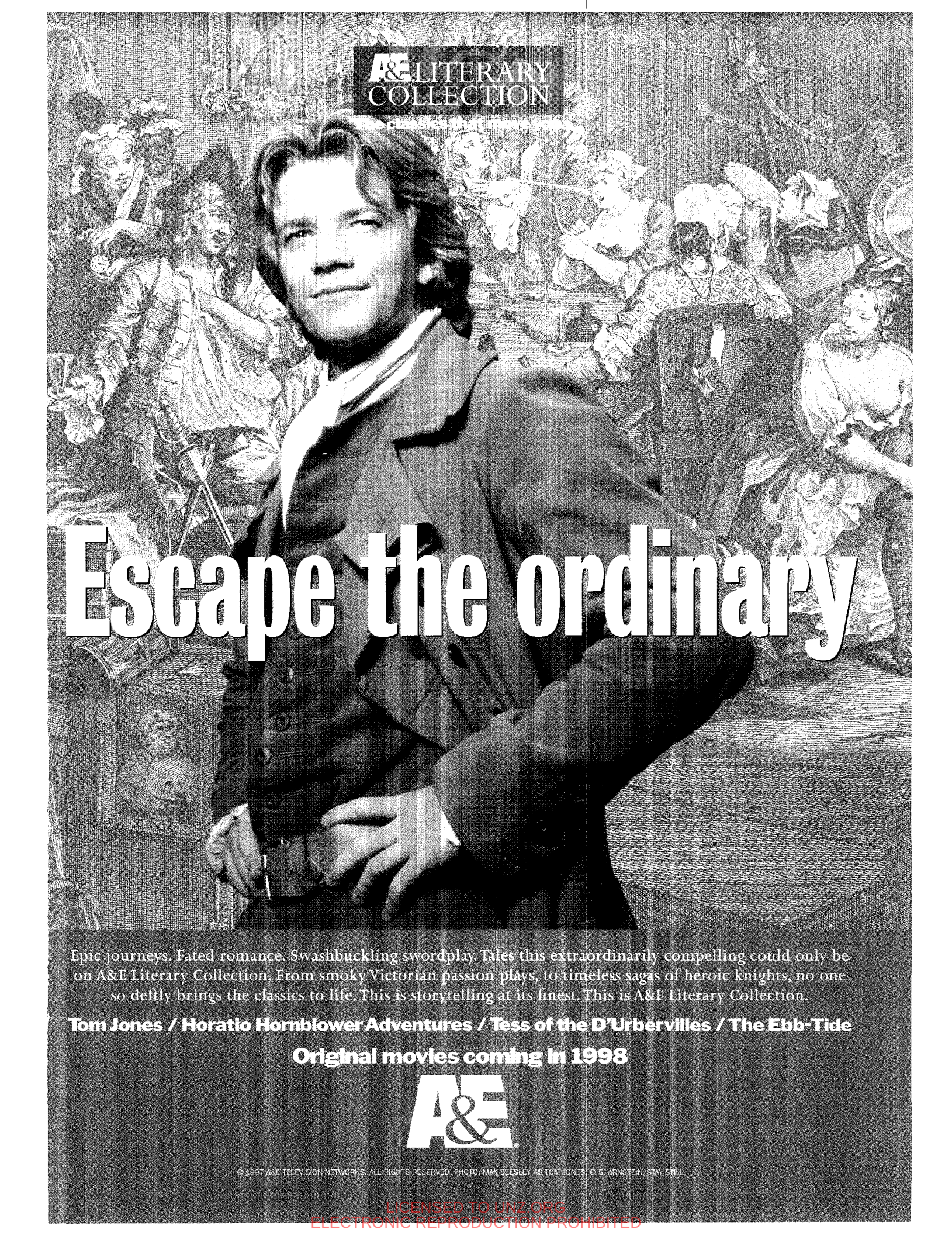
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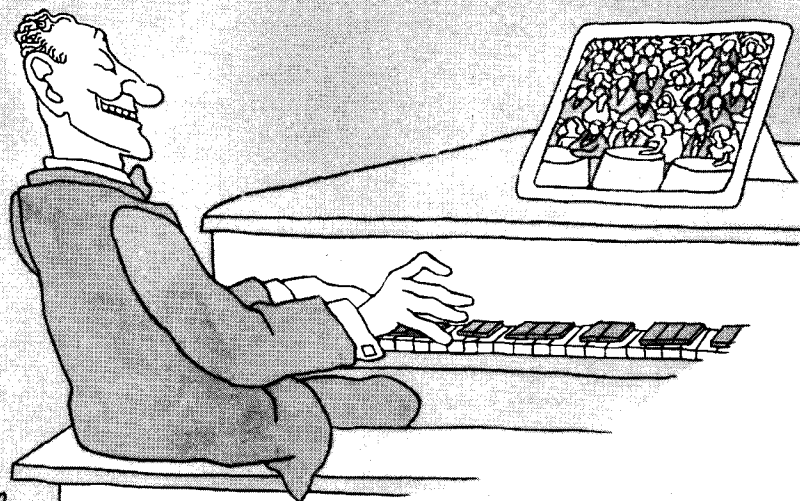
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NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of the traditional dance bash at Clara and Fritz's and its magical aftermath—better known as "The Nutcracker"—continue through Jan. 4. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Dec. 10-11 and Dec. 16 at 6, Dec. 12 at 8, Dec. 13 at 2 and 8, and Dec. 14 at 1 and 5.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Dec. 10 at 8: "Fin de Siècle," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Hymn."... Dec. 11 at 8: "Slaves," "Shelter," and "Revelations."... Dec. 12 at 8: "Sweet Release," "Bad Blood," and "Revelations."... Dec. 13 at 2: "Memoria," "Cavalcade," and "Revelations."... Dec. 13 at 8: "Polish Pieces," Urban Folk Dance, "Shelter," and "Slaves."... Dec. 14 at 3: "Slaves," "Bad Blood," and "The Stack-Up."... Dec. 14 at 7:30: "Memoria," "Blues Suite," and "Revelations."... Dec. 16 at 8: "Suite Otis," "The Time Before," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Through Dec. 31.)

"GEOGRAPHY"—For his largest work to date, Ralph Lemon, a choreographer without portfolio since the dissolution of his company in 1995, has assembled a cast of nine dancers and percussionists (from Guinea, the Ivory Coast, and the States) to explore cultural differences between native Africans, African émigrés, and African-Americans. With a score by Francisco Lopez and Paul Miller, a.k.a. DJ Spooky. (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 718-636-4100. Dec. 10 and Dec. 12-13 at 7:30.)

MURRAY LOUIS AND NIKOLAIS DANCE—The ten-member company offers four programs in its two-week engagement, a couple featuring the choreography of Mr. Louis, one with pieces by the late Alwin Nikolais, and a fourth presenting work by both. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Dec. 9-12 at 8, Dec. 13 at 2 and 8, and Dec. 14 at 2.)

ANNIE B. PARSON BIG DANCE THEATRE—The eight-member company performs "A Simple Heart," based on the Flaubert story, and "The Gas Heart," which incorporates a complete, albeit brief, Dadaist play by Tristan Tzara. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Dec. 11-13 at 8 and Dec. 14 at 3. Through Dec. 21.)

FOOD FOR THOUGHT—Three slates of companies compete to qualify for the next round of juried dancing in Paris—winner gets a world

tour. Dec. 11 at 8:30: David Parker, Neta Pulvermacher, and Bill Young.... Dec. 12 at 8:30: Yoshiko Chuma, Neil Greenberg, and Paul Langland & Brendan McCall.... Dec. 13 at 8:30: Koosil-ja Hwang, Dorothy Jungels & Everett Dance Theatre, and Andrea Kleine. (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Admission is discounted for those who bring canned goods.)

"UNREMOVABLE JACKET"—In her new full-length work, Cynthia Oliver has her three dancers acknowledge the restrictions of skin color (skin is the jacket of the title), then respond to them with rage or humor. As in last year's "Death's Door," the soundscape includes excerpts from the choreographer's lyrical journals. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Dec. 11-14 at 8:30.)

IMPROVISATION FESTIVAL/NY—In the final days of its wanderings, the spontaneous choreography moves to three venues: the Joyce SoHo, for two evenings with Maureen Ellenhorn, Francisco Rider, Yvonne Meier, Clarinda Mac Low, Jodi Melnick, and others (155 Mercer St., 431-9233; Dec. 12-13 at 8); the Kitchen, for one night with Yoshiko Chuma; Karen Nelson & Lisa Nelson, and Simone Forti (512 W. 19th St., 255-5793; Dec. 13 at 8); and P.S. 122, for a finale with Marga Guergue, Mia Lawrence, Jennifer Miller, and Guta Hedwig & Nami Yamamoto (150 First Ave., at 9th St., 422-5788; Dec. 14 at 4). For information about festival events, call 718-832-5328.

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

"PHILIP GLASS: A 30-YEAR RETROSPECTIVE"—A cynic might say that you could distill thirty years' worth of music by this minimalist into a single three-second arpeggio, but Glass has outwitted the cynics. He remains immensely popular, and the past year has found him working with such disparate collaborators as David Bowie (a suite of rock orchestrations) and Martin Scorsese (the soundtrack to "Kundun"). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Dec. 10 and Dec. 12 at 8.)

"PAUL WINTER'S SOLSTICE"—Bringing comfort in the darkness, Uilleann piper Davy Spillane, Brazilian guitarist Oscar Castro Neves, percussionist Guilherme Franco, Celtic soprano Noírin Ní Riain, and gospel singer Theresa Thomason join

GAHAN WILSON, 10/15/84

Winter and his consort for three evenings of music and dance. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Dec. 11-12 at 7:30 and Dec. 13 at 2 and 7:30.)

CYRUS CHESTNUT TRIO / BUCKY PIZZARELLI AND JAY LEONHART / KENNY DAVERN—Having brought down the house here earlier this year, Chestnut and his lickety-split trio are back. The lyric guitar-and-bass duo of Pizzarelli and Leonhart and the magisterial clarinetist Davern round out an exceptional program. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. Dec. 11 at 8.)

"BIRKS' WORKS"—The cream rises to the top, as first- and second-generation bop masters, including Jimmy and Percy Heath, Slide Hampton, James Moody, Charles McPherson, and Kenny Barron, essay the small-group works of Dizzy Gillespie—pieces that, fifty years after they were first performed, still make up a substantial portion of the basic mainstream repertoire. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Dec. 11 and Dec. 13 at 8.)

GEORGE THOROGOOD—Take-no-prisoners blues rock. (Hammerstein Ballroom, Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. 564-4882. Dec. 12 at 8.)

DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES—If it's hard to believe that this Mutt-and-Jeff duo once ruled the pop charts, it's equally astounding that they've fallen off the face of the earth. In any case, Hall's Philadelphia-trained croon helped invent blue-eyed soul, and the duo's vast catalogue of hits is probably seared into your cerebral hard drive. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Dec. 13 at 8.)

DDT—Russian rock and roll. (Hammerstein Ballroom, Manhattan Center. Dec. 13 at 8.)

SHAHRAM NAZERI AND THE DASTAN ENSEMBLE—The Iranian vocalist performs with the traditional Persian-music quartet. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. 545-7536. Dec. 14 at 7.)

BUNNY WAILER—The reggae pioneer hosts a tribute to Bob Marley and Peter Tosh. (Beacon Theatre. Dec. 14 at 7.)

BJÖRK—If this Icelandic banshee evolves any faster, she may leave terra firma behind. On "Homogenic," her latest solo disk, she creates as yet unheard soundscapes and drum patterns that seem to have issued directly from her daydreams. It's a brilliant, often challenging record, and, judging from her tepid sales, it's not a voyage many are willing to take. Onstage, she anchors her sonic musings with a little old-fashioned rock grit. (Hammerstein Ballroom, Manhattan Center. Dec. 14 at 8.)

PAULA COLE—One of the few novelty-free new artists to have recently broken big (thanks to the hit single "Where Have All the Cowboys Gone?"), Cole has a background that includes stints as a Berklee-trained jazz singer and as a backing vocalist for Peter Gabriel and Melissa Etheridge, which explains both her precision and her occasional stiffness. (Beacon Theatre. Dec. 16 at 8.)

"MAX ROACH'S AMERICA"—The maestro of bop-and-beyond drumming performs with the Abyssinian Baptist Church Choir. The series continues with guests Tito Puente (Dec. 17) and Bill T. Jones and Kit Fitzgerald (Dec. 18). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Dec. 16 at 8.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

ARLENE GROCERY, 95 Stanton St., between Ludlow and Orchard Sts. (358-1633)—Dec. 10: East Village folkie **DANIEL CARTIER**. Brooklyn troubadour **MATT KEATING** comes in on Dec. 12. Singer-songwriter **RICHARD BUCKNER** brings his edgy urban folk stories in on Dec. 15; also on the bill is former Del Fuego **DAN ZANES**, a wafer-thin rock-and-roller who writes and sings dark, dreamy tunes in the manner of Chris Isaak.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Dec. 11: "Nightbirds," an evening with downtown spoken-word diva **MAGGIE ESTEP**, the Boston quintet the **NIELDS**, and others. Dec. 12: "The 50/30 Party," a celebration of legendary

d.j. Vin Scelsa's fiftieth birthday and thirtieth year on the air. Dec. 13: **ROBERT FRIPP**, the seminal King Crimson leader, a man sometimes referred to as the Mr. Spock of rock, returns with an evening of solo-guitar excursions. Dec. 15-16: The Buddy Rich Big Band, featuring Steve Marcus.

BROWNIES, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—Dec. 11: Local power pop with 4.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Dec. 12: The New York quartet **LUNA**, led by former Galaxie 500 front man Dean Wareham, continues to mine the guitar-driven atmospherics of the Velvet Underground. Dec. 13: Faithless.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Dec. 10: Legendary guitar experimentalist **EUGENE CHADBOURNE** and much-in-demand downtown guitarist **GARY LUCAS** play both solo and together.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—Dallas blues guitarist **SMOKIN' JOE KUBEK** is back in town on Dec. 10, with his longtime sideman from Monroe, Louisi-

ana, **B'NOIS KING**. Dec. 11: Powerful Atlanta blues rocker **TINSLEY ELLIS**.

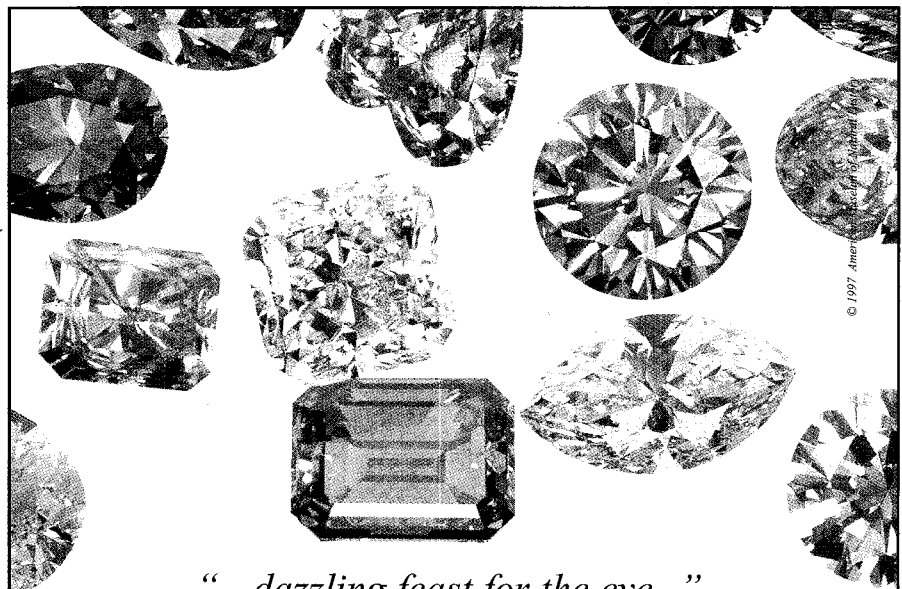
MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—**THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS** play their penultimate New York show of the year here on Dec. 11. Dec. 13: **FIVE CHINESE BROTHERS**, local heroes and one of smart pop's great journeyman acts. Dec. 16: Local funk-rockers **FONTAINE**.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—**THE FUNKY METERS** swing in on Dec. 12-13. Founded in the mid-sixties by keyboardist Art Neville, the Meters are to New Orleans R. & B. what the MGs are to Memphis soul—the real thing. Opening on the 12th are the **BROOKLYN FUNK ESSENTIALS**, the house band of your dreams.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANDREA MARCOVICCI** has taken over the Oak Room through Jan. 3 with the songs of Mabel Mercer. Dining.

BIRDLAND, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—The **CLAUDIO RODITI / DAVID SANCHEZ ALL-STAR QUINTET** is in Dec. 11-13. Flugelhornist Roditi and



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Photo: A sampling of the 260 naturally colored diamonds from the Aurora Collection, Aurora Gems, Inc., New York. © Harold and Erica Van Pelt / American Museum of Natural History.

tenorist Sanchez have more than Latin blood to bind them: both are passionate improvisers who regularly mine the rhythmic impulses of bop. Dec. 14: It's fitting that the multitalented **JIM MC NEELY** should opt for an expanded ensemble of ten players to display his wares. His sharp work as pianist, composer, and arranger graced the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra for years and has recently enlivened the Carnegie Hall Jazz Orchestra. This is a man who naturally thinks big. Dec. 15: **CHICO O'FARRILL'S AFRO-CUBAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA**. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A week of fusion continues through Dec. 14 with contemporary-jazz guitarist **MIKE STERN** and his quartet and with tenor and soprano saxophonist **BILL EVANS** and his band, **PUSH**. Dining.

DANNY'S SKYLIGHT ROOM, 346 W. 46th St. (265-8133)—Crooner **BILL YOUNG** is in on Dec. 14. **IRIDIUM**, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through Dec. 14: The **DAVE DOUGLAS** sextet, in a program devoted to Wayne Shorter. Leave it to this imaginative downtown trumpeter to cook up a cliché-free tribute to the saxophonist and composer, who has achieved demigod status among a new generation of players captivated by his work with Art Blakey, Miles Davis, and Weather Report. "Star-gazer," Douglas's recent tribute album, avoids any attempt to re-create Shorter the saxophonist's languid sonorities, concentrating instead on the impervious beauties of Shorter the composer's melodies. A smart and adventurous booking, this is one of the most promising engagements of the season.

JAZZ STANDARD, 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—Saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** (through Dec. 14) is a marvel. There isn't a player who knows his instrument better, nor one who feels so compelled to hit a home run with each expansive solo. His drive and vigor are matched by his longtime partners pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER**; the addition of George, Jr., on drums will turn this into a family affair.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Dec. 10-13: Like an old married couple, the engaging and assured pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and her longtime colleague, the revered bassist **CECIL MC BEE**, seem to complete each other's musical sentences.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Dec. 12-13: "GREAT JEWISH COMPOSERS: BURT BACHARACH." Little did you know, all this time you were enjoying those effervescent Dionne Warwick singles, that you were hearing the work of a Great Jewish Composer. Burt Bacharach is, in fact, a terrific popular composer, and the outré interpretations of his rhythmically unpredictable and harmonically sophisticated songs on this program, by such downtown stalwarts as **JOHN ZORN**, **JOEY BARON**, **ANTHONY COLEMAN**, and **GUY KLUCEVSEK**, will prove once again just how durable his work is. Dec. 15: The **JAZZ PASSENGERS** continue their Monday residency. Dec. 10-14: The **MICHAEL BLAKE** quartet plays in the Knit's new performance space.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—Sixties girl-group veteran **DARLENE LOVE** is in through Jan. 3.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through Dec. 14: Before our eyes, the pianist **RENEE ROSNES** has matured into a confident stylist whose aversion to clichés sets her apart. She's put together a finely tuned band, including drummer **BILLY DRUMMOND**, bassist **PETER WASHINGTON**, and saxophonist **CHRIS POTTER**. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Wynton Marsalis certainly understands the inner workings of pre-bop styles, but **NICHOLAS PAYTON** (through Dec. 14) is the contemporary trumpeter who sounds most comfortable playing them. From Armstrong-era New Orleans idioms to contemporary modal styles, he has it all under his fingers. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"The Private Collection of Edgar Degas." Through Jan. 11. . . . "The Drawings of Filippino Lippi and His Circle." Through Jan. 11. . . . "Jackson Pollock: Early Sketchbooks and Drawings." Through Feb. 8. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart (1916-92)." Thirty-odd paintings by the late Abstract Expressionist. Through Feb. 22. . . . "King of the World: A Mughal Manuscript from the Royal Library, Windsor Castle" and "Flowers Underfoot: Indian Carpets of the Mughal Era," two exhibitions celebrating Indian art. Through Feb. 8 and March 1, respectively. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—"Egon Schiele: The Leopold Collection, Vienna." Through Jan. 4. . . . "On the Edge: Contemporary Art from the Werner and Elaine Dannheisser Collection." Through Jan. 20. . . . "Deadpan," a video installation by Steve McQueen, in the Project Room. Through Feb. 10. . . . "Achille Castiglioni: Design!" Through Jan. 6. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 6; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:30.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." At both Guggenheim venues, through Jan. 7. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SoHo, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500)—The museum's Rauschenberg retrospective continues here. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—The Richard Diebenkorn retrospective, through Jan. 11. . . . "The Warhol Look/Glamour Style Fashion." Through Jan. 18. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5100)—"The Nature of Diamonds." Through April 26. . . .

"Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897-1902." Through March 1. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"Monet and the Mediterranean." Through Jan. 4. . . . "The Furniture of George Hunzinger: Invention and Innovation in Nineteenth Century America." Through Feb. 15. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 9; and Sundays, 10 to 7.)

AMERICAS SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 68th St. (249-8950)—"Potosi: Colonial Treasures and the Bolivian City of Silver," a beautifully mounted exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and silver objects from the great colonial silver-mining center. Through Dec. 14. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, Columbus Ave. at 65th St. (977-7170)—"The Image Business: Shop and Cigar Store Figures in America" presents familiar threshold icons (twenty cigar-store Indians) and more recondite items (including carvings of Puck, Father Time, and a firefighter). Through Jan. 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (869-8089)—"The Romanovs: Their Empire, Their Books" harks back to the days of the czars and the illuminated books that were every bit as lavish as their more notorious hoards of art and jewelry. Salomon Room; through Feb. 28. (Open Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

PIERRE BONNARD (1867-1947) / ELIE NADELMAN (1882-1946)—On one floor, a small, transporting exhibition of luscious Bonnard landscapes, which reflect a deeply satisfying joy in the natural world. Upstairs, a selection of Nadelman's beautiful early sculptures, mostly "ideal" classical heads and voluptuous nudes; there is also an exquisite bronze horse prancing on perfect little legs. Both

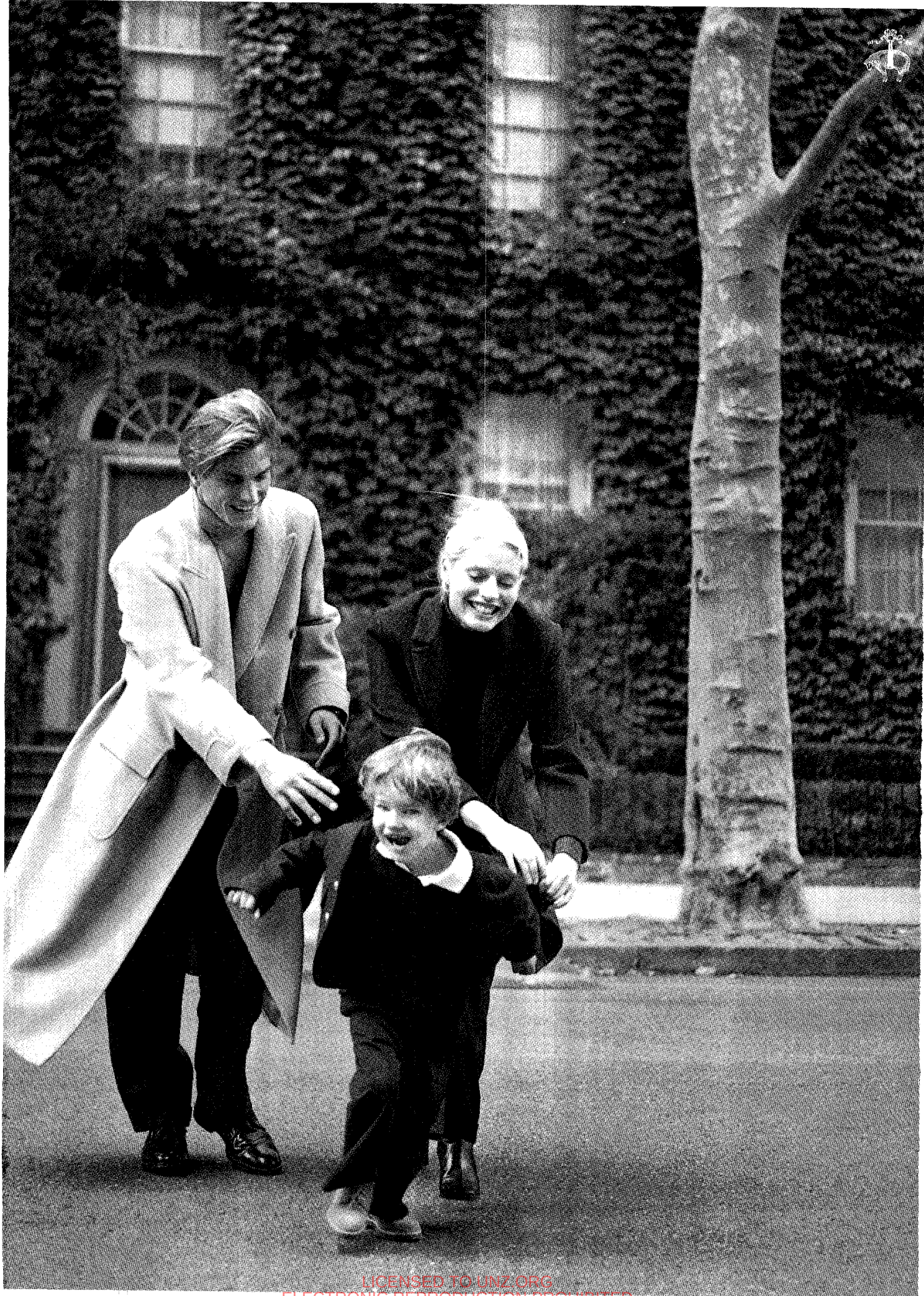


"I think you know everybody."

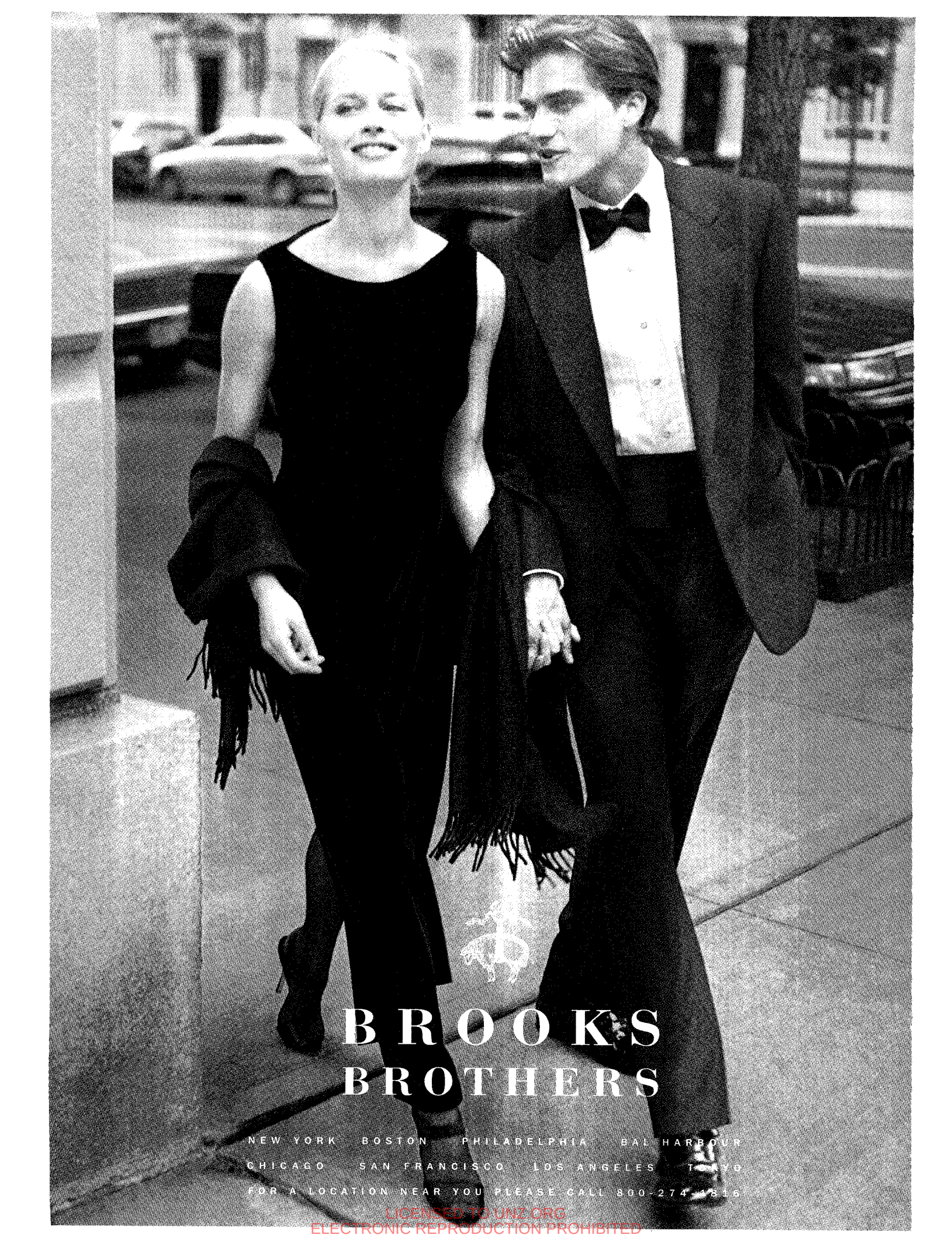
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shows through Dec. 13. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. 879-6606. Open Mondays.)

JULIE HEFFERNAN—Self-portraits and still-lives, with convincing stylistic nods (e.g., to the fantasias of Velázquez and the landscapes of Fantin-Latour) lightened by paintings within paintings. Through Dec. 17. (Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. 980-2323.)

FRANZ KLINE (1910-62)—An engaging survey tracing the painter's artistic growth from the representational portraits and sketches of his twenties and thirties to the culmination of his exploration of Abstract Expressionism—the garish, hysterical "Scudera"—in the year before his death. Along with some of the stately, enigmatic black-and-white canvases on which his reputation rests are examples of his forays into color—which, one suspects, he was not entirely comfortable with. His works from the forties and early fifties, in black oil on the brittle pages of telephone books, are particularly appealing, combining the rapturous gesture of a Chinese calligrapher with the poignancy of the found object. Through Jan. 17. (Stone, 113 E. 90th St. 988-6870.)

GEORGE LUKS (1867-1933)—A small exhibition that aims to restore the reputation of an artist in eclipse. The talented, prodigal Luks was one of the leading painters of the twenties, and it's easy to see why: he experimented in every imaginable style and produced pleasing, admirable work in all of them. Some of his portraits cross the threshold of sentimentality, but his cityscapes—for example, the verdant, Pointillist "Swan Boats," of two boats idling on a still lake in a park—remain fresh. Through Dec. 17. (Owen, 19 E. 70th St. 879-2415.)

CY TWOMBLY—Ten major sculptures, most of them composed of two distinct elements: found objects and manually wrought plaster and clay. By definition, they are hybrids, and they look very unlike the artist's far more famous paintings. The latter typically stress flux, uncertainty, liquid metamorphosis; the sculptures, by contrast, are unbendingly material. (It's possible to imagine enthusiasts of the paintings failing to respond to the sculptures' attenuated elegance, and vice versa.) The excellent catalogue text is by the eminent British critic David Sylvester. Through Dec. 20. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. 744-2313.)

"THE ARTIST'S WORLD"—A jumble of European and American paintings from the eighteenth century through the twentieth, depicting various aspects of the artist's milieu. Among several gems are Fairfield Porter's oil of his Southampton barn encased in snow, at evening twilight, and a dreamy pastel by William Merritt Chase of his young sister, his wife and daughter, and a little topiary dog on the Brooklyn waterfront. Through Jan. 3. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. 535-8810.)

"MAN RAY: AN AMERICAN SURREALIST VISION"—Paintings, drawings, photographs, films, and sculptures by one of the most consistently intriguing artists in the orbit of international Surrealism. This exhibition doesn't stint on Ray's paintings, which have a certain dry clumsiness that, in fact, contributes to their charm. Through Dec. 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. 752-0124.)

"SARGENT ABROAD"—The title of this excellent exhibition of intimately scaled landscapes and figural studies is subtly misleading: after all, wasn't John Singer Sargent (1856-1925), like Henry James, famously abroad? Connoisseurs of fin-de-siècle froth will discover many treasures. Through Dec. 13. (Adelson, 25 E. 77th St. 439-6800.)

SHORT LIST—**DOUG ARGUE**, Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. 399-5510. Through Jan. 3. ... **GREGORY BARSAMIAN**, Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. 888-1122. Through Dec. 23. ... **VINCENT DESIDERIO**, Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. 541-4900. Open Mondays; through Jan. 3. ... **JAVIER MARIN**, Haime, 41 E. 57th St. 888-3550. Open Mondays; through Dec. 23. ... **DOUGLAS OSA**, Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. 664-0907. Through Dec. 30. ... **TONY SMITH AND CHRISTOPHER WILMARTH**, Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. 535-8810. Through Jan. 24. ... **SAUL STEINBERG**, Baum-

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gold, 128 E. 72nd St. 861-7338. Through Feb. 7. . . . **TREVOR WINKFIELD**, De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 262-5050. Through Jan. 5.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

ROBERT LONGO—After wrapping "Johnny Mnemonic," the artist turned movie director took on a yearlong drawing-a-day project. The resulting three hundred and sixty-six images (1996 was a leap year) demonstrate an impressive range of photorealist effects. Unfortunately, they're lavished mostly on an all-too-familiar take on media saturation (the Munich Olympics, Janis Joplin, a burning cross, Tiger Woods). Through Jan. 10. (Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 206-7100.)

BILL TRAYLOR (1854-1947)—Works on cardboard by the African-American folk artist, an illiterate ex-slave who didn't begin painting until he was eighty-four. The combination of blunt construction, bold composition, energetic geometry, and mute drama give these panels an eloquence that is transcendently lacking in irony. It also makes them hard to pigeonhole and turns them into a somewhat discomfiting stop on a stroll through Chelsea—which is the reason to go. Through Dec. 24. (Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819.)

SHORT LIST—**CARL ANDRE**, Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. 255-1105. Through Dec. 20. . . . **MATTHEW BARNEY**, Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. 206-9300. Through Dec. 20. . . . **JOAN MITCHELL AND JOHN CHAMBERLAIN**, Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727. Through Jan. 9. . . . **ERNESTO PUJOL**, Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. 627-3930. Through Jan. 31. . . . **SARA SOSNOWY** and **KIM JONES**, Weber, 529 W. 20th St. 691-5711. Both shows through Dec. 20. . . . **ERIC WOLF**, Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. 633-6555. Through Dec. 24.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

WALTER ANDERSON (1903-65) / **CHARLES BURCHFIELD** (1893-1967)—Two artists who divided their allegiance between modernism and naturalism. Anderson is almost unknown beyond Mississippi's Gulf coast; this selection of watercolors offers a provocative taste. His brand of mad medieval geometry and Southern light is best seen in "Blue Crab," which shows the craggy creature scrambling over a bumpy rock. The better-known Burchfield seems to be along for the ride; at best, his bubbling landscapes provide a handy reference. Through Jan. 3. (Ross, 568 Broadway. 343-2161.)

CHARLES GOLDMAN—Eight two-by-fours of standard-grade pine, systematically arranged twenty-four hundred ways. The gallery slide show, which documents it all, looks aggravating at first, but after you get the hang of it you want to go home and play with blocks—a response that, for this kind of work, is a triumph. Through Jan. 17. (Correct, 109 Ludlow St. 979-7071. Closed Tuesdays; opens at noon.)

BEATRIZ MILHAZES—Striking oils with seductive contradictions. Decorative elements (roses, beadwork, crockery patterns, ribbon-edged hearts) cross the canvas with the boldness of a big, black Franz Kline stroke. Bright and unexpected colors (profound pinks, bursts of Day-Glo, concentric metallic shades) are layered or juxtaposed until they achieve placidity or the settled allure of age. Through Jan. 10. (Thorpe, 103 Prince St. 431-6880.)

MARTIN MULL—Oneiric images (mutt heads, floating limbs, bare trees, feature-free faces) in a pleasingly contrarian hand: Mull's watercolors have the opacity of oil, his oils a shimmery transparency. Through Dec. 20. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St. 219-2863.)

RICHARD SERRA—New "drawings," made with melted black oil stick (quantities of it) applied to paper. The show is entitled "Rounds," and each of the eighteen pictures features a large, almost three-dimensional circular mass. All have titles ("Paul Celan," "Walkin the Dog"), adding a playfully absurdist element to the work. Through Dec. 20. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. 228-2828.)

CHRISTOPHER WOOL—Elegant new paintings, most of them in enamel on aluminum. Through Dec. 20. (Luhning Augustine, 130 Prince St. 219-9600.)

SHORT LIST—**MOE BROOKER**, June Kelly, 591 Broadway. 226-1660. Through Jan. 6. . . . **GRAHAM DURWARD**, Boesky, 51 Greene St. 941-9888. Through Dec. 20. . . . **SYLVIE FLEURY**, Postmasters, 80 Greene St. 941-5711. Through Dec. 20. . . . **PAULA HAYES**, A/C Project Room, 15 Renwick St. 219-8275. Through Jan. 17. . . . **KANA & OLYMPIOS**, Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. 965-0753. Through Jan. 17. . . . **JENNIFER MONICK**, First New York: Staff Gallery, 495 Broadway. 925-9700. Through Jan. 17. . . . **SUSAN ROTHENBERG**, Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. 431-3685. Through Dec. 13. . . . **DIANE SAMUELS**, Foster, 62 Crosby St. 966-9024. Through Dec. 20. . . . **JULIAN SCHNABEL**, Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. 431-9224. Through Dec. 13. . . . **SHAHZIA SIKANDER**, Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300. Through Dec. 20. . . . **PHILIP TAAFFE**, Blum, 99 Wooster St. 343-0441. Through Jan. 31. . . . **ILYA ZOMB**, Avery on Bond, 2 Bond St. 614-1492. Through Dec. 12.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

CHRISTIE'S—Dec. 10: Jewelry. . . . Dec. 11: Thousands upon thousands of toy soldiers, from the collection of Malcolm Forbes. . . . Dec. 12: Twentieth-century decorative art. (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000.)

SOTHEBY'S—A two-day auction of some four hundred lots from the Dakota apartment of the late Leonard Bernstein. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000. Dec. 10-11.)

SWANN—An auction of photography and photographic literature. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710. Dec. 11.)

HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW—Modestly priced tintypes, cartes de visite, and contemporary works. (Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave., at 23rd St. 242-7767. Dec. 12-14.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

"**SCENE FROM BEHIND**"—A playful group of images that, in one way or another, depict a posterior view. Among the artists are Helen Levitt, Lauren Greenfield, Louis Faurer, Lee Friedlander, and Leon Levinstein. Through Jan. 10. (Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave., at 23rd St. 242-7767. Open Sundays, noon to 5.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIDTOWN—"Weegee's World: Life, Death and the Human Drama," a two-hundred-picture exhibition that spans the tabloid photographer's career. Through Feb. 22. (Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

SHORT LIST—**ZEKE BERMAN**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. 226-1220. Through Jan. 17. . . . **JOHN COPLANS**, Rosen, 130 Prince St. 941-0203. Through Jan. 3. . . . **BRUCE CRATSEY** and **TODD WEBB**, Richardson, 560 Broadway. 343-1255. Both shows through Jan. 3. . . . **JOHN DUGDALE**, Wessel and O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. 242-8811. Open Sundays; through Jan. 11. . . . **LEE FRIEDLANDER**, Borden, 560 Broadway. 431-0166. Through Dec. 31. . . . **ANDREAS GURSKY**, Marks, 523 W. 24th St. 243-0200. Through Dec. 24. . . . **ROBERT GLENN KETCHUM**, Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. 505-5555. Through Jan. 16. . . . **BUILDER LEVY**, Klapper Hall, Queens College, Kissena Blvd. and Melbourne Ave., Flushing. 718-997-4747. Through Dec. 19. . . . **DANNY LYON**, Houk, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 750-7070. Through Jan. 18. . . . **DIANA MICHENER**, Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999. Through Jan. 17. . . . **JOHN MONTEITH**, Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819. Through Dec. 24. . . . **MARVIN E. NEWMAN**, De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. 327-1482. Through Jan. 25. . . . **JAN SAUDEK**, Sorokko, 430 West Broadway. 941-8888. Through Jan. 3. . . . **FRED STEIN** and **PETER LOEWY**, Saul, 560 Broadway. 431-0747. Both shows through Jan. 3. . . . **LARRY TOWELL**, Leica, 670 Broadway. 777-3051. Opens Saturdays at noon; through Dec. 13. . . . **NICK WAPLINGTON**, Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St. 941-5777. Through Dec. 20.

(See the museum listings for a photography exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949.)

HOLIDAY MUSIC

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—An interpretation for every taste. Dec. 12 at 8 and Dec. 13 at 2: The **MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA**, with David Briskin on the podium. (Carnegie Hall.)...

¶ Dec. 13-14 at 3: Owen Burdick directs the **TRINITY CHURCH CHOIR AND ENSEMBLE**. (Broadway at Wall St. 602-0873.)... **NOTE:** The same performers offer the Christmas portion only at Trinity Church on Dec. 15 at 1; admission by contribution.)... ¶ Dec. 13 and Dec. 16 at 8: The **NATIONAL CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA**, Martin Josman directing. (Avery Fisher Hall.)...

¶ Dec. 14 at 7:30: The **PENIEL CONCERT CHOIR AND TORONTO KOREAN-CANADIAN CHOIR**. (Avery Fisher Hall.)... ¶ Dec. 15 at 7:30: A sing-along, with Gwen Gould directing the **WEST VILLAGE CHORALE**. (St. Luke In-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. For information about tickets, call 570-7301.)... ¶ Dec. 16 and Dec. 18 at 7:30: Gerre Hancock leads the **SAINT THOMAS CHOIR OF MEN AND BOYS AND CONCERT ROYAL** baroque orchestra, with soprano Julianne Baird, countertenor Dana Marsh, tenor Todd Teske, and bass Peter Becker. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 757-7013, ext. 305.)

"AMAH! AND THE NIGHT VISITORS"—Competing productions of Menotti's opera about the first Christmas. Dec. 11-12 at 10:30 A.M. and noon, and Dec. 13 at 1 and 3: Performed by Il Piccolo Teatro dell'Opera. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448.)... ¶ Dec. 13 at 11 A.M., 1, and 3: The Little Orchestra Society's annual family production. (Avery Fisher Hall.)

BACHWORKS—The vocal-and-period-instrument ensemble celebrates the season with the composer its members love best. The program includes excerpts from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" as well as his Canonic Variations on "Vom Himmel hoch" (composed exactly a quarter of a millennium ago, and played here by Richard Erickson, the group's organist and director). Works by Michael Praetorius and Buxtehude complete the program. (St. Paul's Lutheran Church, 315 W. 22nd St. Dec. 13 at 5. Tickets at the door.)

CANTORI DI NEW YORK—Ensalada—literally "salad"—is the wonderfully apt name for a sort of high-spirited, narrative quodlibet-madrigal that was cultivated in sixteenth-century Spain. In this concert, Mark Shapiro directs five *ensaladas* by Mateo Flecha the Elder (not to be confused with his namesake nephew, also a composer); written as Christmas entertainments for the court of the Duke of Calabria, they each trace a journey to the scene of the Nativity, with the pilgrims encountering adventures (such as shipwrecks, fires, or battles) along the way. Also on the program are the "Ursula Antiphons" by the twelfth-century abbess Hildegard von Bingen. (Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. S. at 21st St. Dec. 13 at 8. For information about tickets, call 439-4758.)

"THE THREE CANTORS"—Move over, Pavarotti, Domingo, and Carreras, and make way for Abelson, Mendelson, and Zim, at least in the week before Hanukkah. That would be Robert Abelson, an East Flatbush native who specializes in Yiddish song; Jacob Ben-Zion Mendelson, a son of Borough Park, who teaches at both Hebrew Union College and the Jewish Theological Seminary; and Paul Zim (born in Maine but bred in Brooklyn), who carries on the traditions of his legendary teachers Oscar Julius, Moshe Koussevitsky, and Moshe Ganchoff. (Whitman Theatre, Brooklyn College Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 718-951-4500. Dec. 14 at 2.)

CHOIRS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. LUKE IN-THE-FIELDS—David Shuler leads an Anglophile concert that includes Finzi's "In Terra Pax," Vaughan Williams's "Fantasia on Christmas Carols," and Holst's "Christmas Day," as well as several contemporary works. (487 Hudson St., at Grove St. 633-2167. Dec. 14 at 4.)

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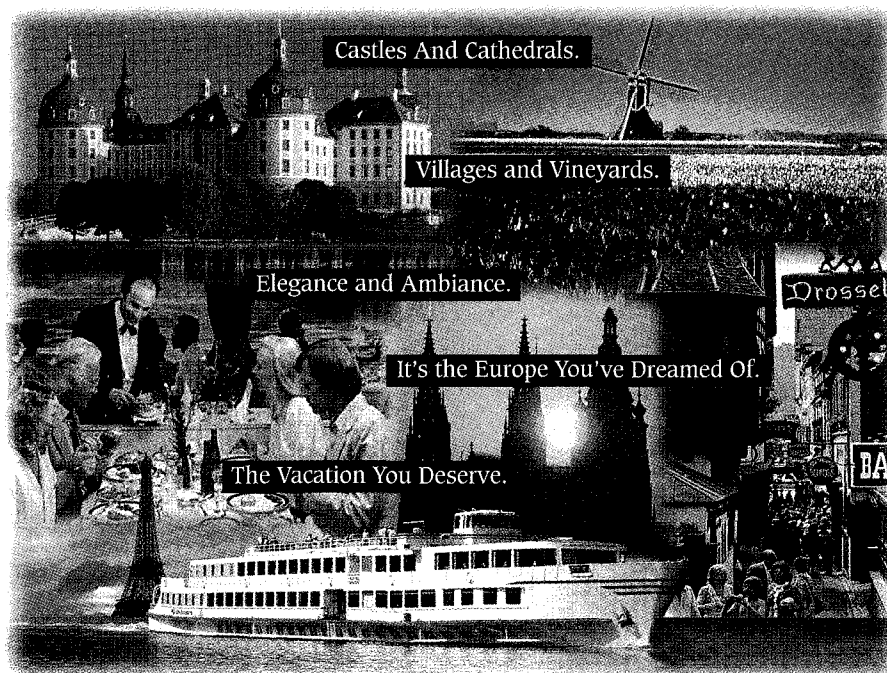
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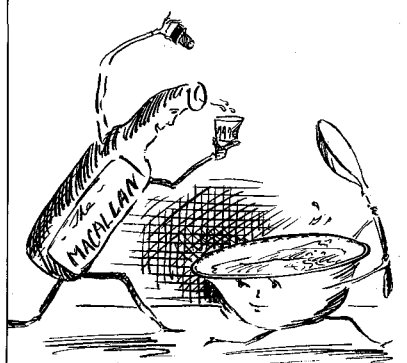
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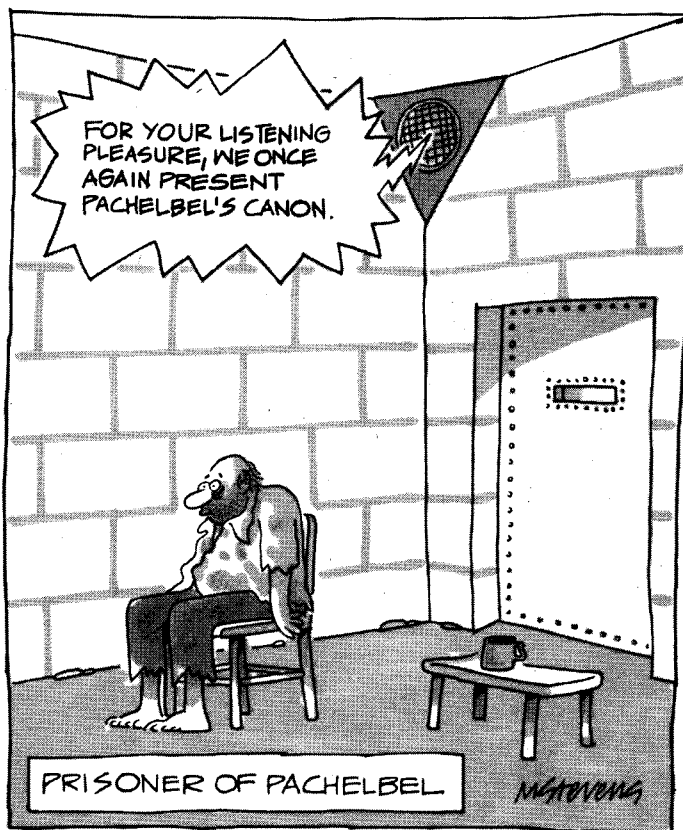
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VIENNA CHOIR BOYS—Seasonal sweets. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 14 at 7:30.)

ENSEMBLE P.A.N.—The medieval-music group performs Christmas selections by Hildegard von Bingen, anonymous works from the late-twelfth-century School of Notre Dame and the early-fourteenth-century Las Huelgas Codex, and recent compositions by Patricia Van Ness. (Temple of Dendur, Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 15 at 6:30 and 8:30.)

VOICES OF ASCENSION—Dennis Keene leads the women of the choir in a candlelit concert. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. 254-8553. Dec. 16 at 8.)

VIRGIN CONSORT—Christmas music from several centuries, directed by Kyler Brown. (Church of the Holy Family, 315 E. 47th St. 754-2395. Dec. 16 at 8.)

'TIS THE SEASON—Here are several other groups offering widely varied holiday programs. **GAY GOTHAM CHORUS**: With soprano Marni Nixon. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Dec. 10 at 8.) ... **CHOIR OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL**: Music by Poulenc, Bruce Saylor, and others. (Lady Chapel, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. 753-2261, ext. 274. Dec. 11 at 7:30.) ... **BARNARD-COLUMBIA CHORUS**: With the St. Paul's Chapel Orchestra, in candlelit performances of Bach's Magnificat and Poulenc's Gloria, among other works. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University; enter at Broadway and 116th St. 854-1540. Dec. 12-13 at 8.) ... **"CHORISTERS' CHRISTMAS"**: Lots of carols, plus a cameo appearance by John McDonough, the new Captain Kangaroo. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Dec. 14 at 3:30.) ... **NEW YORK BIG BRASS**: Monteverdi, Tchaikovsky, and others, with the Neapolitan Christmas tree as a backdrop. (Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 14 at 6:30 and 8:30.) ... **CENTRAL CITY CHORUS**: Works by Vaughan Williams and Poulenc, with Charles Pilling directing. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Dec. 14 at 7. Tickets at the door.) ... **RUSSIAN CHAMBER CHORUS OF NEW YORK**. (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Dec. 14 at 8.) ... **St. Peter's Church**, Lexington Ave. at

54th St. Dec. 15 at 8. Tickets at the door.) ... **WESTMINSTER CHOIR**: Joseph Flummerfelt leads a concert that includes Bach's Magnificat, as well as excerpts from Berlioz's "L'Enfance du Christ" and Mendelssohn's "Christus." (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 16 at 8.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—TURANDOT, with Sharon Sweet, Ruth Ann Swenson, Richard Margison, and Sergei Koptchak; conducted by Nello Santi. (Dec. 10 at 8 and Dec. 13 at 1:30.) ... **THE RAKE'S PROGRESS**, by Stravinsky, with Dawn Upshaw, Denyce Graves, Jerry Hadley, and Paul Plishka; Stefan Lano. (Dec. 11 at 8.) ... **DON CARLO**, with Marina Mescheriakova, Dolora Zajick, Luis Lima, Thomas Hampson, James Morris, and Vladimir Ognovenko; Myung Whun Chung. (Dec. 12 and Dec. 15 at 7.) ... **DON GIOVANNI**, with Carolyn James, Christine Goerke, Maria Bayo, Paul Groves, Dwayne Croft, and Ildebrando D'Arcangelo; Daniel Beckwith. (Dec. 13 at 8.) ... With Amanda Roocroft instead of Ms. Goerke and, in the title role, Håkan Hagegård instead of Mr. Croft. (Dec. 16 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC OPERA THEATRE—Presenting Dominick Argento's 1971 one-act surrealist opera, "Postcard from Morocco." (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. 749-2802, ext. 428. Dec. 10 and Dec. 12 at 8, and Dec. 14 at 2:30.)

JUILLIARD OPERA CENTER—Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel," like the Brothers Grimm story from which it derives, is often referred to as a children's work (though one might question whether this tale of murder and cannibalism is quite the thing for impressionable minds). It combines the innocent, the fanciful, and the gruesome in much the way that the children's books of Maurice Sendak do, and it is therefore delightful to note that Sendak has designed the sets and costumes for this production. As one of the few nineteenth-century German operas apart from Wagner's to have staked a place in the active repertoire, "Hänsel und Gretel" is

MICK STEVENS, 8/19/87

nearly impervious to criticism; in fact, a listener could credibly make a case for it as Wagner lite (which is not necessarily a bad thing). Randall Behr conducts, and Jennifer Marquette and Sari Gruber appear in the title roles. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 769-7406. Dec. 11 at 7; Dec. 13 at 2; and Dec. 15 and Dec. 17 at 8.)

OPERA NOVA—Presenting an alternative staging of "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with the action transposed to the streets and tenements of New York. (The witch seduces the children not with gingerbread and marzipan but with rollerblades and computer games.) (Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. Dec. 11-12 and Dec. 16 at 7:30; Dec. 13 at 2 and 7:30; and Dec. 14 at 3:30. Through Dec. 21. For information about tickets, call 543-9662.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting "Die Fledermaus." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Dec. 13 at 7:30 and Dec. 14 at 2:30. Through Jan. 4.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Kurt Masur conducts Grazyna Bacewicz's Concerto for String Orchestra, Kazimierz Serocki's Trombone Concerto (composed in 1958, and here featuring Joseph Alessi, the orchestra's principal trombonist), Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol," and Dvořák's Symphony No. 8. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 11 at 8 and Dec. 12 at 2.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Seiji Ozawa conducts Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" String Quartet (in Mahler's orchestral setting), Corigliano's "The Red Violin" (featuring Joshua Bell), and Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" and "La Valse." (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 10-11 at 8.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Kent Tittle directs Handel's "Alexander's Feast" (a dramatic ode to a text by Dryden) and his coronation anthem "The King Shall Rejoice." (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Dec. 12 at 8.)

RIVERSIDE CHORAL SOCIETY—Patrick Gardner leads the choir, soloists, and an orchestra in Haydn's "Mass in Time of War," Mozart's "Vesperae Solennes de Confessore," and Mendelssohn's motet "Verleih uns Frieden." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Dec. 13 at 8. For information about tickets, call 780-2181.)

CITY ISLAND BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—Presenting Bach's "Brandenburg" Concertos No. 2, No. 4, and No. 5; soloists include flutists Mindy Kaufman and Sato Moughalian, oboist Keve Wilson, trumpeter Alex Holton, violinist Ariel Shamai, and harpsichordist Ilan Rechtman. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 718-885-2478. Dec. 14 at noon.)

NEW YORK YOUTH SYMPHONY—Vladimir Feltsman appears as soloist in Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini," in a concert that also includes Dvořák's Symphony No. 6 and the premiere of Shafer Mahoney's "Something Snappy." Mischa Santora conducts. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 14 at 2.)

JUPITER SYMPHONY—Jens Nygaard conducts Vivaldi's G-Minor Concerto for Two Cellos, Handel's B-Flat-Major Oboe Concerto (with Gerard Reuter), Telemann's Concerto in G Major for Four Violins, and Bach's D-Minor Keyboard Concerto (featuring pianist Seymour Lipkin). (Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. Dec. 15 at 7. For information about tickets, call 799-1259. A benefit concert.)

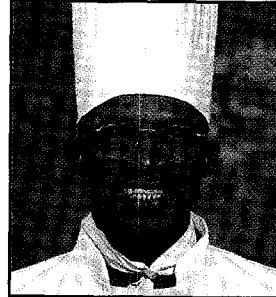
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Yuri Temirkanov conducts Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite No. 1 and his Piano Concerto (featuring Garrick Ohlsson), as well as Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade." (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 15 at 8.)

NEW YORK METAMORPHOSES ORCHESTRA—Eugene Sirotkine conducts Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" Overture, Poulenc's Sinfonietta, and Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 2 (featuring Erez Ofer, the concertmaster of the Philadelphia Orchestra). (Masonic Hall, 71 W. 23rd St. Dec. 16 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

RECITALS

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio plays Schubert's Piano Trio in B-Flat Major; colleagues assist in

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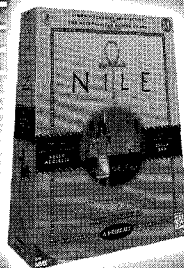
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live author events

Richard Preston
The Cobra Event
Dec. 8 / 9pm ET

Edward Fiske
Fiske Guide
to Colleges 1998
Dec. 9 / 8pm ET

David Darlington
Area 51: The Dreamland
Chronicles
Dec. 10 / 8pm ET

Katherine Ramsland
Dean Koontz:
A Writer's Biography
Dec. 11 / 8pm ET

Madison Smartt Bell
Ten Indians
Dec. 12 / 8pm ET

George Plimpton
Truman Capote
Dec. 14 / 7pm ET

Dominick Dunne
Another City,
Not My Own
Dec. 15 / 8pm ET

Bud Greenspan
Frozen In Time
Dec. 16 / 8pm ET

Linda Howard
Upon A Midnight Clear
Dec. 17 / 7pm ET

Peter Kwong
Forbidden Workers
Dec. 18 / 7pm ET

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Mendelssohn's C-Minor Piano Quartet and Schumann's Piano Quintet. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Dec. 10 at 8.)

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—Works by Jacob Druckman and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Dec. 10 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

BARGE MUSIC—Presenting two large-scale chamber works: Schubert's Octet (for two violins, viola, cello, double-bass, clarinet, bassoon, and French horn) and Jean Françaix's Octet (for precisely the same instruments). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061. Dec. 11 at 7:30 and Dec. 14 at 4.)

ALAN FEINBERG—Beethoven's "Eroica" Variations, Sessions's Piano Sonata No. 3, and works by Chopin, Babbitt, Wuorinen, and George Edwards (a premiere) rub elbows on this recital by a pianist known for his imaginative programming. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Dec. 13 at 8.)

JORMA HYNINEN—The Finnish baritone sings an all-Sibelius program, with pianist Ilkka Paananen assisting. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Dec. 14 at 2.)

MURRAY PERAHIA—The eminent pianist performs a suite by Handel, Schumann's F-Sharp-Minor Sonata, several works by Mendelssohn (including his so-called "Sonate Écossaise"), and Chopin's Berceuse and F-Minor Fantaisie. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 14 at 3.)

VERDEHR TRIO—The clarinet-violin-and-piano ensemble, which has insured itself a place in chamber-music history with the enthusiastic commissioning program it has carried out over the past twenty-five years, performs trios by Beethoven and Tchaikovsky, in addition to four of its own commissions (by Druckman, Menotti, Hovhanness, and Tower—this last a premiere). (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Dec. 14 at 5.)

DAVID KRAKAUER AND THE LARK STRING QUARTET—The clarinetist offers klezmer-inspired solo works and joins the foursome for Brahms's Clarinet Quintet. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Dec. 15 at 6:45.)

AVANTI!—A Finnish contemporary-music ensemble, conducted by Hannu Lintu, presents Aarre Merikanto's Concerto for Violin, Clarinet, French Horn, and String Sextet; Kaija Saariaho's Violin Concerto (featuring John Storgards); Usko Meriläinen's "Letter to a Cellist" (with cellist Anssi Karttunen); and Magnus Lindberg's "Arena 2." (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Dec. 15 at 7:30.)

SEYMOUR LIPKIN—The pianist celebrates what is presumed to be Beethoven's birthday by performing the composer's Sonatas No. 4, No. 17, No. 24, and No. 31. (Lang Recital Hall, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Dec. 16 at 7.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

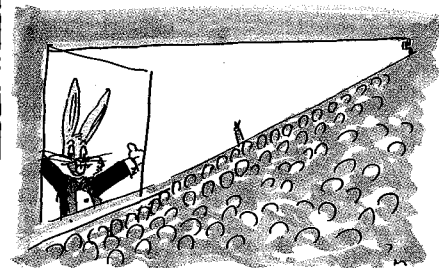
READINGS—Dec. 10 at 6:30: By George Plimpton, from his forthcoming oral biography of Truman Capote. (Benetton, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 8: By poet Thomas Sayers Ellis, a co-founder of the Dark Room Collective, and Chinese poet Bei Dao, from their work. Eliot Weinberger offers English translations of Bei Dao's poems. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 7: By Rick Moody, Darcey Steinke, and Lisa Shea, from "Joyful Noise," an anthology of essays about the New Testament. (K.G.B., 85 E. 4th St. No tickets necessary.)

TALKS—Dec. 10 at 6:30: George B. Schaller, author of "The Last Panda," presents an illustrated lecture on Tibet's Chang Tang Reserve. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742.) . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 5: Biographers Jorge Castañeda and Hugh Thomas, critic Todd Gitlin, and other writers and academics consider the legacy of Che Guevara. (King Juan Carlos I of Spain Center, New York University, 53 Washington Sq. S. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 6: Novelist Howard Norman interviews writer Peter Matthiessen. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Wile E. Cartoonist

"WHAT it comes back to is the flurry of drawings," says Chuck Jones, quoting the literary critic Hugh Kenner on Jones's process of animation. To those of us who consider Jones the greatest animator ever,



the flurry of drawings he has produced over the course of his career add up to one delightful snowstorm. In addition to helping to create such cartoon characters as Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, the Road Runner, and Wile E. Coyote, he is responsible for charming versions of some of the best children's literature, including "How the Grinch Stole Christmas," "Horton Hears a Who," "Riki-Tiki-Tavy," and "The Phantom Tollbooth."

In an adaptation, Jones says, "you're not putting a book on the screen, you're converting a book to the screen." Among the books he'd like to animate are two of Dr. Seuss's late stories, *Oh, The Places You'll Go!* and *You're Only Old Once!* (Random House), E. B. White's *The Trumpet of the Swan* (HarperCollins), and Maurice Druon's *Tistou of the Green Thumbs* (out of print), a fantasy about a little boy who has only to stick his verdant digits into the earth for all manner of things to start growing. Jones would also like to remake T. H. White's *The Sword in the Stone* (Dell), which Disney adapted in the sixties, and tackle Jules Feiffer's *The Man in the Ceiling* (HarperCollins), which he feels is "the ultimate, the absolute story about learning to draw."

One writer Jones particularly cares about is Kipling. "Nobody's ever properly done the 'Just So Stories.' And if I had the chance I'd love to do some more of the Mowgli stories." Jones gently insists on the proper pronunciation of "The Jungle Book" character's name: the first syllable rhymes with "wow." He has it on good authority—namely, the author's daughter, Elsie Kipling Bambridge, with whom he consulted when working on one of his Kipling adaptations. "She was about ninety. I called her up and asked, 'How do you pronounce M-o-w-g-l-i?' A lovely British voice came back and said, 'Mau-gli.'" And then, after a pause, she added, "I hate Walter Disney."

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OPENING THIS WEEK

AMISTAD—Steven Spielberg's film about a slave revolt in 1839. Opening Dec. 10. (Coronet Cinemas and Lincoln Square. Starting Dec. 12, the film will also play at the Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

DECONSTRUCTING HARRY—Woody Allen's new comedy, set in New York City. Opening Dec. 12.

FOR RICHER OR POORER—Tim Allen and Kirstie Alley star in a romantic comedy directed by Bryan Spicer, about a New York couple hiding out from the I.R.S. in Amish country. Opening Dec. 12.

HOME ALONE 3—Eight-year-old Alex (Alex D. Linz) is home with the chicken pox when a gang of thieves tries to invade his house. Written by John Hughes and directed by Raja Gosnell. Opening Dec. 12. (64th and 2nd.)

HUGO POOL—A day in the life of a Los Angeles pool cleaner (Alyssa Milano). Directed by Robert Downey, Sr., who co-wrote the screenplay with his late wife, Laura Downey. Opening Dec. 12. (Quad Cinema.)

SCREAM 2—Director Wes Craven and screenwriter Kevin Williamson bring their "Scream" characters back for a reunion. Opening Dec. 12. (Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, Embassy 2, Embassy 3, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

FILM NOTES

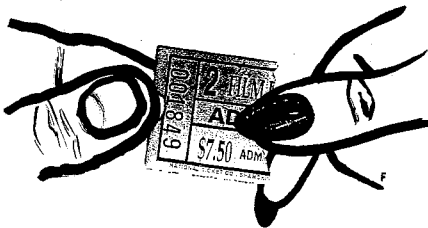
(If a movie has been reviewed recently in *The Current Cinema*, the date of its review is given.)

ALIEN RESURRECTION—Two hundred years after her death, Lieutenant Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) is reconstituted by a bunch of evil—or at least very stupid—scientists. This fourth film in the series, written by Joss Whedon and directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet, follows the predictable suspense track: stuck in space, a complacent company of men and women is snacked into submission by one or more slaving bugs. On the menu this time are Brad Dourif, Dan Hedaya, Jeunet regulars Dominique Pinon and Ron Perlman, and a rather unwell-looking Winona Ryder. The story lurches from one grisly set piece to the next; some of them are beautifully staged, but the movie stubbornly refuses to hang together, and it repels far more readily than it excites.—*Anthony Lane* (12/1/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th Street Showplace, and Village East Cinemas.)

ANASTASIA—Directors Don Bluth and Gary Goldman have simplified and Cinderella-ized the Anastasia story for this opulent cartoon musical: a lost girl must discover the princess inside her. The film doesn't burst through any of the genre's limitations (the Broadway-style numbers still sound old-fashioned), but it's presented at an entertaining clip, and viewers who manage to leave the hype at the door can have some fun.—*Bruce Diones* (Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Murray Hill Cinemas, Olympia, Orpheum VII, and Ziegfeld.)

BEAN—Rowan Atkinson's twitching, ear-wiggling screwball character comes to Los Angeles, posing as a scholarly art expert. Atkinson's comic gift has touches of Buster Keaton, Jacques Tati, Dick Van Dyke, and Pee-wee Herman. There may be one bathroom joke too many for non-Brits, but the conceit at the heart of the witty script—that the bowings and scrapings of academic and social prestige are nothing more than the child's play of adults—should appeal to grownups everywhere. Directed by Mel Smith.—*Daphne Merkin* (11/24/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE DAMNED (1969)—Luchino Visconti's view of the depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. The Nazis are rotten, scheming degenerates; green lights play on their faces and they look like werewolves talking politics. Visconti is grimly serious about all this curling-lip-and-thin-eyebrow decadence. The centerpiece is the orgy and massacre of Röhm's homosexual Brown



THE MOVIES

Shirts, with gorgeous naked boys in black lace panties. Ingrid Thulin is the fag-hag mother, a Krupp-Borgia baroness who turns her son (Helmut Berger) into a dope-addicted transvestite. It's really a story about a good boy who loves his wicked mother, and how she emasculates him and makes him decadent—the basic mother-son romance of homoerotic literature, dressed up in Nazi drag. With Dirk Bogarde, Helmut Griem, and Charlotte Rampling. In Italian.—*Pauline Kael* (Museum of Modern Art; Dec. 11.)

EVE'S BAYOU—For her first film, the writer and director Kasi Lemmons attempts to adapt Tennessee Williams's Southern-gothic style to an African-American context. Eve, the heroine (Jurnee Smollett), a ten-year-old bourgeois Creole in late-fifties rural Louisiana, is trying to understand why her mother (an intense, elegant Lynn Whitfield) is so frigid and why her beloved father (a subdued Samuel L. Jackson) is addicted to fooling around. As long as the film sticks to Eve's point of view it's got a naïve charm; unfortunately, Lemmons mixes in Magic Realist fantasies of African voodoo and black-and-white sequences that feel less poetic than arty.—*Sarah Kerr* (84th Street Sixplex, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

FLUBBER—Robin Williams plays a flaky genius who figures out the formula for a green ooze that could replace oil as an energy source; it also dances and gurgles like a baby. This remake of the 1961 fluff classic "The Absent-Minded Professor" achieves the impossible: the usually hyperactive Williams is overshadowed here by special effects. John Hughes co-wrote the script (with Bill Walsh), packing it with a nasty violence reminiscent of his "Home Alone" series. (Typical joke: a

man gets whacked on the head by a flubber-enhanced bowling ball. Judging by the deafening clang on the soundtrack, he should be dead, but there he is in the next scene, with a huge, throbbing welt on his forehead.) Directed by Les Mayfield.—*S.K.* (Chelsea West, Guild, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Orpheum VII, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas.)

GOOD WILL HUNTING—A drama written by and starring Matt Damon and Ben Affleck, about a troubled young man with a photographic memory. Directed by Gus Van Sant. Also starring Robin Williams and Minnie Driver. (Angelika Film Center, Lincoln Square, and New York Twin.)

THE JACKAL—An international thriller directed by Michael Caton-Jones and loosely based on the 1973 classic "The Day of the Jackal." Bruce Willis is the villainous master of disguises out to assassinate an important political figure, Richard Gere an imprisoned I.R.A. terrorist brought in to track him down. Though Gere is game, Willis barely registers: his character is humorless, and so is this dryly competent film.—*B.D.* (Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea West, Coronet Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Metro Cinema, National Twin, and Orpheum VII.)

JOHN GRISHAM'S THE RAINMAKER—The Mississippi novelist gets more than he deserves in Francis Ford Coppola's entertaining adaptation of his formulaic best-seller. As in previous Grisham-based films, a young, earnest lawyer (nicely underplayed here by Matt Damon) is out to right a gross injustice (this time a manipulative insurance company's refusal to pay); what differentiates the film from its predecessors is the energy and warmth Coppola packs into the standard plot. He coaxes playfully arch performances from some substantial character actors (Danny DeVito, Jon Voight, Mary Kay Place, Dean Stockwell) and slows his directing to a leisurely pace, all but eliminating his disruptive fast cutting and allowing his actors, rather than his showmanship, to carry the scenes. The movie offers a hopeful glimpse of what this great director can still do when his saner instincts prevail.—*B.D.* (East 85th Street, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Olympia, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Waverly.)

KISS OR KILL—An outback thriller by the Australian writer-director Bill Bennett, about criminal lovers (Matt Day and Frances O'Connor) who start to suspect each other of the murders committed around them while they're on the run. Ben-



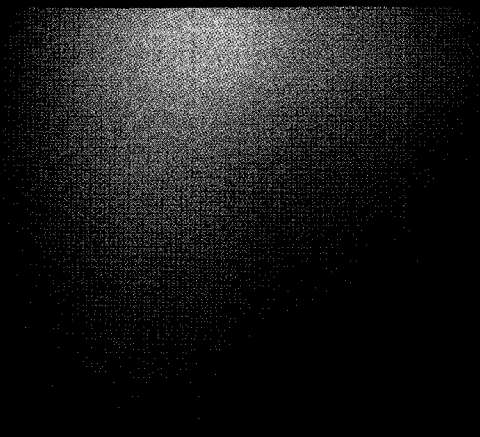
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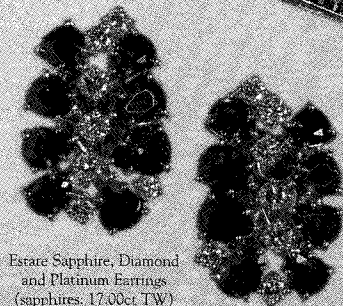
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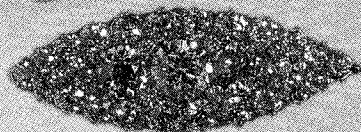
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nett and his cast expertly navigate the twists and turns of the road-movie genre, bringing this eerie example to a witty and satisfying conclusion.—*B.D.* (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD AND EVIL—Clint Eastwood brings a crisp directorial touch to John Berendt's baroque best-seller about murder in Savannah. Kevin Spacey plays an antique dealer who kills his much younger lover (Jude Law) in what may or may not be self-defense; Spacey's slightly unsettling habit of seeming to be watching us at least as much as we watch him—aided by the black contact lenses he wears here—is particularly suited to this unreadable figure. John Cusack plays the only completely invented character in the movie, a New York writer, with cool, appraising eyes and a mouth that hangs open in a state of constant surprise. A black transvestite chanteuse who goes by the name of the Lady Chablis (played by the real Lady Chablis) eats up the screen whenever she appears. And Alison Eastwood, the director's daughter, makes much of her small role as Cusack's romantic interest.—*D.M.* (12/8/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

OFFICE KILLER—The debut film by the still photographer Cindy Sherman is as cool as the self-portraits she's famous for. Carol Kane plays Dorine, a homely, mistreated copy editor at a magazine that's modernizing its editorial process. When she's demoted to part-time work at home, she starts killing off her bosses: a virago editor (Barbara Sukowa), a bratty writer (David Thornton), a nice girl who turned ambitious and joined management (Jeanne Tripplehorn). Downsizing is a great premise for a horror movie, and Kane gives a strong, witty, revolting performance. Yet the film is neither as original nor as much fun as you want it to be. The only time Sherman really responds to the material is in the scenes showing what Dorine does to the corpses: they're exquisitely gross—and hard to take. Molly Ringwald does a spirited turn as a sluttish magazine employee.—*S.K.* (Film Forum; through Dec. 16.)

ONE NIGHT STAND—Mike Figgis's first film since "Leaving Las Vegas" is high on atmosphere and embarrassingly low on content. Wesley Snipes plays a filmmaker who must chose between an irritating wife (Ming-Na Wen) and a platinum-blond, hair-in-her-face girlfriend (Nastassja Kinski): a no-brainer. Figgis also wrote the lush, jazzy score, which changes mood every ten seconds, announcing the drift of each scene like a bullhorn.—*S.K.* (Criterion Center, 59th Street East Cinema, and Village Theatre VII.)

STARSHIP TROOPERS—A futuristic, overproduced version of the fifties flicks in which giant insects wage war on mankind. There's some extraordinary computer bug work by the special-effects master Phil Tippett ("Jurassic Park"), but Paul Verhoeven has directed with a bludgeon and cast the movie with actor-models whose soap-opera dialogue suggests "Melrose Place Goes to War."—*B.D.* (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE SWEET HEREFTER—An exquisitely sober movie by Atom Egoyan, based on the novel by Russell Banks. Ian Holm holds the screen with volcanic force as a big-city lawyer trying to bring a class-action suit on behalf of a small blue-collar town in the wake of a school-bus accident. The cast is uniformly good, and Sarah Polley, as a paralyzed survivor of the crash, is extraordinary.—*D.M.* (11/24/97) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

TITICUT FOLLIES (1967)—Fred Wiseman's first documentary, photographed in the state hospital for the criminally insane at Bridgewater, Massachusetts. Crude in technique, but a revealing (and shocking) piece of visual muckraking. It has some unforgettable scenes.—*P.K.* (Film Forum 2; Dec. 11.)

VALLEY OF THE DOLLS (1967)—The Body (Sharon Tate), the Talent (Patty Duke), and the High-Class Looker (Barbara Parkins) swallow their troubles with prescription drugs in this celluloid pharmacy of camp. Squeezing Jacqueline Susann's sprawling Broadway-and-

Hollywood roman à clef into two hours, the filmmakers come up with a risible compendium of with-it styles and a climax of some sort every other minute. As a success-starved singer, Duke catapults from ingénue to diva before losing it all to booze and pills; her comeback provides the movie's histrionic high points. The swoony treatment of Parkins, as a Radcliffe graduate turned TV pitchwoman, has its own inadvertent humor. Tate, playing a girl whose success depends on her physique (she becomes a soft-core actress), displays a lost, Kim Novak-like quality that would have been touching in less ludicrous circumstances. Susann, who is said to have had a hand in the script, appears briefly as a reporter. With Susan Hayward, Alexander Davion, Lee Grant, Joey Bishop, George Jessel, and (fleetingly) Richard Dreyfuss.—*Michael Sragow* (A Different Light Bookstore; Dec. 14.)

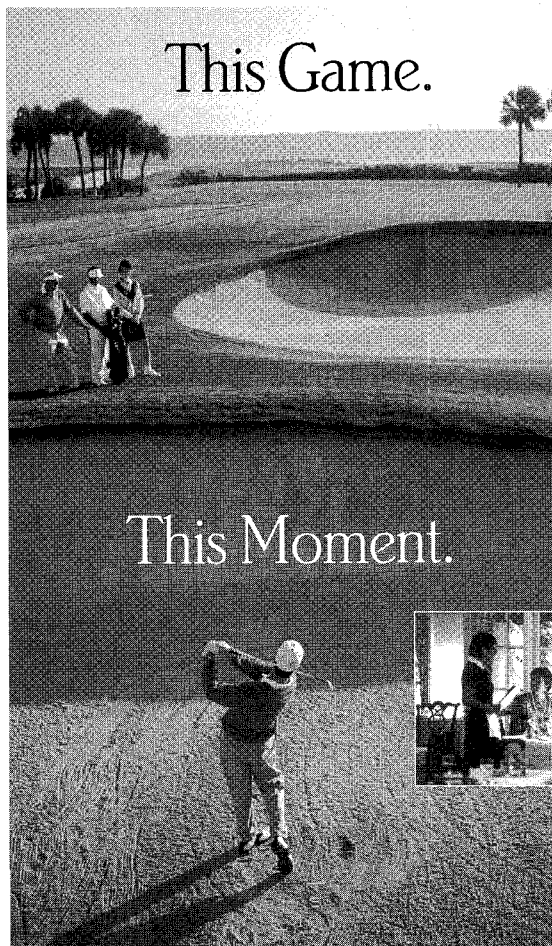
WELCOME TO SARAJEVO—Michael Winterbottom's fine and splenetic movie stars Stephen Dillane as a British TV correspondent who, during the siege of Sarajevo in 1992, finds himself becoming involved, against his better judgment, with a young Bosnian orphan (Emira Nusevic). The combination of Dillane's studious calm and Winterbottom's nervous anger propels the picture way beyond heartwarming. There are moments—the juxtaposition of human chaos with political talking heads, for instance—when Winterbottom's method verges on agitprop. The force of the

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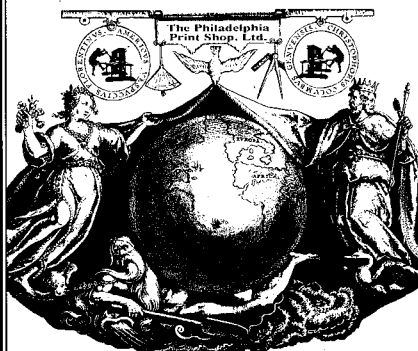
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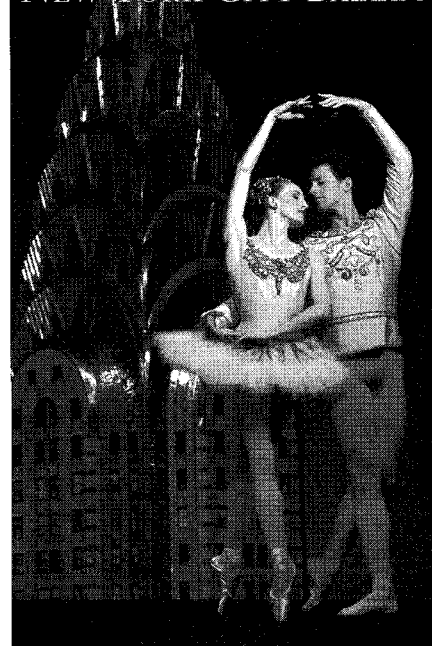
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WENDY WHELAN AND PHILIP NEAL, DIAMONDS, IN FRONT OF THE CHRYSLER BUILDING.
PHOTO BY RICHARD CORMAN.

movie, however, rests in the stuttering rhythms of its violence; the casual wasting and wrecking of life is almost too much to bear. With Woody Harrelson as a hot-blooded American journalist, Marisa Tomei as an aid worker, and the excellent Goran Visnjic as the hero's driver.—*A.Z.* (12/1/97) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square.)

THE WINGS OF THE DOVE—The director Iain Softley's adaptation of Henry James's magisterial late novel starts out as a jazzy, confident effort. But it gets a bit sluggish with the entrance of Milly Theale (Alison Elliott), the rich, good-hearted American orphan whom the penniless Kate Croy (Helena Bonham Carter) persuades her lover, Merton Densher (Linus Roache), to seduce in order to secure their future together. Elliott doesn't have the depth to convey Milly's galvanizing goodness, and this deficiency threatens to undo the film, despite its glorious costumes and all that golden Venice light.—*D.M.* (11/10/97) (Angelika Film Center, Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

ALSO PLAYING

AIR FORCE ONE (reviewed in our issue of 7/28/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **BANG!**: Quad Cinema. . . . **BENT**: Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square. . . . **BOOGIE NIGHTS** (10/13/97): Cinema 3rd Avenue, Embassy 4, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and

Village East Cinemas. . . . **COP LAND** (8/19/97): The Screening Room. . . . **THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE**: 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and State. . . . **FAST, CHEAP & OUT OF CONTROL**: Film Forum 3. . . . **THE FULL MONTY**: Embassy 1, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Quad Cinema. . . . **THE GAME**: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **HAPPY TOGETHER**: Quad Cinema. . . . **THE HOUSE OF YES**: 62nd & Broadway. . . . **THE ICE STORM** (9/29/97): Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema I, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Murray Hill Cinemas. . . . **I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER**: Criterion Center. . . . **L.A. CONFIDENTIAL** (9/22/97): Lincoln Square, New York Twin, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **A LIFE LESS ORDINARY** (11/3/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO LITTLE**: 19th Street East 6 and 64th and 2nd. . . . **MEN IN BLACK** (7/7/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **MRS. BROWN** (8/4/97): Eastside Playhouse and 86th Street East Twin. . . . **MORTAL KOMBAT: ANNIHILATION**: Astor Plaza, 84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Gotham Cinema, 19th Street East 6, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS**: Cinema II and Village East Cinemas. . . . **THE PEACEMAKER** (10/6/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **RED CORNER**: National Twin. . . . **SHALL WE DANCE?**: Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **SHE'S SO LOVELY** (9/8/97): The Screening Room. . . . **SWITCHBACK**: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE TANGO LESSON**: Regency and Village East Cinemas. . . . **TWISTED**: Quad Cinema. . . . **WASHINGTON SQUARE**: Paris.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

FILM FORUM 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Dec. 10: "Eddie" (1963, Robert Drew) and "Football" (1961, Drew and James Lipscomb). . . . Dec. 11: "Tuticut Follies" (†) and "Hospital" (1970, Frederick Wiseman). . . . From Dec. 12 (except Dec. 16): "The Mother and the Whore" (1973, Jean Eustache; in French). . . . Dec. 16: "Ann Carver's Profession" (1933, Edward Buzzell) and "Air Hostess" (1933, Al Rogell).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Dec. 11 at 2:30: "The Damned" (†). . . . Dec. 11 at 6: "The Innocent" (1976, Luchino Visconti; in Italian). . . . Dec. 11 at 6:30 and Dec. 12 at 3: "Dear Carry" (1997, Joel Katz) and "Diana's Looking-Glass" (1996, Yervant Gianikian and Angela Ricci Lucchi). . . . A program of recent films from the Commonwealth of Independent States and the Baltic Republics. Dec. 12 at 2:30: "Everything Around Is Covered with Snow" (Kamara Kamalova; in Uzbek). . . . Dec. 12 at 6 and Dec. 15 at 2:30: "Cardiogram" (Darizhan Omirbaev; in Kazakh). . . . Dec. 12 at 8: "Father, Son and the Holy Torum" (Mark Soosaar; in Russian). . . . Dec. 13 at 2: "Cemetery of Dreams" (Georgy Khaindrava; in Georgian). . . . Dec. 13 at 5: "Time of a Dancer" (Vadim Abdrashitov; in Russian). . . . Dec. 14 at 2: "Brigands: Chapter VII" (Otar Iosseliani; in Georgian, Russian, and French). . . . Dec. 14 at 5: "Brother" (Alexei Balabanov; in Russian). . . . Dec. 15 at 6: "Remorse" (Khal-mamed Kakabaev; in Turkoman). . . . Dec. 16 at 2:30: "Three Stories" (Kira Kuratova; in Ukrainian). . . . Dec. 16 at 6: "Borrowed Time" (Gusein Mekhtiev; in Azerbaijani). . . . A program of recent videos from China. Dec. 12 at 6:30: "At Home in the World" (Wu Wenguan). . . . Dec. 13 at 2: "Tiananmen Square, Part I—The Old City" and "Tiananmen Square, Part VII—On the Way," both directed by Shi Jian and Chen Jue. . . . Dec. 13 at 5: "Bumming in Beijing—The Last Dreamers" (Wu). . . . Dec. 14 at 1:30: "1966, My Time in the Red Guards" (Wu). . . . Dec. 15 at 6:30: "The Man Who Couldn't Feel and Other Tales" (1996, Joram Ten Brink).

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—A program of new films from Spain; in Spanish, with English subtitles. Dec. 10 at 2 and 6:15: "The Matchmaker" (Gerardo Vera). . . . Dec. 10 at 4 and 8: "Storm the Skies" (José Luis López-Linares and Javier Rioyo). . . . Dec. 11 at 2 and Dec. 12 at 4:15 and 8:30: "Loving Look" (Rafael Monleon). . . . Dec. 11 at 4 and Dec. 12 at 2 and 6:15: "Master Nobody" (José Luis Borau). . . . Dec. 13 at 6:30, Dec. 14 at 8:15, and Dec. 15 at 2: "Love Can Seriously Damage Your Health" (Manuel Gomez Pereira). . . . Dec. 13 at 8:45, Dec. 14 at 6:30, and Dec. 15 at 4:15: "Blinded" (David Calparsoro). . . . Dec. 16 at 2: "Chevrolet" (Javier Maqua). . . . Dec. 16 at 4: "Comanche Territory" (Gerardo Herrero).

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Dec. 13 at 2: "No President" (1969, Jack Smith). . . . Dec. 13 at 3:30: "Pink Flamingos" (1972, John Waters). . . . Dec. 13 at 5:30: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970, Federico Fellini; in Italian). . . . Dec. 14 at 2: "Respectable Creatures" (1966, Smith). . . . Dec. 14 at 3:30: "The Trap Door" (1980, Beth B. and Scott B.).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363)—From Dec. 12, a program of eight new films from Holland.

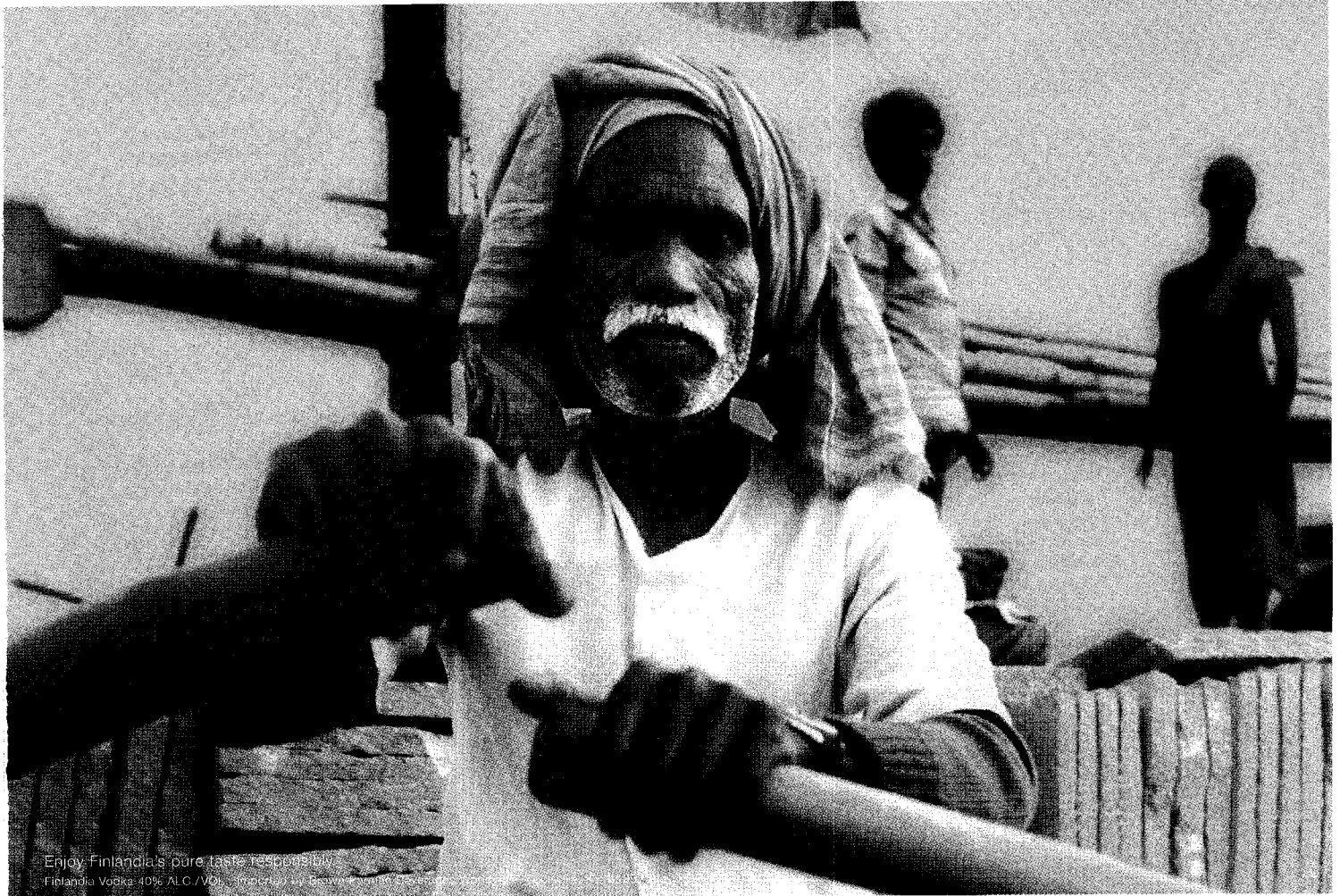
FROM PARIS TO HOLLYWOOD—The Alliance Française presents a series of French films (shown in Florence Gould Hall) alongside the American films based on them (shown in Tinker Auditorium). Dec. 16 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "La Cage aux Folles" (1978, Edouard Molinaro). . . . Dec. 16 at 6:15 and 8:45: "Birdcage" (1996, Mike Nichols). (Both at 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160.)

A DIFFERENT LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 151 W. 19th St.—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Dec. 14 at 7, the feature will be "Valley of the Dolls" (†).



"It was exquisite! Enchanting! Exciting! Enjoyable! And extraordinary!"

*I'm a past life I was a philosopher
who believed the sun was carried across the sky
on the back of a large turtle.*

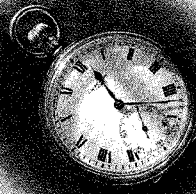


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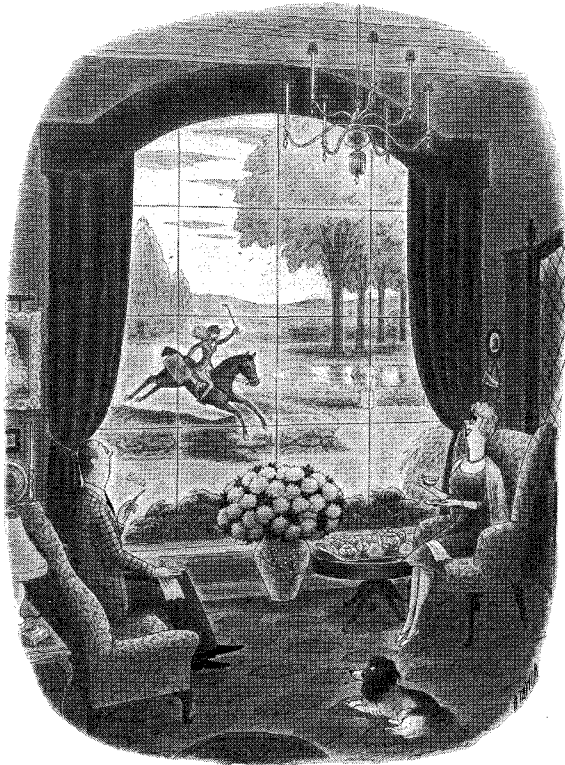
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Nearly everyone has a favorite New Yorker cartoon. Here are the results of our highly unscientific Refrigerator Poll.



"Why, it's Daphne—home from Foxcroft."
(Bobby Short)



(Todd Oldham)



THE eyes, some poet once said, are the windows of the soul, a truism to which one's response might be "Hel-lo! Earth to poet!" Because those of us who live in the real world know that the true window of the soul is the refrigerator. Check out someone's books and CDs and the tchotchkes in his living room and you'll know what his publicly displayable interests are; check out the cartoon that's taped to his refrigerator and you'll know how he really sees himself and how he sees the world. (Pity the poor rich person with a Sub-Zero, an appliance of such chilly

élitism that it will not suffer anything to be taped to it and whose snooty façade proudly asserts a sub-zero tolerance for cute magnets.)

Every *New Yorker* cartoon is seen by potentially a million people, but part of the pleasure of being on the receiving end is that a cartoon is like a private joke, requiring no validating witness. It's between the artist and you. You know the feeling: A tree fell in the forest and I heard it. And, like a long-running private joke that should have run out of steam but becomes inexplicably funnier and more beloved with time and repetition, that satisfying feeling of being un-

derstood by at least one other person seems not to diminish but to increase each time you look at the cartoon that inspired it. (Of course, writing affects people this way, too, but only poems are fridge-friendly; let us know if you find a way to get "Jane Eyre" to stay up.) The tape yellows, the refrigerator breaks and has to be replaced, the kitchen is redone; the cartoon may acquire a juice stain and weather a rip or two, but there it remains for years and years, continuing to be familiar and continuing to surprise, just like your own reflection in the mirror.

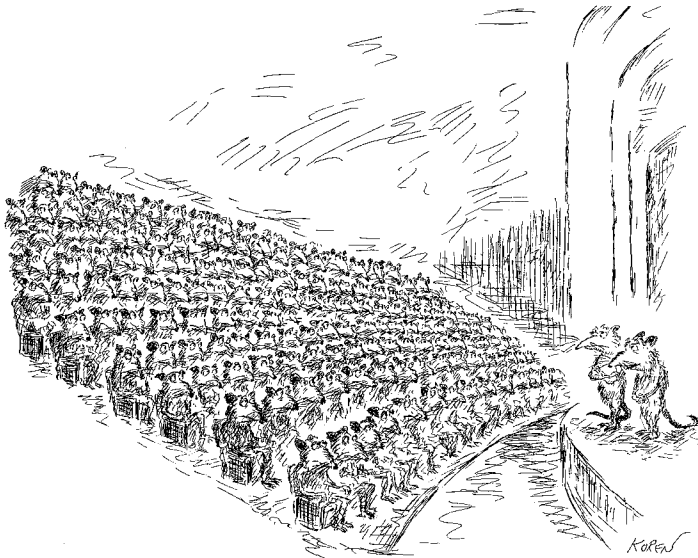
What's also surprising is how unpredictable other people's choices are. That

friend you thought was so unsentimental—what's a huggable Barsotti dog doing in his kitchen? And you may be shocked to find that your parents know themselves—or know how they appear—better than you had suspected when you discover that they've embellished their Amana with a Hamilton cartoon of a couple dissecting their marriage. The

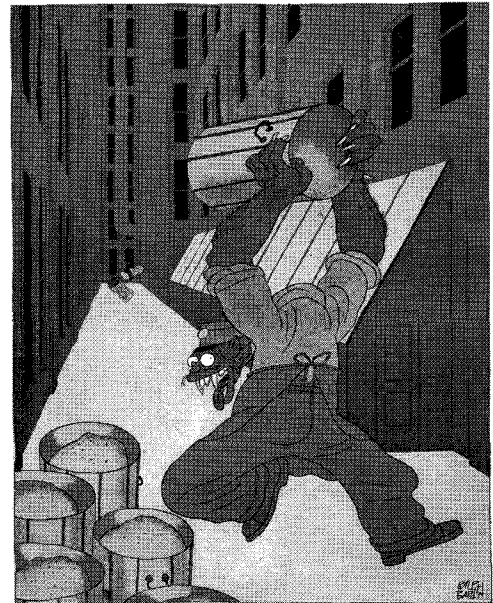
most consummate narcissist of your acquaintance turns out to have at least *some* sense of perspective: there—prominently at eye level, next to the dry-cleaning ticket—is the Chast cartoon with the heading "Mental Baggage Claim."

For this special Cartoon Issue, we asked some people to submit to a kind of Rorschach test and tell us what their

favorite *New Yorker* cartoon was. This sounds simple, doesn't it? And yet some of the responses were far from straightforward: Martha Stewart, for example, initially was able to tell us only that her favorite cartoon involved "a chicken sitting on a box." Fran Lebowitz provided us with a view not of her soul but of her crisper by reporting that the only thing



"Your father and I want to explain why we've decided to live apart." (George Plimpton)



The sort of thing that brings joy to the ashman's black heart: A whole, nice, new, big, twenty-story, cooperative apartment house to wake up at six in the morning. (Fran Lebowitz)



"Who's in charge here?" (William Safire)

*While Christopher Columbus
was sailing around discovering places,*

*he found the U.S. Virgin Islands.
Only then we didn't have four-star
restaurants, championship golf courses
and the bikini. Of course, if he
had seen it like that, he might never
have made it to where you live.*

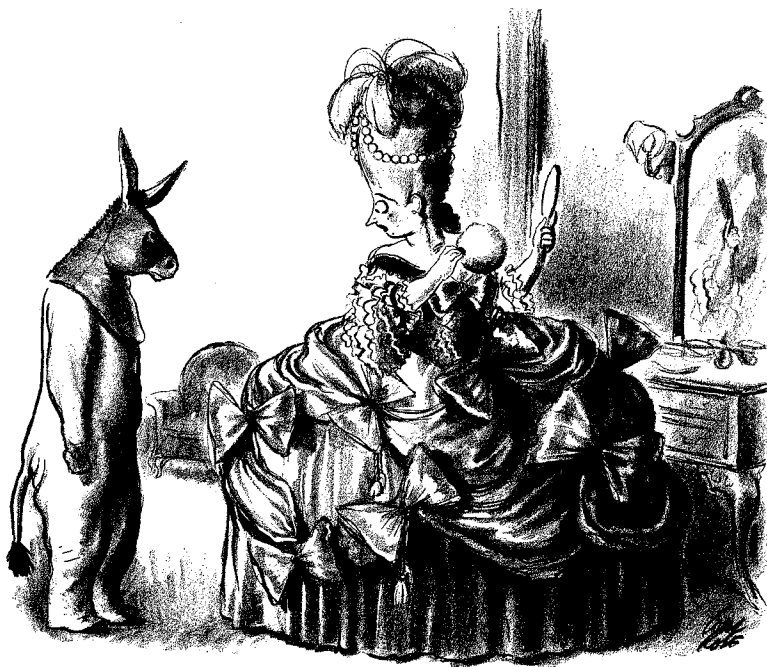
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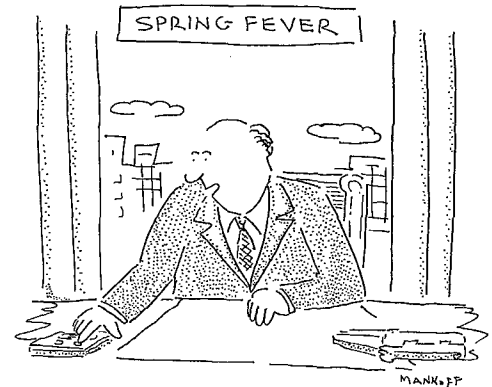
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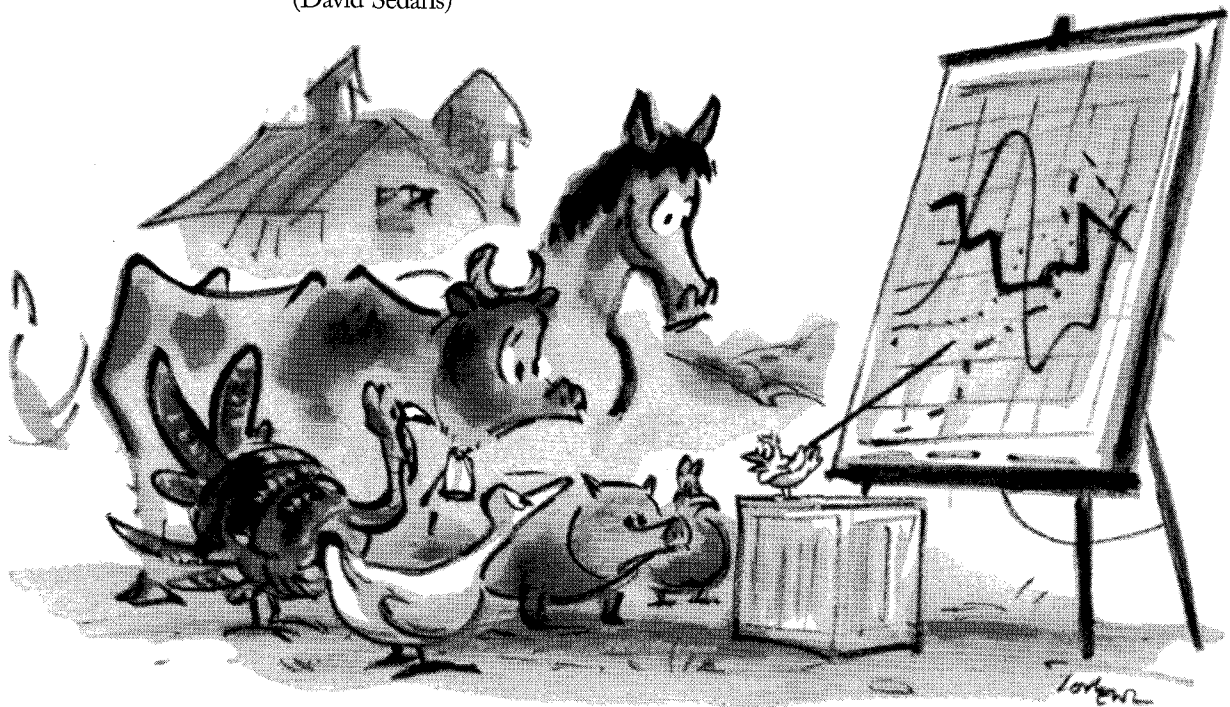
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"Gracious, George! Is that your costume?"
(David Sedaris)



"Ms. Dixon, bring in 'da noise,
bring in 'da funk!" (George C. Wolfe)



"And so, extrapolating from the best figures available, we see that current trends, unless dramatically reversed, will inevitably lead to a situation in which the sky will fall." (Martha Stewart)

she had affixed to her refrigerator was a card attesting to her membership in the Fruit-of-the-Month Club. Madeleine Albright said that as a diplomat she has learned that it is unwise to choose favorites openly, but Madam Secretary did admit that she got a laugh out of the recent cartoon showing a woman

trying on clothes in a store and being given this hard-line sales pitch: "Madeleine Albright kicked butt in that suit." David Sedaris, someone we had pegged as an easygoing, Frigidaire type, turned out to have a morbidly Sub-Zero attitude: "I used to clean for people who had lots of cartoons on their refrigera-

tor. And then it just seemed so common to me, in a way, that I would think, Well, if I was found dead in my apartment, they would come in and I would have cartoons on my refrigerator and they would think, Oh, how *typical*." Hey, buddy—just, like, defrost, O.K.?

—NANCY FRANKLIN

CARL ROSE, 2/3/34; ROBERT MANKOFF, 5/13/96; LEE LORENZ, 10/28/72

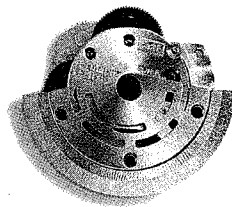


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SOCIAL STUDIES

Getting caught under the mistletoe is suddenly more complicated.



MAYBE you know the feeling. You're at a party, and you lean in to kiss someone on the cheek, and as you're withdrawing, having accomplished that pleasant but perfunctory social deed, you feel a gentle yet insistent tug on your shoulder: *Oh yes, oh dear, you've forgotten—the other cheek!* You gamely attempt to recover, pretending that you were headed in that direction all along, but, alas, it's too late, and, instead, the two of you sort of jostle each other, the second kiss stillborn, lips hovering, half-puckered, in midair. You both laugh, just a little, to cover that tiny moment of mixed signals, and then you're on your way, silently chiding yourself to remember: The next time, *the other cheek.*

This awkward situation has become more and more common of late, for double-cheek kissing is now the default social greeting between men and women, women and women, and sometimes even two guys. The air kisses of the eighties have become scarce, replaced in the earnest nineties by a solid smack on both cheeks. Double-cheek kissing is meant as a gesture not of European sophistication but of affection, of regard. In simpler times, the question used to be: A handshake or a kiss? Now it's: One kiss or two?

"Everybody does it now," the movie

publicist Peggy Siegal, a reluctant two-cheek kisser, told me the other day. "It's dopey. It doubles your chance for bronchial infection and smudging your makeup."

A one-cheek kisser these days is marked as a hayseed, a provincial, a cold fish. The writer Candace Bushnell has had about enough of it. "I've tried to kiss people on just one cheek," she said recently. "Two kisses take a lot of time, and people get insulted if you just want to shake hands with them." Another dilemma, the writer Sally Quinn notes, "is what to do when you're both wearing glasses. And then there's the issue of which side to start on."

The French, of course, kiss on both cheeks; the Dutch kiss three times, as do Eastern European heads of state; the Japanese not at all. Leonid Brezhnev kissed East German leader Erich Honecker flush on the lips. (It was a sign of equality.) Saddam Hussein's underlings seem to kiss him on the right shoulder. (It's a sign of deference, like a kiss on the foot without the prostration.) The double kiss was imported to America from France by the fashion community, and from Seventh Avenue it spread to Hollywood, where it became virtually mandatory.

The ascendancy of two-cheek kissing betrays a certain cultural insecurity, suggests Letitia Baldrige, the etiquette doyenne. Baldrige lives in Washington, which is not a kissy sort of town at all. She regards double-cheek kissing in the same light that Emerson or Thoreau might have, as an unnecessary and undesirable European embellishment on the solid oak

of American democracy. "It's a silly custom for Americans," Baldrige says. "It's like hand-kissing: it doesn't suit us well. We're handshakers. We're good at that."

In Hollywood, the precinct of American cultural hegemony, the double kiss has become de rigueur. "Everybody does it, and everybody feels like throwing up as they do it," the producer Evi Quaid says. "In Europe, it's unconscious, but here it's self-conscious, and it causes everyone anxiety. I keep meaning to stop, but you don't want people to feel like you're icing them." She may not have to worry much longer. In Hollywood, she says, double-cheek kissing is being superseded by an even chummier and more conspicuous gesture: the bear hug. "Bear hugs are in, and the more successful you are the bigger the hug."

—RICHARD STENGEL

DEPT. OF CHEER

Why has the clementine become December's fruit of the month?



THE holiday season is here, and the clementines are back. I noticed the towers of rustic crates mounting up in the local gourmet store last month, and my heart started to pound. That same day, while waiting for a way-too-early-to-be-festively-dressed woman to vacate a cab, I saw that she was hauling around one of those crates in a Tiffany's shopping bag. It was eight o'clock in the evening, and I thought, Oh, no.

I mentioned to a friend that the clementines had arrived, and she grimaced and said, "I know. I was at a party"—a pre-holiday party—"the other night, and there was a huge bowl of them just sitting there, untouched." By January 1st, my friend will have witnessed bowls and pots and platters artfully crammed with saucy little clementines. Untouched.

The clementine rage began four or five years ago. One of my chic-Euro-food friends had started lugging them around to parties, in lieu of a fancy dessert or a bottle of wine, and I thought, Isn't that a clever idea? Then I noticed that even after guests were long gone, the clementines lingered on. After all, who is going to reach for a sanctimonious clementine when there are genuine holiday treats to be had? Does a clementine go with a Scotch on



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"We made good time. We're already in the valley of the shadow of death."

the rocks or even an innocent glass of white wine? Eggnog and a couple of clementines? Uh-uh. I guess you could manage to swig down a seltzer with a side of clementines. But does that sound like a holiday treat?

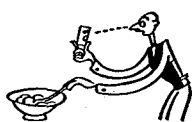
Rarely have I had the fortitude to get through an entire crate without running into a few at the bottom that were all soggy, or, worse, moldy. How many clementines can a person eat comfortably in a day? Even if you are a family of four, not everyone's going to want to eat the ration necessary to empty the crate. You can try to get the children to eat the clementines, but they will know better and may even stubbornly prefer a dry rice cake.

Once or twice, I've made it through a crate clean. And, yes, a rustic crate is sitting in the kitchen right now, lying in wait. But I have yet to meet anyone who looks to a clementine for a holiday lift.

—BETSY BERNE

TABLE TALK

Why André Soltner couldn't be a member of the clean-plate club.



ANDRÉ SOLTNER is still cooking at Lutèce. Well, maybe not downstairs in the restaurant kitchen he made famous, but two or three nights a week he prepares dinner for himself and his

wife, Simone, in their apartment over the store. Although he sold Lutèce to Ark Restaurants in 1994, he still owns the building and lives on the top floor, as he has for thirty-two years, entering through the restaurant with a quick greeting to his ex-staff members who remain on duty.

As someone who considers Soltner to be the best French chef who ever wielded a whisk this side of the Atlantic, I tried to imagine what he cooks upstairs while downstairs Eberhard Müller, Lutèce's new chef and co-owner, dishes up his *moderne*, delectably *soigné* cuisine.

"Well, I keep it really simple. I do complex things—like braised rabbit, or a *pâté de canard*, or a pheasant *choucroute*—on weekends in the country," Soltner told me, referring to his weekend home in Hunter, New York.

"I don't enjoy cooking here, because I have very little room or time, and we try to eat lightly," he explained, in his typical New York apartment kitchen. Tightly crammed into a narrow space in the middle of the floor-through apartment, Soltner's private *cuisine* has a vent but no window and barely enough counter space to roll out even one circle of *pâte brisée* for his beloved Alsatian onion tart. (When I asked him if he ever wears a toque at home, he answered, "I can't. The ceiling's too low.") On the standard, four-burner stove and with housewares-department utensils, he sautés cod, whiting, or gray sole, his favorite fish,

which he shops for on Ninth Avenue or at Citarella. As accompaniment, he often tosses Chinese cellophane noodles with tomatoes, shallots, and ginger in olive oil, although he hastens to add that for vinaigrette dressing he prefers grape-seed oil.

Other *à la minute* dishes chez Soltner might be pan-grilled entrecôte or flank steak, the cuts he prefers, medium rare, with sautéed potatoes, or an omelette with wild mushrooms foraged by André and Simone, or, if he feels like something a bit fancy, a cheese soufflé. A first course might be a salad of avocado, with beets and leeks, but often the meal begins only with a mixed-fruit-and-vegetable cocktail extracted in an electric juicer. If André expects a long day of teaching at the French Culinary Institute, on lower Broadway, Simone simmers up one of her sustaining soups based on sorrel, or potatoes and leeks with a touch of bacon. For a treat, there might be a dessert of bananas flambé, but usually there is none. Dinner is served on a big table in a bright, comfortable living room overlooking Lutèce's enclosed patio. Fortunately, no cooking aromas waft up from the restaurant kitchen.

A Soltner breakfast is mainly fruit and bread, preferably from Balthazar in SoHo, or a croissant from Bonté, with homemade jam. "Or I like Entenmann's coffee cake," he said. "I drink Postum," he added. "Coffee gives me heartburn." Often he has oatmeal, which he hates but believes is good for him. "I hate it so much that I cover it with things like granola or dried banana flakes, or even maple syrup," he said with a slight shiver.

Another thing he hates is cheese. With the exception of firm dry varieties such as Swiss, tomme, and Parmesan used in gratins and soufflés, he will touch only the creamy Alsatian fromage blanc. "Not many people know this," Soltner confessed, in a half whisper, "but I have never, ever in my whole life even once tasted any other cheese. Even during the war, when food was very scarce and my mother had only boiled potatoes and Muenster cheese for our dinner, I ate only the potatoes. I can't stand the idea of tasting it."

When it was suggested that for about a hundred thousand dollars and a thousand hours on a couch he might get a good therapist to uncover the roots of his antipathy, Soltner said, "I don't think I want to find out." —MIMI SHERATON

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because
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The Camberley Hotel Cartoon
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THE CULTURE INDUSTRY

KIDS ARE US

These days, behaving like a grownup is child's play.

BY KURT ANDERSEN

A THIRD of a century ago, when I was nine, Mr. Magoo was a big TV star, but my friends and I were talking about President Kennedy, who had just been assassinated; the Rolling Stones, who were about to play the local auditorium; and the Disney movie "Son of Flubber," which had just opened. At home I wore bluejeans and sneakers, unlike my father or any other grownup I knew, and for Christmas I wanted a set of plastic Mattel walkie-talkies and a "mechanical brain" toy. This month, a Mr. Magoo movie is about to open, and my friends and I have been talking about President Kennedy, who has just been reviled in a new biography; the Rolling Stones, who are about to play Madison Square Garden; and the new Disney movie "Flubber." At home I wear jeans and sneakers, like other grownups my age, and for Christmas this year I would love a set of plastic Motorola walkie-talkies and a new Macintosh.

It used to be, during the Ford and Carter Administrations, that baby boomers were accused of clinging to an extended adolescence—sensation-seeking fecklessness as a way of life. No longer: instead of behaving like hell-raising college kids at thirty, we have contrived a culture that lets us feel at forty like very lucky fourth graders. It's the "Big" generation, and the world is our rec room. Youth isn't being wasted on the young anymore.

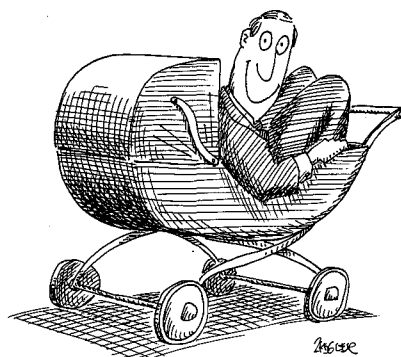
More than any other person, Steven Spielberg is responsible for this magnificent demographic blur. He invented the signal modern Hollywood hybrid—high-end Saturday matinées for grownups, children's movies that adults unashamedly want to see, like "Indiana Jones" and "Jurassic Park." "Hook," in which Robin

Williams plays Peter Pan as a middle-aged yuppie jerk who must learn to be a boy again, was Spielberg's one commercial disappointment in the genre, probably because it was too much on the nose thematically. "Hook" didn't

just pander to baby-boomer man-child hankerings; it was explicitly about them.

Themed leisure (Disneyland, then Ronald McDonald, and finally Chuck E. Cheese) was invented in the fifties, sixties, and seventies purely as children's enter-

tainment, but during the last decade fantasy environments for adults—Planet Hollywood, the Hard Rock Café, half of Las Vegas—have taken over. Now Spielberg is acutely theming: he is the creative mastermind behind GameWorks, the new chain of big, state-of-the-art, capital-intensive video-game arcades. There are no more perfect loci for the new culture of middle-aged children. The Saturday I visited the GameWorks in Seattle, most of the patrons were adults, most of them unaccompanied by children. The electronic game-pass vending machines took hundred-dollar bills. On the second floor were a Starbucks and a bar. There were nine-inch-wide glazed doughnuts for sale, and a storefront selling nothing but French fries, but there were also good, tasteful graphics on the exposed-brick walls—a French broadside from the twenties, a poster for a Malevich show—and soigné leather club chairs. Perfect: premium bits of adulthood (Sam Adams, *grande latte*) mixed and matched with pleasurable bits of childhood (the Vertical Reality ride, Indy 500 cars), and no upper age limit. The spirit of Seattle is the spirit of the permanent child—lanky summer-camp children who climb rocks and fly kites all day long, and precocious egghead children who stay indoors build-



JACK ZIEGLER

It took years of literary success
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Dorothy Parker at the Algonquin Round Table (lower left) surrounded by Robert Benchley, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Frank Crowninshield, Alexander Woollcott, Heywood Brown, Marc Connelly, Frank Case, Franklin P. Adams, Edna Ferber, George Kaufman and Robert Sherwood. Cartoon by Al Hirschfeld.

You, however,
only need one great idea.

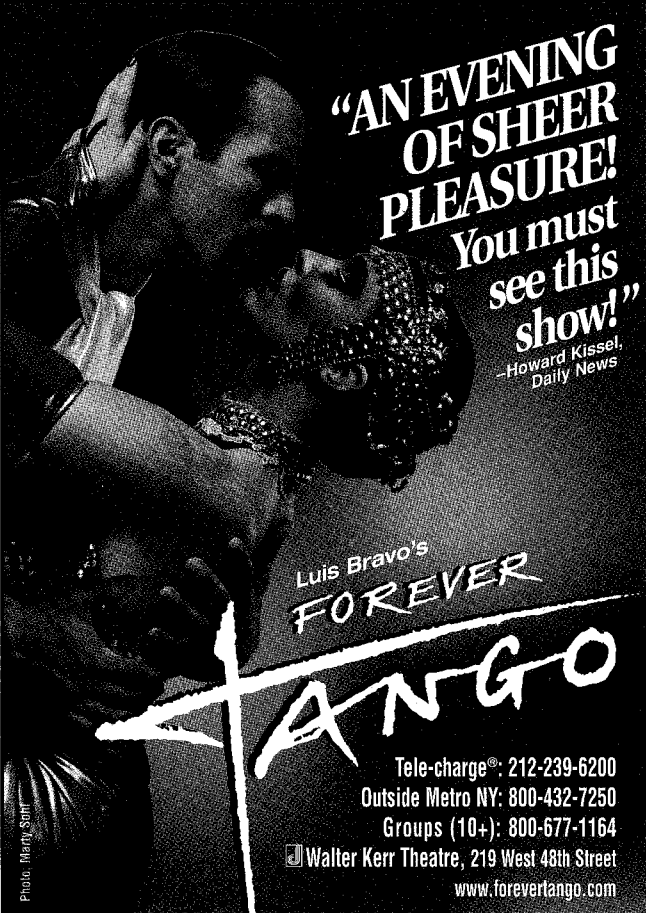


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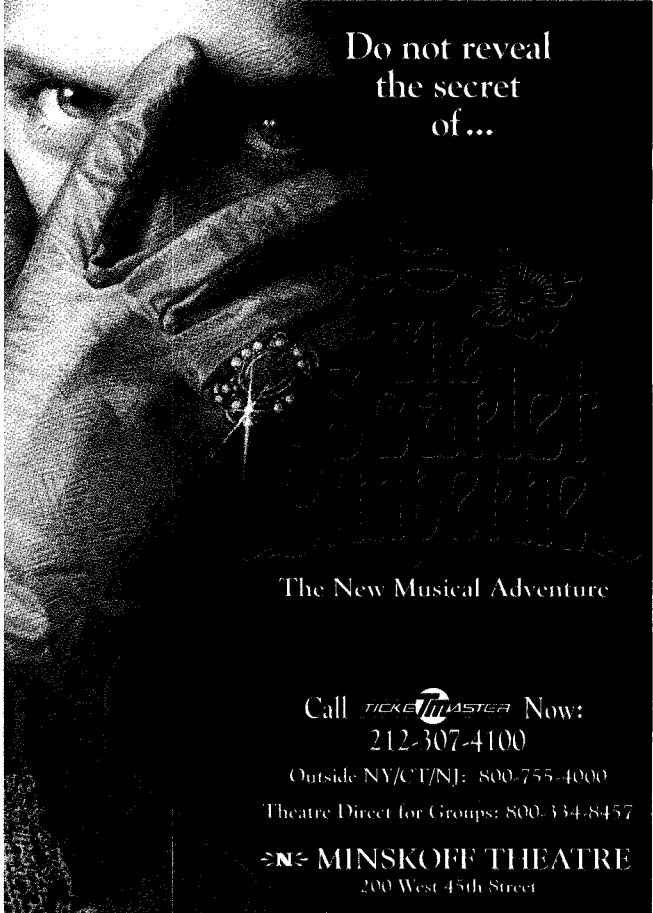
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Los Angeles. September. Larry King is in the middle of planning a wedding. It hits him. A feeling which feels exactly like a heart attack.

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He and his new wife (they got married in the CCU in Los Angeles) flew medevac 3000 miles to New York. There, Dr. Isom stood by as Dr. Alex Shakhovich performed an angioplasty.

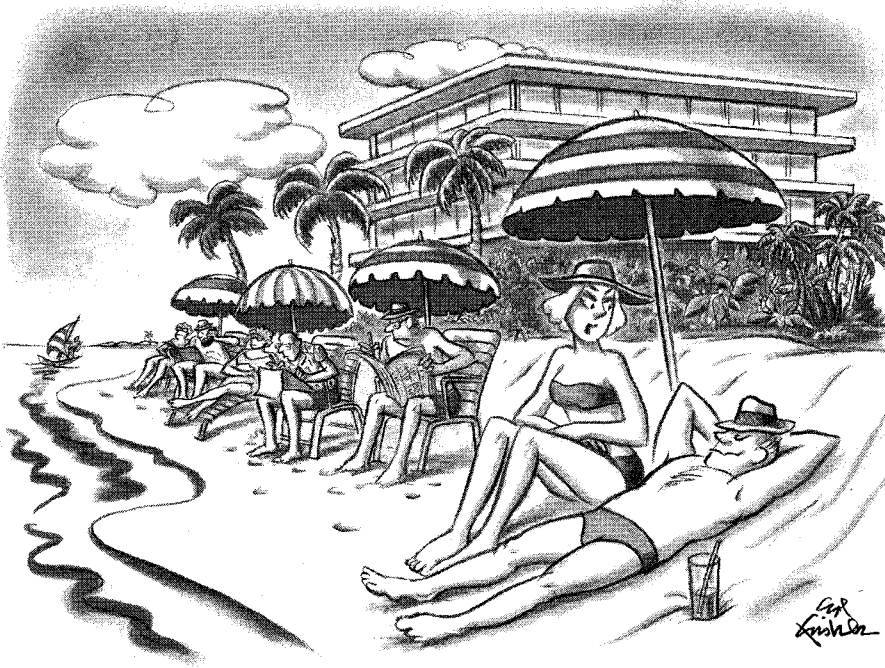
A day later Larry King was back on his feet. A week later he was back on TV. Now, Larry King says he feels the best ever. In gratitude for getting back his good health, he's created the Larry King Heart Foundation to help others receive the quality care he did.

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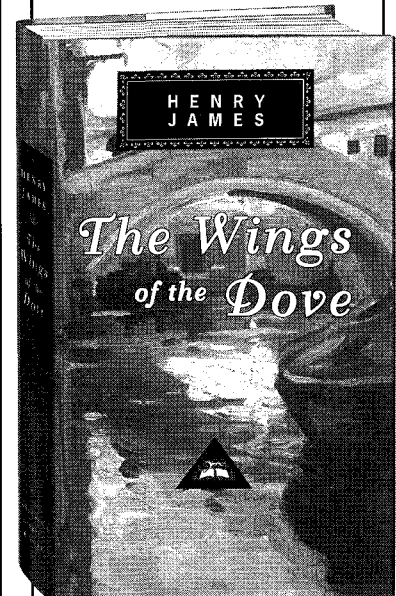
early nineties it was adults (still pretty creepy adults) who drove the comic-book boom. Our parents may have glanced at "The Flintstones," but it was no grownup's favorite show; "The Simpsons" and "King of the Hill" and "South Park" are. It can't be coincidence that a majority of the celebrated younger American artists have worked most famously in neo-kiddie media—Julian Schnabel's broken crockery, Keith Haring's notebook doodles, Jeff Koons's nursery-school tchotchkes, Cindy Sherman's spook-house dress-up photos.

After backpacks became faddish among schoolboys and schoolgirls, they also became de rigueur for fashionable women. One female movie producer I know wears a Curious George backpack, and another buys clothes for herself out of her daughters' Hanna Andersson catalogue. Why can grownups wear sweatsuits in public? Why are chinos and polo shirts replacing suits and ties in the office? Because our mothers don't dress us anymore. Who wouldn't rather stay in play clothes all day long? In the coolest offices—in Seattle, in Silicon Valley, in Hollywood—they don't just dress like kids, they actually stock the places with toys and games, Slinkys and Mr. Potato Heads, Foosball and Mortal Kombat. These days, if you want to ask someone under fifty how the job is going, even if she's a deputy attorney general or a C.F.O., the standard form

of the question is "Are you having fun?"

The trouble comes, naturally, when moral sensibilities become juvenilized as well. What do the naughtiest children do? They spit, like Roberto Alomar, or, worse, bite, like Mike Tyson and Marv Albert. What do we tell nice children about their ugly scribbles and cockamamie ideas and pointless stories? That they're all just great, no better or worse than any other child's—which, carried full-strength into the adult world, becomes an indiscriminating hyper-empathy, where Maya Angelou is a great poet and Marianne Williamson a philosopher. When a child screams that the distribution of Fig Newtons or Barbie accessories is "*not fair*," she means that she has not got precisely what some other child has got—the same crude notion of "fairness" that propels the flat-tax movement. The Great Society was surely misguided in many ways, but liberal altruism was an adult impulse; the contemporary politics of selfishness is more childlike, policy doctrine à la "Lord of the Flies." Who are this moment's religious superstars, the subject of best-selling nonfiction books, TV series, prayers for intercession? Angels. And soon elves: a woman has published a book based on her conversations with the elves who live on her farm in southwest Michigan. I'm not saying angels and elves don't exist. And I'm not telling my seven-year-old that there's no Santa, either. ♦

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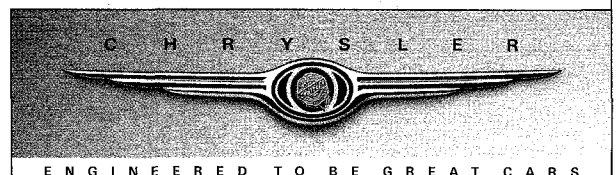
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PERSONAL HISTORY

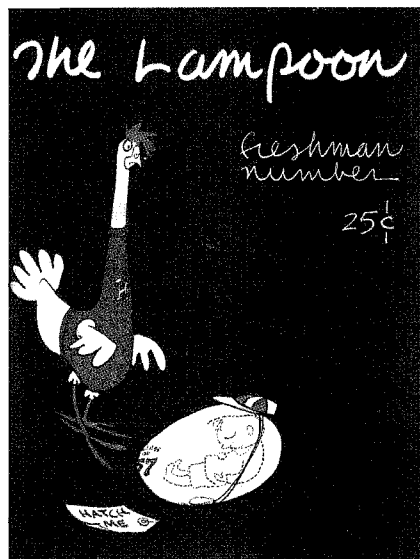
LOST ART

*What the author wanted to be before
he decided to become a writer.*

BY JOHN UPDIKE

IN the thirties and forties, when I was growing up, the cartoonist occupied a place in the cultural hierarchy not far below that of the movie star and the inventor. Walt Disney, Al Capp, Peter Arno—who, now, could attain their celebrity with just pen and ink? I cut my teeth on blocks and rubber toys depicting Disney characters, illiterately pondered oilcloth pages showing Donald Duck when he looked more like a gander, learned to read from a cardboard booklet telling the cautionary tale of the Three Little Pigs and the Big Bad Wolf, and climbed up through the comics section of the local paper into the slightly racier world of comic books and the single-image cartoons, usually captioned, in *Collier's*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Esquire*, and—much the best and most thought-provokingly adult—*The New Yorker*. Together, from chewable Disney artifact to decipherable Thurber scrawl, they formed a world that was realer to me than all but a few patches of the substantial world that had not been conjured up by cartoonists.

This world offers a child many sites for passionate involvement: the keyboard of a piano, for instance, or the workings of an automobile engine. By my teens, I had friends who were clever in one or the other realm; one boy, years before we got our drivers' licenses, could identify the make of car—cars were overwhelmingly of Detroit manufacture then—at a glance from a block or more away. He loved cars, and love breeds knowledge. I was able to identify all the cartoonists as they appeared in a magazine, which I rapidly leafed through upside down while my audience—usually an audience of one, and soon bored—confirmed me right side up. Like trees for an arborist, cartoons have personalities whose recognition the informed mind attains before any conscious sorting out of traits, just as we spot a known face, or even a certain swing of

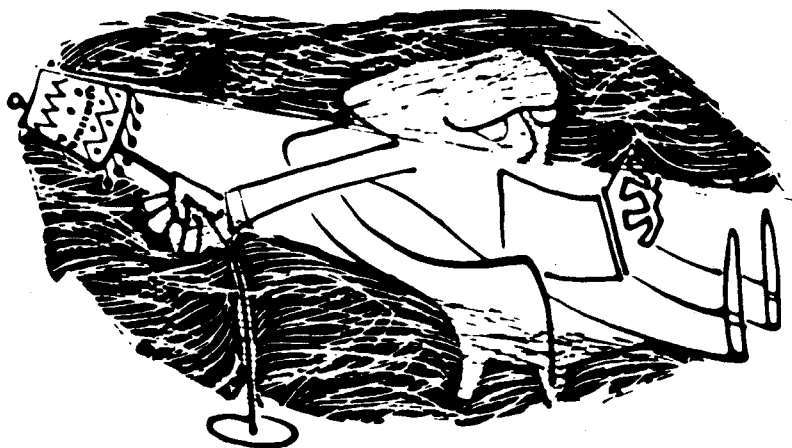
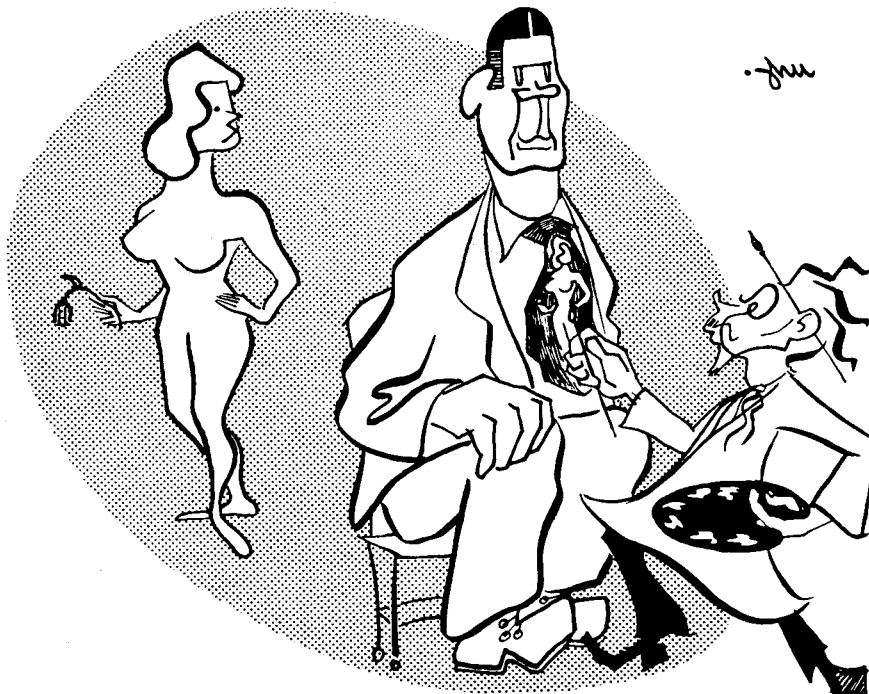


the body, at a distance that blurs all details.

I loved cartoons—almost any cartoon that met a modest standard of professional crispness—and studied them as if my salvation lay somewhere in their particularities of shading and penmanship. V.T. Hamlin, for instance, who drew the syndicated strip “Alley Oop,” had a deliberate, gridlike style of cross-hatching that, mixed with the peculiar inverted proportions of his cavemen’s legs and arms, signalled a special solidity in the progress of his dinosaur-studded panels. Hamlin, like Alex Raymond of “Flash Gordon” and Harold Foster of “Prince Valiant” and Milton Caniff of “Terry and the Pirates” and then “Steve Canyon,” seemed to be operating well within his artistic capacities, as opposed to Chester Gould of “Dick Tracy” and Harold Gray of “Little Orphan Annie,” who I felt were drawing at the very limit of their skills, with a cozy, wooden consistency; Gould, in his doubts that he had made this or that detail clear, would sometimes enclose an enlargement within a sharply outlined balloon, with an arrow and a label saying “2-Way Wrist Radio” or “Secret Compartment for Cyanide.” Fontaine Fox of “Toonerville Folks” and Perry Cosby of “Skippy,” on the other hand, worked with a certain inky looseness, a touch of impatience in their confident pen lines. This inky ease attained opulence in Al Capp’s “Li’l Abner,” the lines of which experienced a voluptuous thickening when limning the curves of Daisy Mae or Moonbeam McSwine. Capp and Caniff and Will Eisner, who drew the bloody, vertiginous “Spirit” comic books, were virtuosos; closer to a child’s heart, and containing the essence of cartoon reality, were the strips of finite artistic means, like “Mutt and Jeff” and “Bringing Up Father” (Jiggs and Maggie)—holdovers from an earlier, vaudevillian era—and adventure strips whose implausibility was framed in an earnest stiffness of execution, such as “The Phantom” and “Mandrake the Magician.” Strikingly minimal, in that pre-“Peanuts” era, was Crockett Johnson’s “Barnaby,” whose characters appeared in invariable profile and whose talk balloons were lettered not by hand but by mechanical typesetting. In my love of cartoons I sent away to cartoonists, care of their syndicates, begging for a free original strip; surprisingly many of them



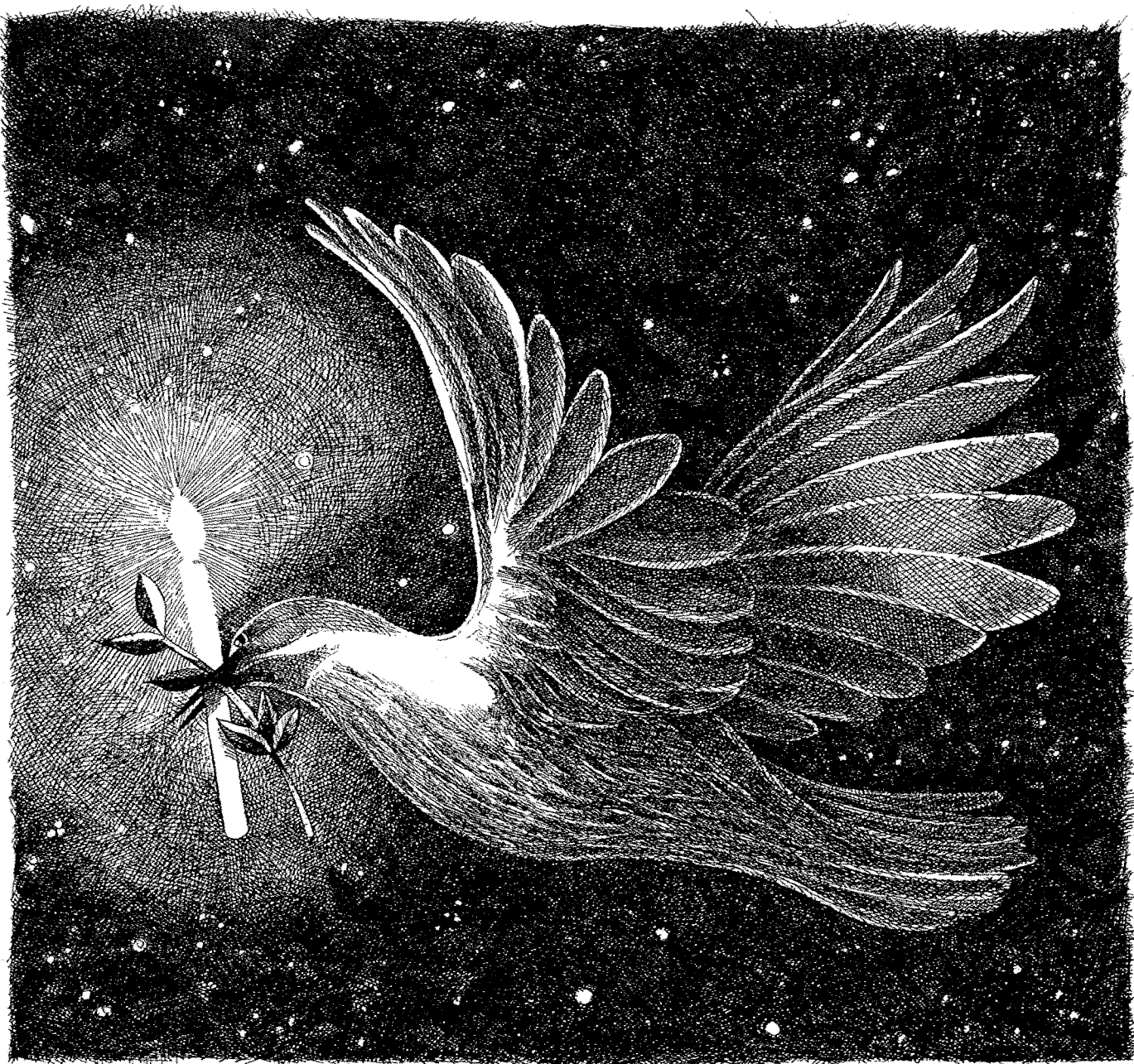
"Psssst."



obliged. My sample "Barnaby" strip slowly shed, over the years, its glued-on lettering.

At a certain votive stage, I cut out favorite strips and made little long cardboard books of them, held together with those nail-like brass fasteners whose flat stem splits open, it always occurred to me, like a loose-jointed dancer's legs. In my passionate doting I cut cartoons out of magazines and pasted them in large scrapbooks, agonizing over which to choose when two were back to back—my first brush with editorial judgment. And of course I copied, copied onto paper and onto slick white cardboard, trying to master each quirk of these miniature universes. Li'l Abner's hair was always seen with the parting toward the viewer, and Mickey Mouse's circular ears were never seen on edge, and Downwind, in Zack Mosley's "Smilin' Jack," was always shown with face averted, and Smokey Stover, in Bill Holman's "Krazy Kat"-ish slapstick, kept saying "Foo" apropos of nothing and drove vehicles that were endlessly shedding their nuts and bolts. God—the heat, the quest, the bliss of it—was in the details. The way the letters of POW! or SHAZAM! overlapped, the qualities of the clouds that indicated explosions or thoughts, the whirling Saturns and stars that accompanied a blow to the head, the variations played upon the talk balloon, that two-dimensional irruption into the panel's three-dimensional space, invisible to its inhabitants and yet critical to their intercourse—all this had to be studied, imitated, absorbed. The studying occurred mostly on the floor, my head lifted up on my elbows but not very high. When I drew, too, my nose had to be close to the paper, though I was not generally nearsighted. But the *entering in* required close examination, as though I were physically worming my way into those panels, those lines fat and slender, those energetic zigzags, those shading dots I learned to call Benday.

A CRAFT lore existed, of pen nibs, fine brushes, blue pencils, art-gum erasers, whiteout, and Higgins India ink (which came in broad-bottomed bottles that nevertheless could be knocked over, as several indelible stains on my family's carpets testified). The prestige of cartooning during the Depression and the forties was such that one did not have to



Every year at about this time, the world lights a candle to Peace. It is a universal gesture, immune to politics. It pays tribute to no narrow philosophy, materialistic or messianic. The candle when lit by men of good will serves the good that is in us all; it cauterizes all that in us is evil.

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Butch Long, Proprietor

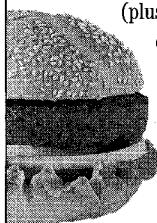
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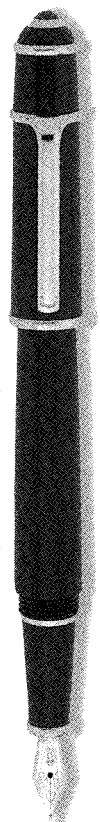


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travel farther than the variety store and the adjacent camera shop in the center of our small Pennsylvania town to find most of the necessary equipment. Bristol board (two- or three-ply, more flexible and ink-accepting than the slick posterboard children use in school), and a cardboard whose rippled surface would turn Conté crayon into halftones, and scratchboard, whose clayey top layer could be scraped to make white on black—for those one had to travel to the nearby city of Reading, where a number of art-supply stores, some combined with a framer's shop, offered their wares to the artsy-craftsy crowd. Black-and-white cartoons were reproduced by means of line cuts, which failed to register washes and pencilled shadings. A great deal of technology went into creating the impression of gray; cross-hatching, stippling, and crayon textures could be done by hand, and then there were sheets of Benday in many patterns, to be laid on and selectively cut away. There was even a treated cardboard, Craftint, that, depending on which of two chemicals was brushed on, produced fine stripes or a crosshatch, thus supplying two degrees of halftone. My high-school yearbook, for which I did many illustrations—more than anyone asked for—contains examples of this mechanical hatching, and of most of the other techniques my apprenticeship claimed acquaintance with.

I drew not for the sake of drawing but to get into metal—to have the work of my hand be turned into zinc cuts and by this means printed. The first cuts made from a drawing of mine—a Christmas card, perhaps, portraying the family dog, or a caricature done for the class-play program—were to me potent objects, a purchase on power. In the alchemical symbology of those gritty decades, and nowhere more so than in the gritty cities of Pennsylvania, metal was power—steel rails, iron beams, lead bullets, great greased knitting machines twittering with a thousand nickel-plated needles. The basement "machine shop," with a metal lathe, was commonplace in the town, and here and there an adept set up a gun shop in his back-yard garage. The toy tanks and battleships and dive bombers that simulated the distant, headlined war were metal, though of the cheapest "white" sort, which would bend and break in your hands. When you

paid a school visit to the city newspaper, the linotypers would place in your palm a still hot lead slug bearing your name backward. When, in high school, I became a summer copyboy for the same newspaper, I saw how the comic strips arrived from the syndicates in the form of bundled paper matrices—a stiff pulpy colorless paper like that used in egg cartons—and how these rough (but legible, the reverse of a reverse) intaglios were filled with hot metal, and the cooled lead rectangles were locked into forms and recast into curved plates, which were bolted onto the rotary cylinders of the presses and thunderously rolled to produce the daily comic pages. A cartoonist partook of this process at the tentative, scratchy, inky outset, and then was swept up and glorified by a massive, ponderous miracle of reproduction. To get a toehold in this metal world—that was my ambition, the height of my hope.

A 1950 issue of the soon defunct magazine *Flair* contained, in its eccentric format, a booklet about the *Harvard Lampoon*, including photographs of the young, crew-cut editors, the curious mock-Flemish building, and some sample cartoons. Somewhere in the concatenation of aspirations and inadvertences that got me to Harvard, this story played a crucial part. Early in my freshman year, I carried a batch of my cartoons down to the *Lampoon* building, there where Mt. Auburn Street meets Bow at an acute angle, an ornate little brick flatiron fronted by a tower with a sort of cartoon face and, on its hat of roof tiles, a much stolen copper ibis. In due course, some of my drawings were printed in the magazine, and I was accepted for membership. The *Lampoon*, I was too ignorant an outsider to realize, was a social club, with a strong flavor of Boston Brahmanism and alcoholic intake; to me it was a magazine for which I wanted to work. This I was allowed to do, especially as the upper-classmen year by year graduated and the various editorial offices fell to me. Though Harvard did little to attract cartoonists, in fact there were four on the *Lampoon* in 1950—Fred Gwynne, Lew Gifford, Doug Bunce, and Charlie Robinson—who seemed to me much my betters in skill and sophistication. Fred Gwynne, a multitalented giant

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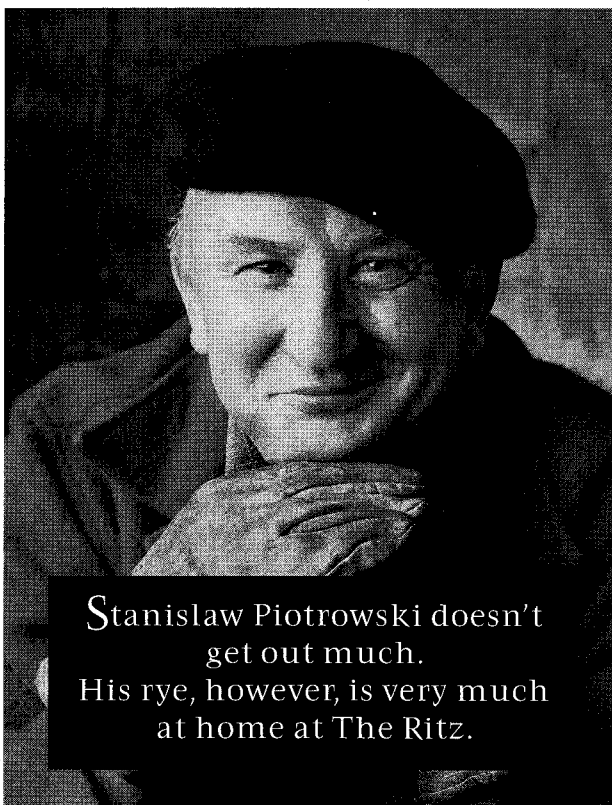


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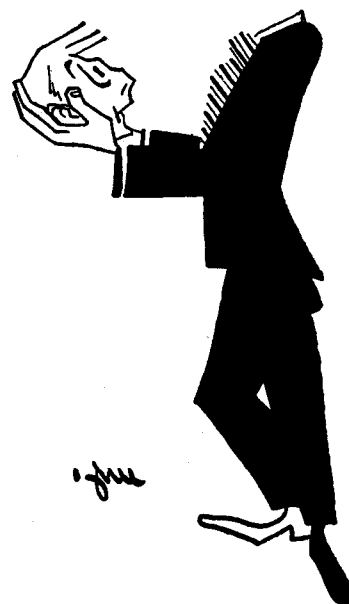
who went on to become an actor, best known for "Car 54, Where Are You?" and "The Munsters," drew with a Renaissance chiaroscuro and mastery of anatomy; Bunce had a fine line, and Gifford, who made his career in television animation, a carefree, flowing brushstroke years ahead of its time. I tried to measure up to their examples, and cartooned abundantly for the *Lam-poon*—over half the art work in some issues was mine—but the budding cartoonist in me, exposed to what I felt were superior talents, suffered a blight; my light verse and supposedly humorous prose felt more viable. By graduation, I had pretty well given up on becoming a cartoonist. It took too many ideas, and one walked in too many footsteps. Writing seemed, in my innocence of it, a relatively untrafficked terrain.

When I think of my brief cartooning heyday, I see myself at my desk in my narrow room on the fifth floor of Lowell House, working late at night under a hot gooseneck lamp. An undergraduate lives in a succession of rooms, and I drew in all of mine, but this atticlike cubbyhole, occupied in my junior year, comes to mind as *mon atelier*. My nose inches from the garishly illumined bristol board, my lower lip sagging in the intensity of my concentration, a cigarette smoking in an ashtray near my eyes, I am "inking in"—tracing the lightly pencilled lines, trying to imbue them with a graceful freedom while searching out, in this final limning, the contour being described. The nervous glee of drawing is such that I sometimes laugh aloud, alone. I would get so excited by the process, so eager to admire the result, that I frequently smeared the still wet lines with my hand. This would put me in mind of a tip I had read of in my high-school days: a successful cartoonist advised aspirants to the art, "If you're not sure the ink is dry, rub your sleeve over it." It had taken some days before I realized that this was a joke, meant ironically.

Or, the precarious inking done, I am warily slicing, with a lethal single-edge Treet razor blade, the boundaries of a patch of Bunday, or applying, with an annoyingly gummed-up little brush, whiteout to an errant line or a stray blot. Years before, I had studied my collection of begged comic strips, marvelling at the frequency of whiteout

touches. Even professionals err. My soul hovers, five stories up, in the happiness of creation, the rapture of conjuring something out of nothing. All around me, my fellow-students are silent, sleeping or communing with the printed page; only I, in this vicinity, am carving a little window into a universe that, an hour ago, had not been there at all.

I dislike drawing now, since it makes



me face the fact that I draw no better, indeed rather worse, than I did when I was twenty-one. Drawing is sacred to me, and I don't like to see it inferiorly done. A drawing can feel perfect, in a way that prose never does, and a poem rarely. Language is intrinsically approximate, since words mean different things to different people, and there is no material retaining ground for the imagery that words conjure in one brain or another. When I drew, the line was exactly as I made it, just so, down to the tremor of excitement my hand may have communicated to the pen; and thus it was reproduced. Up to the midpoint of my writing career, most strenuously in the poem "Midpoint," I sometimes tried to bring this visual absoluteness, this two-dimensional quiddity, onto a page of print with some pictorial device. But the attempt was futile, and a disfigurement, really. Only the letters themselves, originally drawn with sticks and styluses and pens, and then cast into metal fonts, whose forms are now reproduced by electronic processes, legitimately touch the printed page with cartoon magic. ♦

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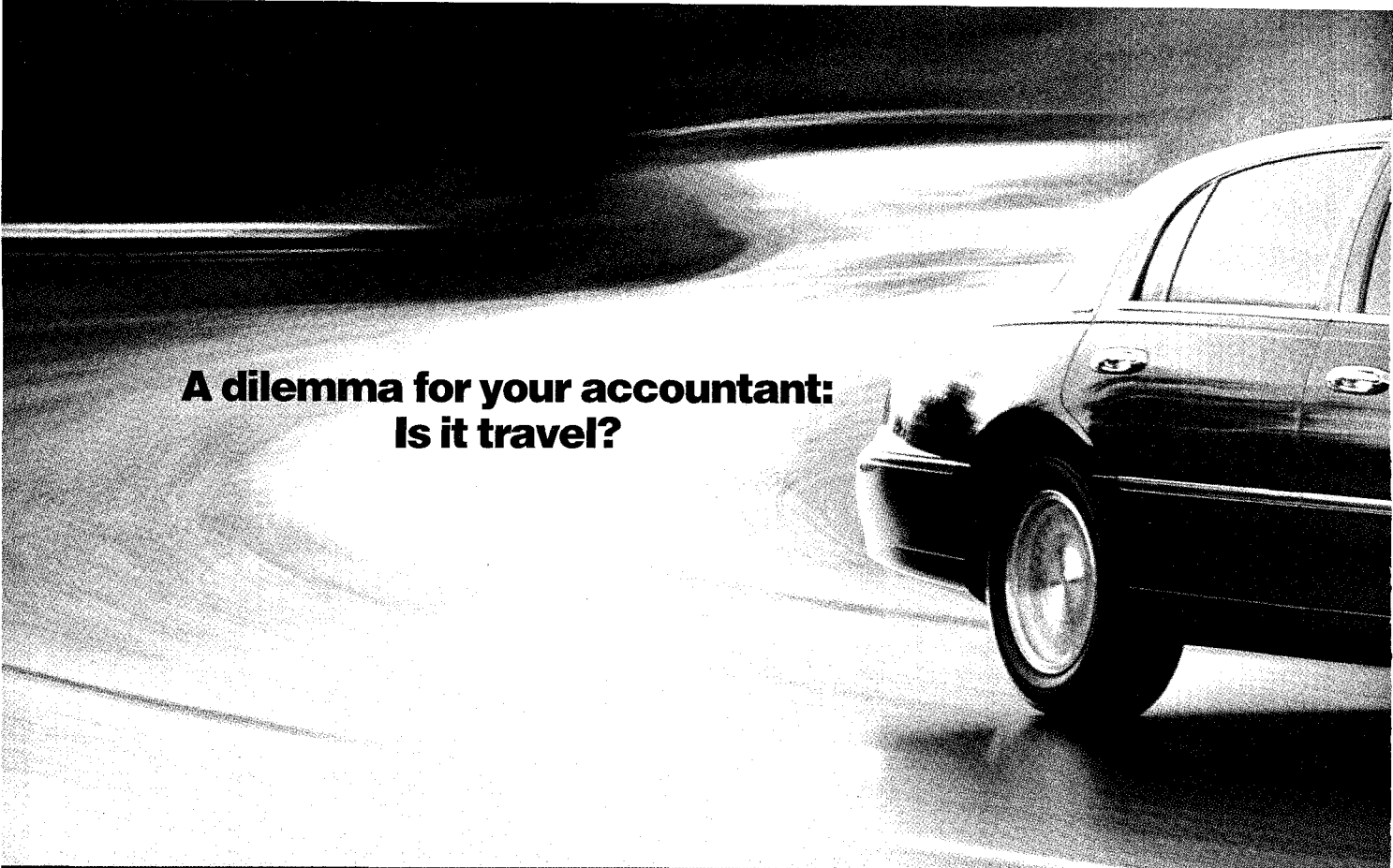
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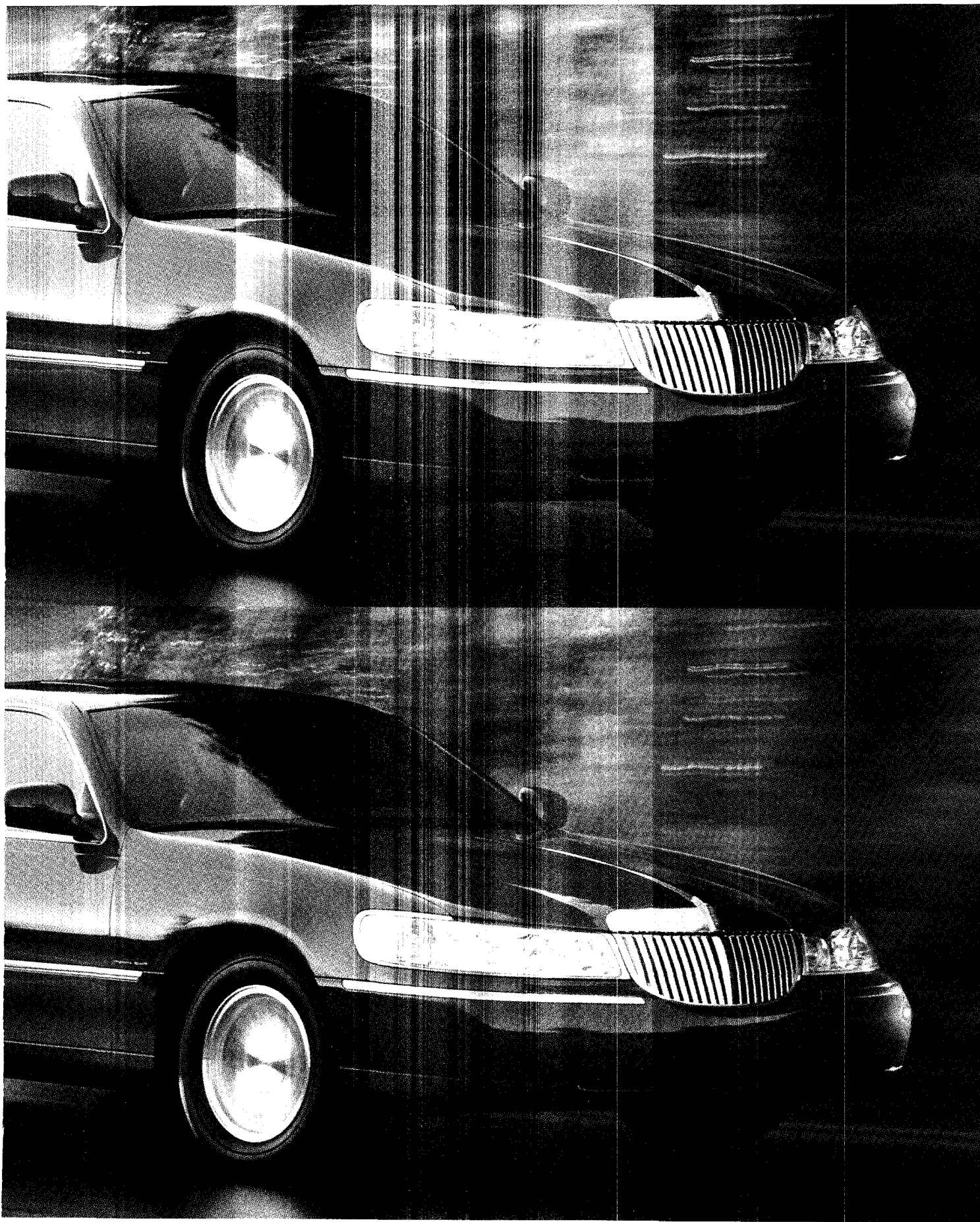
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A CRITIC AT LARGE

THE MAN WHO INVENTED SANTA CLAUS

Thomas Nast's eye for who's been naughty and who's been nice.

BY ADAM GOPNIK



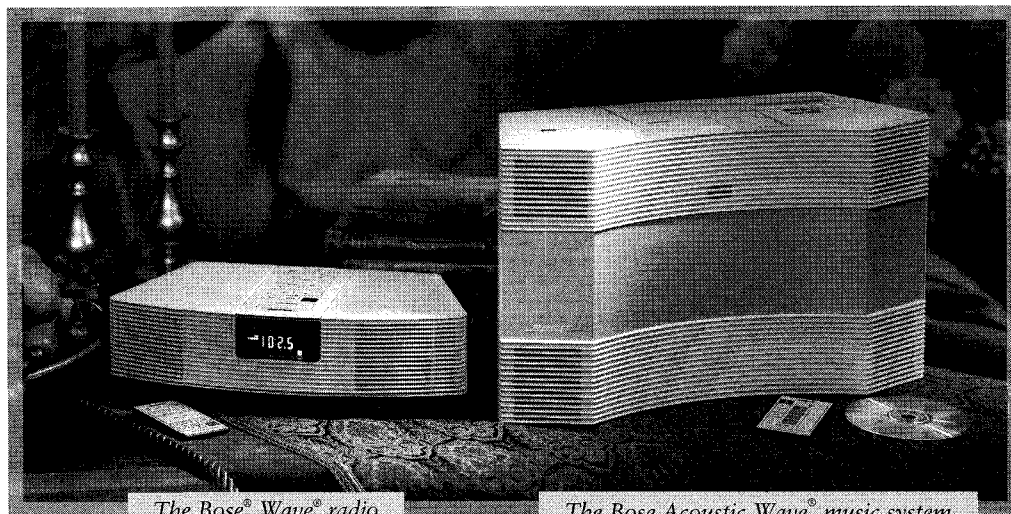
THOMAS NAST, the father of American cartooning, remains the greatest American imagemaker. An imagemaker is not always an artist. Even the best cartoons Nast produced, in the years from 1862 to 1886, when, as the staff artist of *Harper's Weekly*, he was at once the country's conscience and its comforter, tend to be inelegant messes, meant to be read rather than really seen. When he took up easel painting, toward the end of his life, what he painted was conventional and uninspired. But as a maker of images that come to have a life independent of their creator—that, set loose from their moorings in journalism, enter the world's imagination—he is peerless. Nast invented the Democratic Donkey, the Republican Elephant, the Tammany Tiger, and the American Boss, the capitalist with a bag of money for a brain. Above all, he was the man who invented Santa Claus, taking a minor Central European folk saint, dimly recalled from his German childhood, and turning him into the

personification of American Materialism, coming down the chimney and shaking with joy. Since Santa by now has travelled around the world and become the symbol of our empire as much as Apollo was of the Hellenic one, Nast would rate high even if he had never invented anything else. But that Santa's creator invented so much else, and that so un-Santa-like—that he was the man whom Lincoln called "our best recruiting sergeant," of whom Grant said, "He did as much as any one man to preserve the Union and bring the war to an end," and who pretty much alone brought down the Tweed political machine, in New York City—still seems surprising. We do not expect a crusading journalist to be a creator of domestic cheer, Seymour Hersh to provide the voice of Kermit the Frog. And Nast *was* a stylist, of a sort. He elevated the American cartoon, giving it dignity and a symbolic portentousness that the European cartoon had never claimed. Nast had one of the most original lives of any Ameri-

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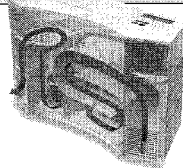
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can artist (what other nineteenth-century artist, high or low, campaigned with Garibaldi and was on intimate terms with Grant?) and one of the saddest, dying alone and forgotten as an American consul in Ecuador. Though we seem far from a Nast revival, this year he is the subject of a good biography for young people, by David Shirley, "Thomas Nast: Cartoonist and Illustrator" (Watts), in the Book Report Biographies series, where he joins more expected bright lights like Eleanor Roosevelt ("First Lady of the Twentieth Century") and John Hancock ("A Signature Life"). Previously, Nast's life has been well told only once, in a turn-of-the-century biography by Albert Bigelow Paine (reprinted by Chelsea House this year), and his political purposes well explained once, too, by the historian Morton Keller.

Like so many of the great makers of nineteenth-century American art, Nast was a foreigner. He was born in 1840 in the little German town of Landau. His father was a musician, who played trombone in a military band. He was also a liberal of the great generation of 1848, and, with his family, he fled reaction to come to New York. Nast was a pure product of the German-American culture that in many ways dominated New York then, and still survives, in fragments, up around East Eighty-sixth Street. It was a culture built around the sacredness of concert music, particularly Beethoven (Nast's father was a member of the Philharmonic Society), and, odd as it seems now, after a hundred years of darker views of Germanness, around a sense of comfort that eventually produced the American cult of Christmas. In Nast's generation, it was the Germans who brought warmth and music to a parched and tinny American Protestantism.

More important, Nast remained a German artist in the same manner that Audubon remained French. He had a distinctly German combination of liberal feeling and prim, self-righteous Protestant offense at excess; it is not always easy to separate the anti-corruption from the anti-Catholic feeling in his mature cartooning. The German inheritance shows up, too, in his obsessive attention to realistic detail, which made his caricatures so complete that, after Boss Tweed fled New York, one of Nast's

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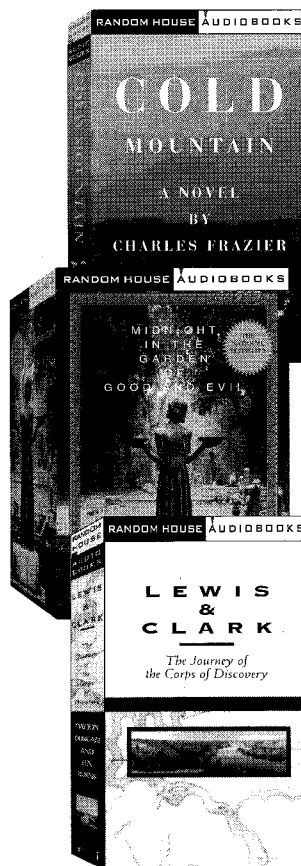
"To really understand Spain you must slow to the rhythm of the Spanish people around you."



cartoons was used throughout Europe as a "Wanted" poster. It is the *horror vacui*—the hatred of anything left unworked, the crowding together of cross-hatching and shadings and grimaces and slogans—which can make his pictures wearying to read today, but which at the time made them weighty, hard to move, like a Biedermeier cabinet. Something so thoroughly worked through had to be right. (The magic of detail in a satirical drawing is a little like the magic of footnotes in a muckraking book: the appearance of virtuous labor becomes the anchor of the indignation.)

Nast was a prodigy, a natural. A famous story, which sounds too good to be true but which there is no reason to doubt, has him roaming the streets of downtown New York with a notebook at the age of ten and making a perfect copy of the one local treasure, a fire truck with a picture of a tiger painted on it, courtesy of the Fire Company boss, Big Bill Tweed. It is certain that when he was only fifteen he went into the office of *Leslie's Weekly*, one of the first of the illustrated weeklies that were to dominate American popular consciousness in the Civil War period, and asked for a job as an illustrator. Not long afterward, he drew a caricature of that moment, which shows an astonished Frank Leslie looking at a tiny, fat, pasty, pimply Nast. Leslie sent the kid out to cover the weekly embarkation of a ferry on a day trip to a little resort outside Hoboken called, improbably, the Elysian Fields. Nast came back with a remarkable drawing. Darker and more detailed than anything that Leslie could have expected, it showed not the typical Sunday scene of water and white clouds and sightseers but a little chunk of urban darkness, emphasizing the looming crossbeams and heavy, pseudo-Alpine architecture of the ferry station, and a chaotic mob, in dark silhouette, running below. (In some ways, it resembles one of Reginald Marsh's scenes, seventy-five years later, set under the El.) Photomechanical engraving was in its infancy, so Nast had to learn on site, and by trial and error, how to transfer his drawings to a wooden block. Almost until the end of his career, he, like all his contemporaries in nineteenth-century New York, used essentially the same technique that Dürer had used four hundred years be-

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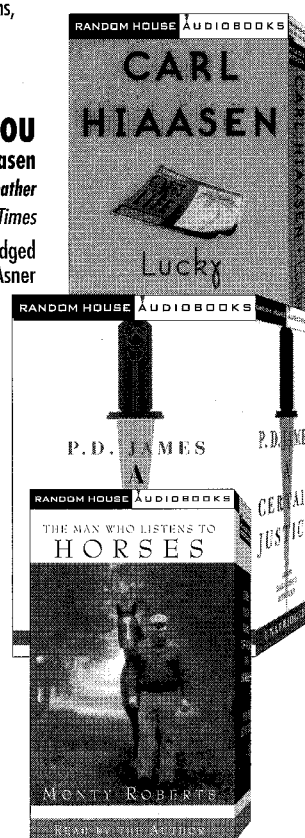
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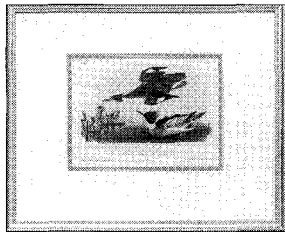
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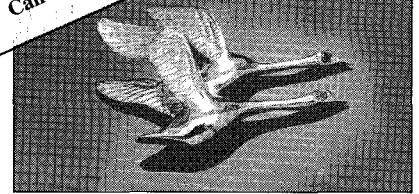
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fore. All of Nast's great cartoons were produced by him in this manner; it was a day when to be a popular artist one had first to become a carpenter.

Nast was a prodigy not of cartooning but of illustration. There is nothing particularly caricatural, or even satiric, about his early work for *Leslie's*. In 1860, he was sent to London to cover a big heavy-weight fight between an American and an Englishman, and he took advantage of his situation to get to Italy to cover Garibaldi's great uprising. His drawings, which he sent to the New York *Illustrated News*, increased his reputation: they are rhetorical, patriotic, effective, but never funny or even satiric. And when he came back to America, later that year, on the eve of the Civil War, he was still a crusading, moralizing illustrator, not a satirist, though he visited Washington and made a couple of images of top-hatted lobbyists that are within faint hailing distance of Manet.

THE Civil War was the turning point in Nast's life and work. It gave an edge of missionary purpose rather than reportorial obligation to a new plum job he'd landed, as an illustrator at *Harper's Weekly*, the greatest American magazine of the period. He was asked to make pictures, not illustrations—complicated allegorical representations of the purposes of the war, not journalistic images of the way it looked. His pictures for *Harper's* could have been called "Why We Fight," like Frank Capra's similar series of movies at the time of the Second World War. (Capra and Nast are similar figures and have similar temperaments.) In retrospect, of course, creating what Lincoln praised as Nast's "emblematic cartoons" was easier than documenting the war itself. Making the war look good was beyond Homer or Brady or any other vaguely honest man; making the ideals of the Republic look good was easier. Nast's emblematic cartoons are predictable. One was devoted to Thanksgiving Day, with Columbia, the female personification of America, praying, and with subsidiary images of Emancipation, Town, Country, Washington and Lincoln, and Army and Navy all around. Then, there was "Our Flag," with subsidiary scenes of the flag "In the Field" (getting shot at), "On Board" (getting shot up), and "Around the Dead" (after the shooting).

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"The fifty-five-gallon drum is completely filled with pennies, sir. Should it be taken to the bank?"

By far the best of these mostly stolid propaganda pieces was a pair of pages that Nast drew at the end of 1862, a low point in the Union cause. One was called "Christmas Eve": it showed, in adjoining medallions, a young mother praying as her two children sleep on Christmas Eve, and her bearded, pensive husband, in the uniform of the Army of the Potomac, looking at a tintype of his family by the light of a campfire. At the bottom of the page is a twilight image of the graves of the Union dead. Overnight, this became the favorite Northern image of the war. "Letters from every corner of the Union came to the Harper office," Nast's biographer wrote, "with messages of thanks for that inspired picture." Despite its morbidity, it was a morale-builder, for it gave Christmas to the North—gave to the Union cause an aura of domestic sentiment, and even sentimentality, which (as in Alcott's "Little Women") it has never lost. "Sentimental" is one of those words—another is "pretentious"—which, intended to be casually damning, almost always point out a deficiency in the heart or mind of the critic. ("Pretentious" usually means "over my head,"

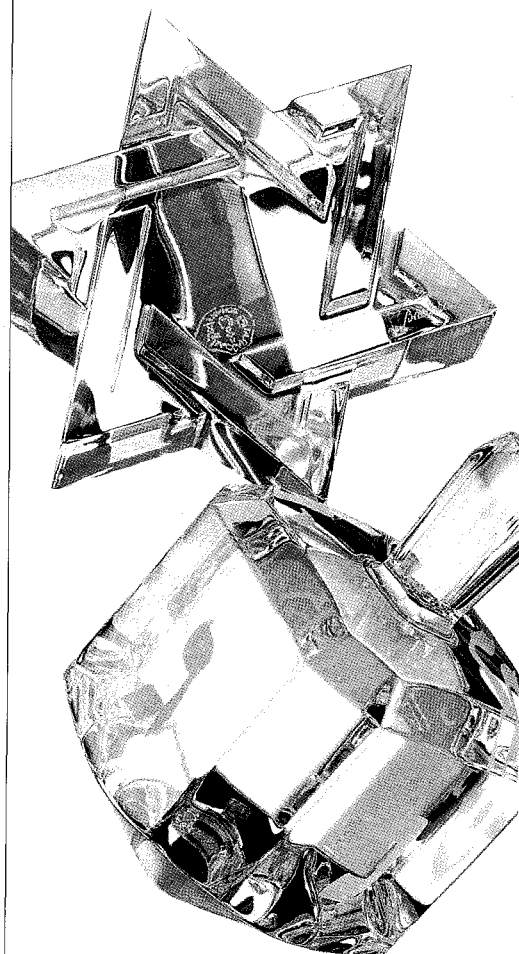
and "sentimental" "under my defenses.") If "sentimental" has any useful meaning, it refers to false or forced or unreal emotion. But this scene has nothing false about it: scenes like it were happening everywhere in America that Christmas.

"Christmas Eve" was accompanied by a second image, "Santa Claus in Camp," which, for almost the first time, showed Santa (the name was already a familiar one) as a chubby, rotund elf, dressed in the Stars and Stripes and passing out presents in a Union Army camp. Nast's Santa didn't evolve. He was always Santa—fur-trimmed suit, white beard, pink cheeks. In these two drawings, Christmas became a Union holiday and Santa a Union local deity—a positive spirit of Northern plenty and domesticity, to set alongside and against the Southern myth of chivalry and tradition and deep indigenous culture.

On the strength of the success of the '62 pictures, Nast produced Santa pictures every Christmas during the war. His invention was taken from borrowed parts. At the core were his memories of the Landau figure of Pelze-Nicol, who brought candy to good children and coal to bad ones. But Pelze-Nicol, like

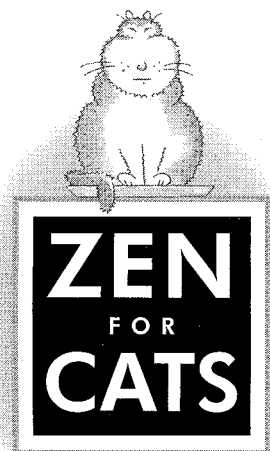
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is out of luck
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the long-lashed
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cormorants
don't toady
nor do toads
adore anybody
for any reason.

Nor do the
unchosen alligators,
grinning their
three-foot grin
as they laze
in the blankety waters
like the blankets on Him.

—KAY RYAN

Père Noël and Father Christmas almost to this day, was a skinny, austere, judgmental guy—a saint. There is nothing more shocking to the American child abroad than an encounter with Père Noël or Father Christmas, for there is a savor of Christian asceticism in their appearance: a thin body and a long white beard suggest, even to a child, hermetic renunciation rather than excess. (Of course, as the American imperium has spread, both have been fattened up.) Nast's fat little man in red, with a broad white beard, was benevolent but no angel.

Dickens had already made Christmas into a festival of middle-class comfort, but Santa plays no part in the Dickensian Christmas. Although the Spirit of Christmas Present has a family resemblance to Nast's Santa, he is a carnival figure: having a good time, not running a good-time business. The Dickensian Christmas goes against the grain of Victorian capitalism, appealing to community, individual conscience, philanthropy. Nast's Civil War Christmas, with its Civil War Santa, goes right with the Union grain, where commerce and virtue come together. Nast's Santa is giving presents away, of course—to soldiers, and then to children—but they are bonuses for good behavior, and Santa himself is the model of a Yankee go-getter, Babbitt at the North

Pole. Santa as Nast drew him over the years is busy: he rushes from rooftop to rooftop, practices the piano, visits the soldiers in camp, consults with bad children, wipes the sweat from his brow as he steps out of the fireplace. Nast's most famous drawing of Santa was a double-page Christmas picture published in 1866, the first full year of peace, that clinched and pulled together the Santa iconography. In it, Santa is decorating a tree, making toys in his workshop, poring over his account books, sewing clothes, and, finally, spying from a high redoubt with a telescope—like Colonel Chamberlain on Little Round Top at Gettysburg—"on the lookout for good children."

Yet, for all the entrepreneurial edge, Nast's Santa is overseeing and all-smiling: "With malice toward none." Nast gave the American Christmas its patron saint and its dominant tone, not of charity rewarded but of grace descending. Santa brings us stuff because we deserve to have it. (It is still our view of things. The central British Christmas story, "A Christmas Carol," is the story of a bad man's awakening to moral responsibility; our favorite Christmas story, "It's a Wonderful Life," is the story of a good man's restoration to moral complacency.)

Santa looks all-American now, but he still has a touch of the eighteen-sixties about him, as much a Civil War arti-

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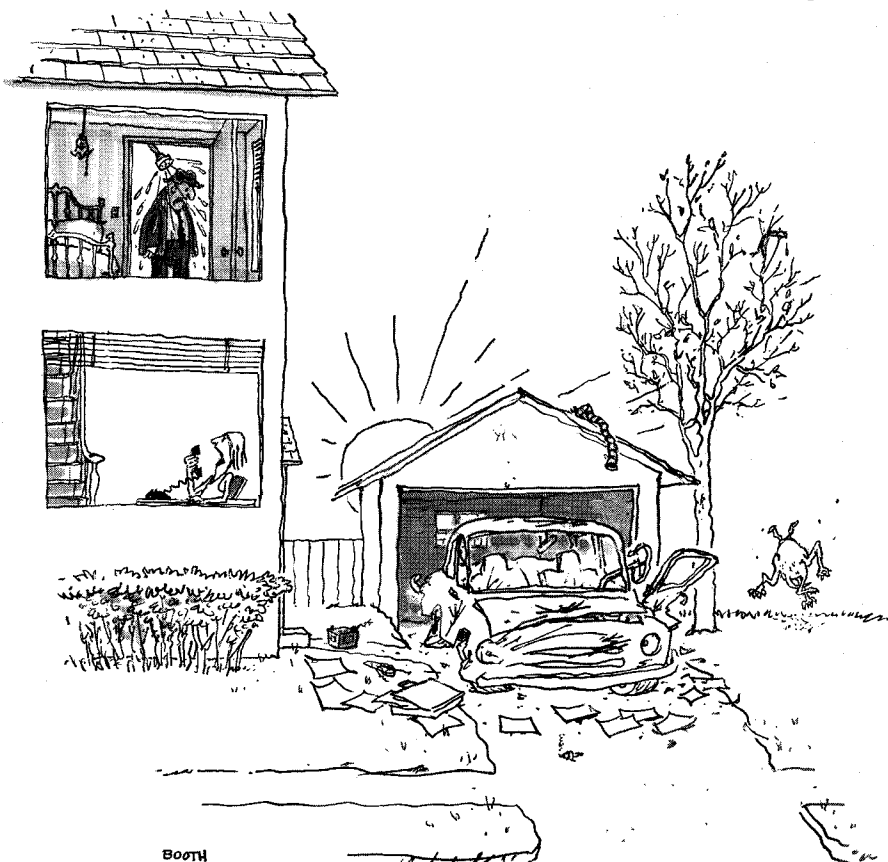
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fact as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." He was even, as the assistant professors would say, an ideological construction. Nast was an honest, committed, fanatical Radical Republican as the term was understood then, which is more or less exactly the reverse of how the term is understood now. He believed that the war was being fought to free the slaves and break the hold of a feudal system; that the South, though it might be treated generously, was a guilty and soon to be conquered nation; and that the Democratic Party in the North was fatally anti-black, and had stopped just this side of outright collaboration with the enemy. Even after the war was concluded, the crisis demanded the constant assertion of federal power (which meant the Army) against states' rights. In this sense, Nast's Santa is Radical Republicanism in a red suit, with reindeer: a bearded benevolent father figure (Lincoln, Grant) who is governing a benign militarized regime and enforcing a charitable but absolute set of moral judgments—naughty or nice, and nothing in between—and who is comfortable in a cold climate, though prepared to travel.

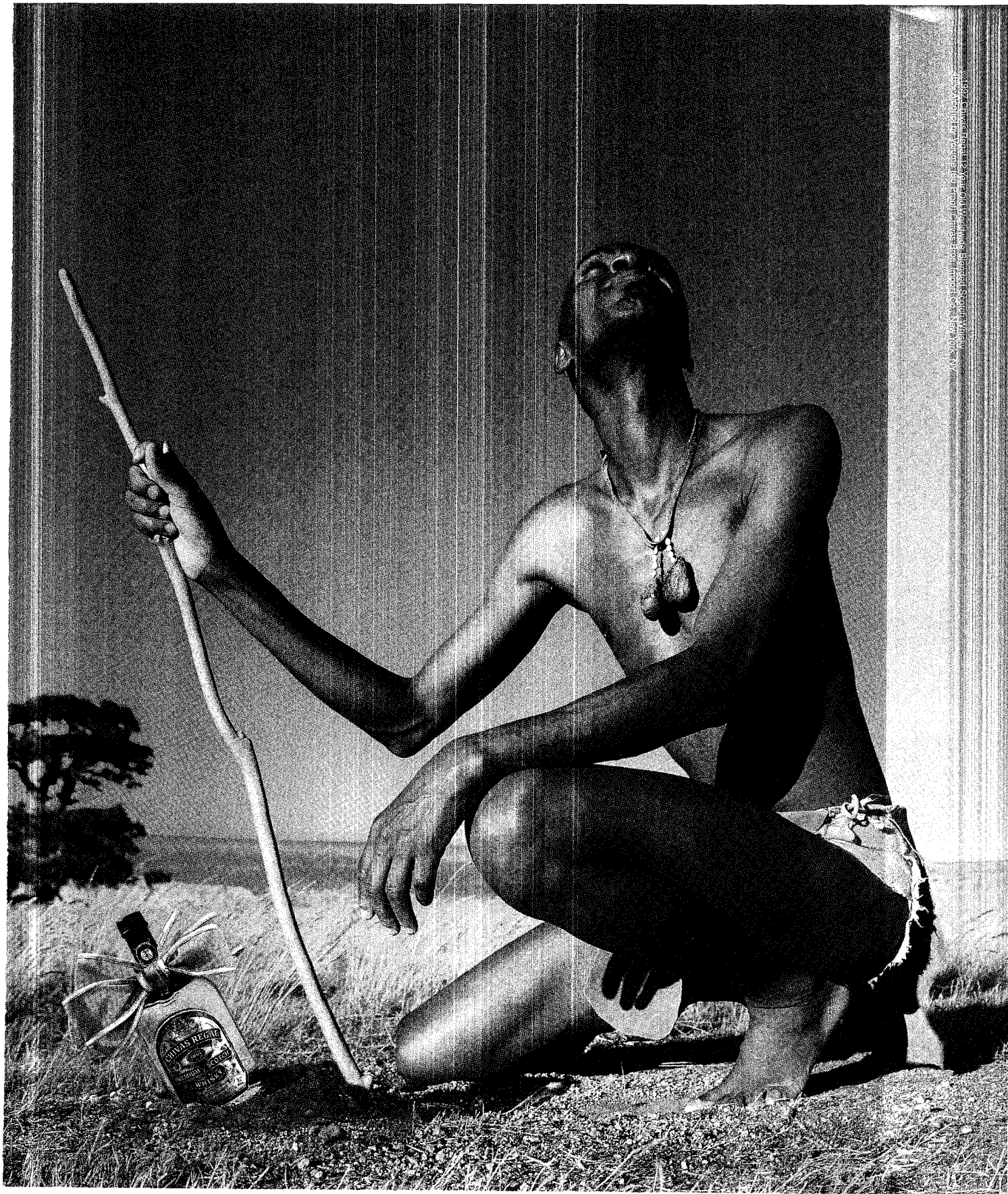
Perhaps the nicest thing about Nast's Santa is his affection for children. Nast's children, who appear as often as his Santa, are not conventional Victorian waifs: they have a kind of strange, big-headed sobriety, and look oddly like the wise, all-knowing youngsters drawn by Philipp Otto Runge (the German Blake). One of the strangest and loveliest of all of Nast's Christmas drawings shows Santa staring through the crib bars at a sound-asleep newborn child. It's probably a drawing of Nast and his third son. In extreme closeup, just the old man and the baby, it has a cute title ("Another Stocking to Fill"), but there is something about the gaze—a sense of communion between a benevolent presiding spirit and a white-faced child—that gives it the intensity of an American religious image, to be entitled "Abundance Welcoming a Wise Child to the World."

IT was Nast's commitment to Radical Republicanism that led him to the strange ambiguity of the next, and most famous, phase of his career. Nast saw Grant as easily the greatest man of his day, and he became what we might now



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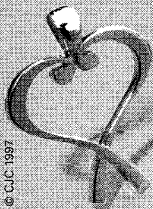
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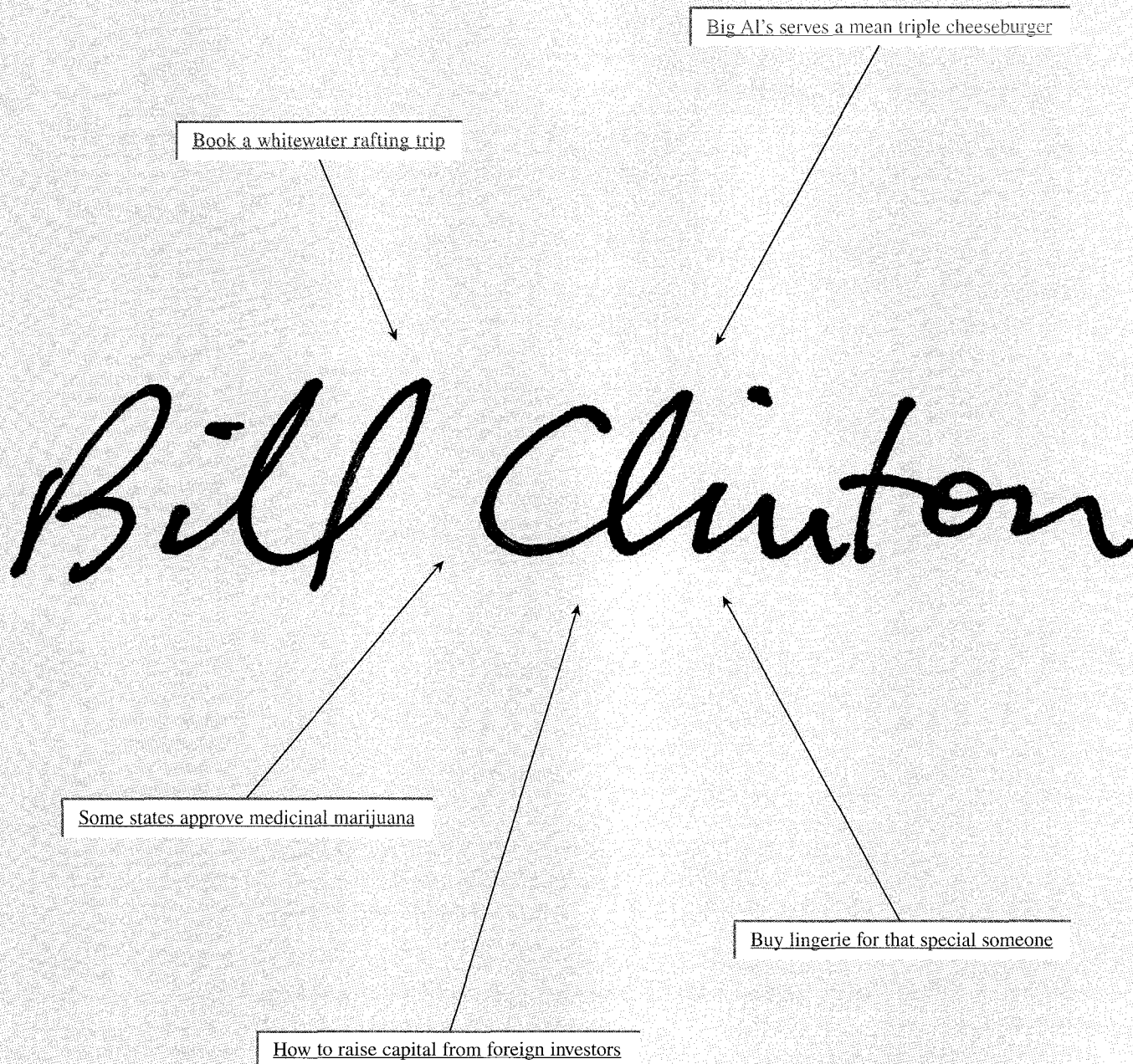
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call Grant's media adviser. At the moment of Grant's nomination for the Presidency, at the 1868 Republican Convention, a curtain dropped away to reveal a giant Nast cartoon, hand-painted, which showed Grant at a "Republican Podium" with an empty "Democratic Podium" painted alongside (the Democrats were holding their convention later), and, in immense letters, the legend "Match him!" (Nast's wife had actually thought up the slogan.) It was a coup de théâtre unequalled in American political history; silence descended on the hall as the audience, unused to such a simple, non-rhetorical slogan—the great-grandfather of "Nixon's the One" and "Just Do It"—tried to figure out what it was seeing, and then rose to cheer. "Match him!" became the catchphrase of the period. (It would be a dangerous slogan to use these days.)

Emboldened by this political success, Nast decided to do what no one else in New York would: take on Boss Tweed. The fight between Nast and Tweed has become legendary, and it provoked such memorable imagery that most of us are inclined to take it for granted that Tweed was a city boss of long tenure, a Daley or a Rizzo. Although the Tweed Ring fixed the name of its clubhouse, Tammany Hall, to the New York City machine forever after, the Tweed Ring itself was something of a smash-and-grab operation, which held power for barely five years. A coalition between Irish-immigrant working-class interests—the Scots Presbyterian Tweed, who had been a heroic fireman, was a kind of honorary Irish Catholic—and avaricious bluebloods, the ring had a crude method of skimming: each city contractor was told to multiply his invoice by a factor of five or ten or a hundred, and then the payment was handed to a go-between, who cashed the check and gave the contractor his agreed-on sum and the rest to Tweed and his pals.

Some of this money leaked out to the immigrant poor, and it is fashionable these days among certain academics—who would themselves scream bloody murder if the assistant provost were one-thousandth as arbitrary with them as Tweed routinely was with his dependents—to praise the Tweed machine as a kind of rough-and-ready populist operation, which played a use-



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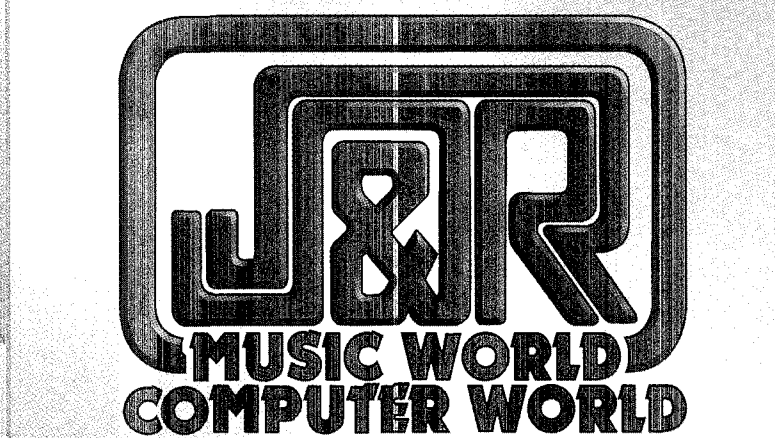
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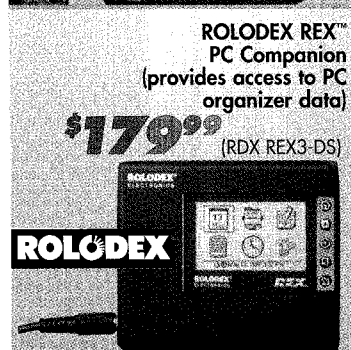
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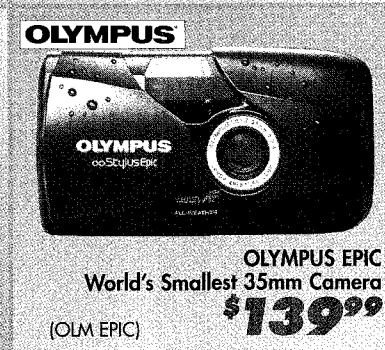
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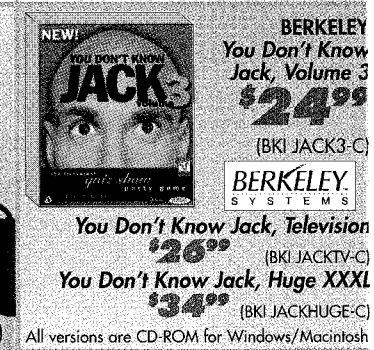
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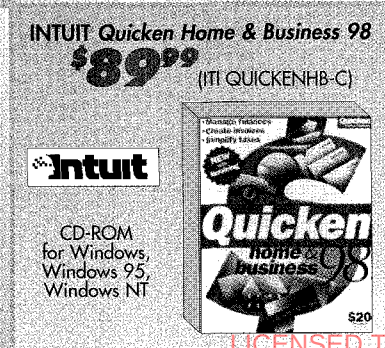
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ful role in bringing immigrants into the power structure. By the same logic, Nast and the reformers get damned as a bunch of mere élitists, anti-Catholic and sniffy. It's true that some Nast cartoons have a marked anti-Papal character. But what Nast objected to was the Tweed Ring's attempt—a modern note—to buy off the Irish vote by giving public money to parochial schools. Nast's cartoons are directed not against Catholicism per se but against the threat to public education. He showed an eerie prescience about the uses of multiculturalism by cynical pols. One memorable cartoon opposes, in upper and lower panels, the "Common School," where all the immigrant groups (including blacks and Chinese) dance together in a circle, to "Sectarian Bitterness," where all the children are in separate schools, marked "Jewish," "Catholic," "African," "Chinese," etc., and a little black boy pulls the pigtail of a Chinese kid. The opposition between the reformers and Tammany was not, perhaps, as straightforward a polarity of good and evil as Nast's cartoons make it look. But Nast was right about the essential point: accountable power is accountable, and arbitrary power is arbitrary. Anything that the machine gave it could also take away.

DURING the war, when Nast went after Jefferson Davis and the rest of the Confederate leadership, he had done so largely in the impersonal, allegorical terms of the old melodramatic emblematic illustration. With Tweed, he got personal. He made Tweed and his unprepossessing gang into the very types of corruption: they sprouted wings and became vultures, or fangs and became tigers; a shadow could reveal a devil's horns where only two sprigs of hair were to be seen on their owner; their bodies were made to grow, contort, or elongate, in the image of their fear, or their ambition. And yet their faces were instantly recognizable. Tweed is not a cipher of corruption with a label on his coat: he is Tweed himself, Falstaffian, corpulent, a little crude. Nast took a style of elaborate learned realism and applied it to the abstract symbols of his emblematic illustration. This gave his drawings an edge that anticipates Surrealism. In his imagination, Tweed had



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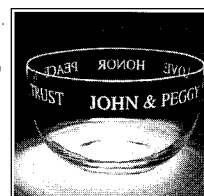
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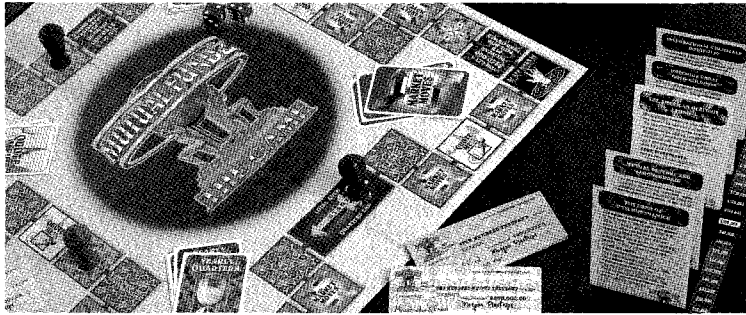
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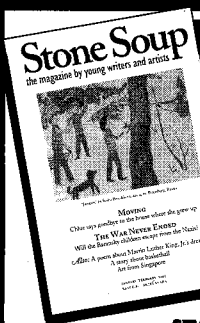
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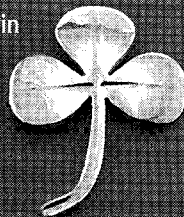
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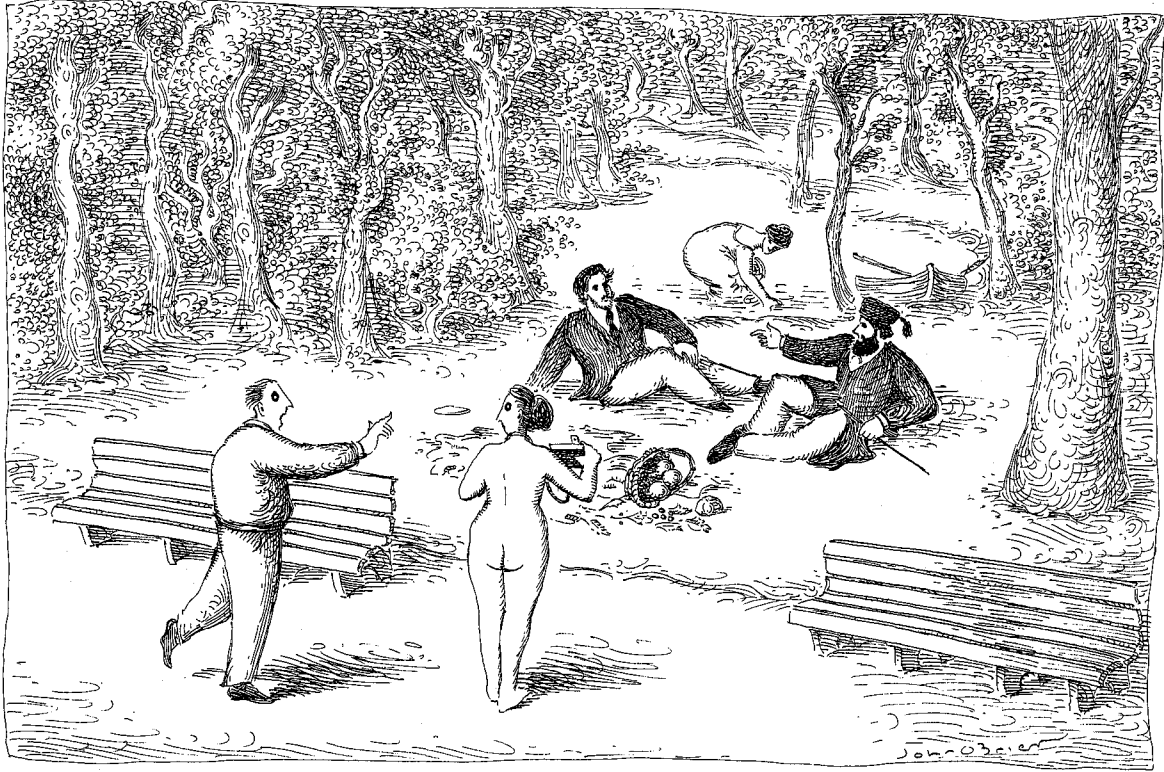
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New York City held down under a giant thumb, seen Oldenburg-like from the Jersey shore. Tweed was not merely satirized; he was, as he himself knew, damned. He became Santa's Evil Twin: the embodiment of Bad Greed, where Santa is the embodiment of Good Greed. The cartoons produced reporting, and the reporting produced editorials, and the ring broke up. Tweed fled to Spain. There—the story is true, incredibly—he was identified by the Spanish police on the basis of one of Nast's cartoons, which had been distributed in Europe. When he was arrested, he had every one of Nast's cartoons of him in his luggage, a man under a spell.

Nast, on the strength of his reputation, led the fight for Grant's reelection, in 1872. In a battle with a British cartoonist named Morgan, whom the Democrats had brought over for the season, Nast caricatured Grant's opponent, the newspaper editor Horace Greeley, as an empty coat, an angry little man in a top hat and spectacles, Mr. Pickwick gone mad; at other times, he became a Trojan horse, with donkey ears and giraffe spots, into which all the corrupt Democrats were crowded. Nast's cartooning in the '72 election was carried on at a pitch that makes the partisan newspapering of our own day look feeble, and follows the general rule that the more uniform the ideology, the more personal the fight. It is hard not to feel uneasy about Nast's drawings against Greeley, with their relentless caricaturing of the mixed-up, emotionally unstable but well-intentioned newspaper editor as a cheap carnival barker in a white coat and hat. (Something about the oversized white coat, innocuous in itself, gave the bewhiskered Greeley a fly-by-night con-man quality that stuck.) "The power I have here frightens me," Nast wrote home once from Washington to his wife, and this seems to have been more than talk. He possessed something close to a monopoly on the crucial emotional medium of the day. His position was more like that of a talk-show host—a Rush Limbaugh—than like that of any twentieth-century cartoonist.

The ambivalence between brutal warfare and sweet-tempered Christian feeling in Nast would be hard to figure if it didn't seem so common a feature of the polemical character. Nast was a gen-



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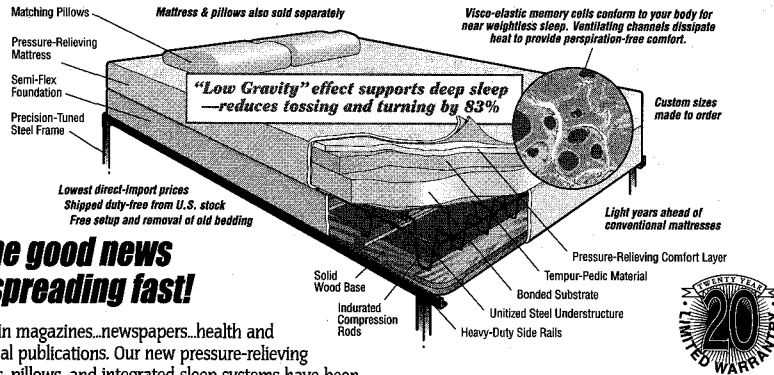
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uninely warmhearted, genial family man, who lived in a big house in Morristown, New Jersey, and who, as Dickens would have said, kept Christmas as well as any man alive. He made life-size paper dolls for his children, and arranged them in processions among the presents. Yet he was always prepared to paint his political opponents as demons, and was surprised when they took it personally. Nast seems to have been one of those not unusual crusaders who arrive at a moral conclusion about themselves and become so sure not just of their own rectitude but of their own fair-mindedness and decency that they are shocked when anyone who has been crusaded against crusades back. For Nast, the claims of simple decency were not less important than the claims of politics. But they were different claims. So he played on the prejudices and the fears of his audience, giving them an overwrought hallucinatory form. Some of these prejudices seem fair—the Democrats really were out to undo reconstruction, and had a racist edge. But others seem dubious; Greeley was a weathervane, not a fox.

Caricature, in its nature, is the art of "overcharge." Nast's drawings become more tolerable, at least, with the realization that somebody was drawing similar pictures for the other side's papers, too; he hardly had a monopoly on malice. Certainly his drawings were no more vicious or unfair than the standard forms of Gillray's drawings of Napoleon or even of Edmund Burke, or than Daumier's cartoons of French lawyers. Yet the cruellest of those cartoons have an edge of gaiety and good cheer, a lightness of touch, which derives from the artist's delight in his own mischief. Gillray and Daumier, at their most extreme, retained in their work a savor of the distant origins of caricature as a studio game, an artist's in-joke.

Occasionally, Nast achieved the memorable simplicity of a Daumier, as in his famous drawing of a capitalist whose whole mind has been taken over by a moneybag, or the drawing of Tweed as an exhausted Roman emperor, hollow-eyed among the ruins. But more often his drawings have a hypnotic, gibbering nightmare quality: Tweed smoking cigars at a banquet surrounded by his cronies, while two phantom outlaws

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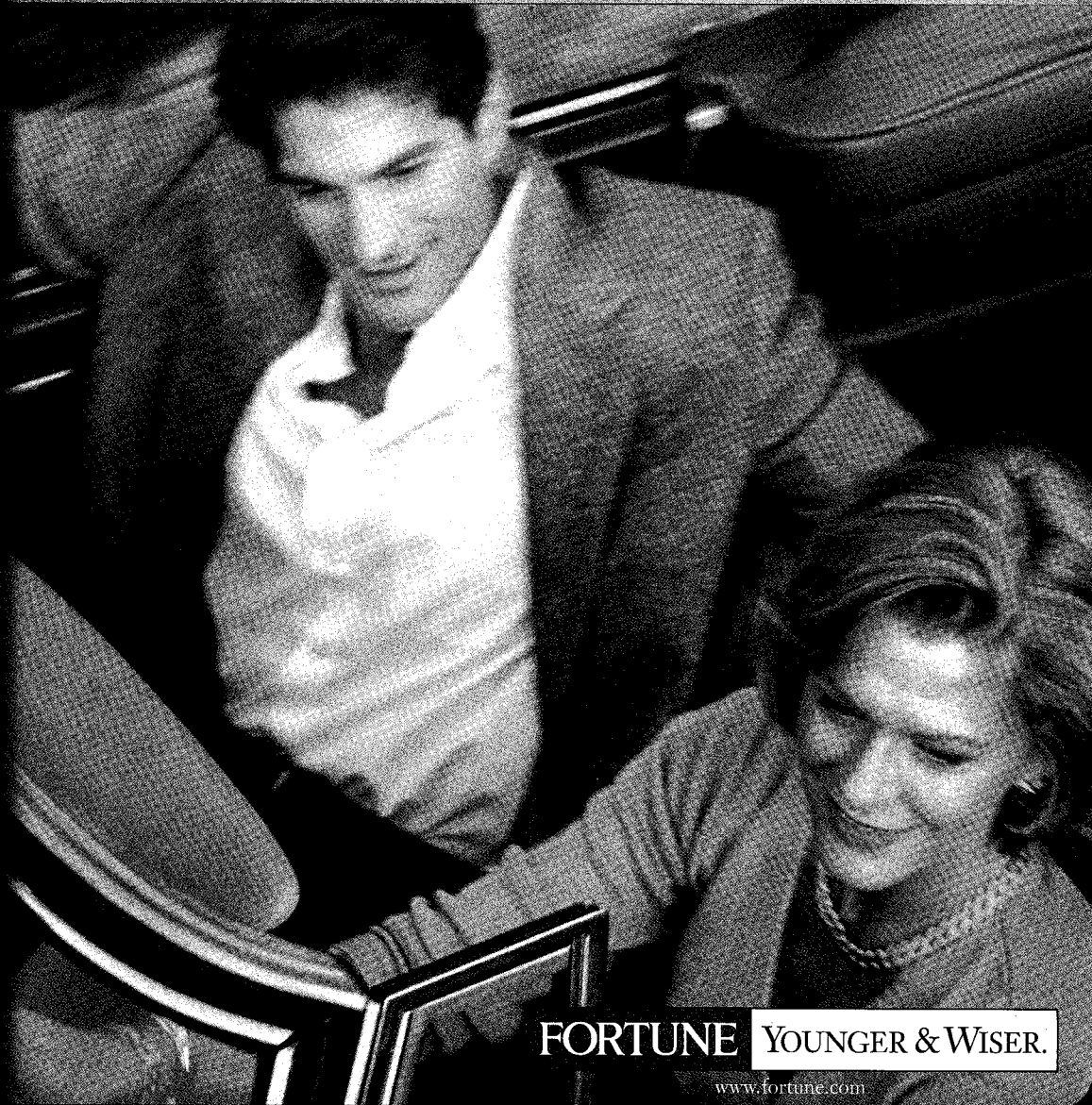
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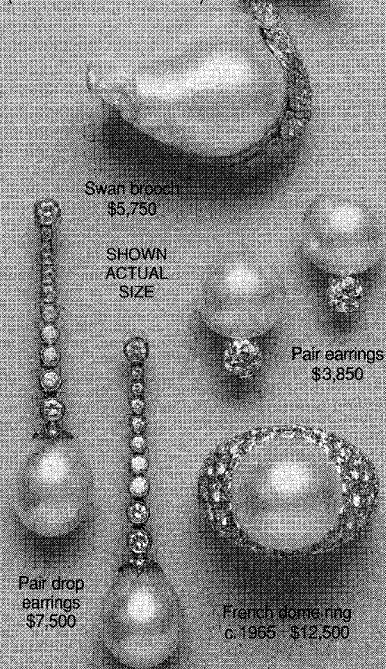


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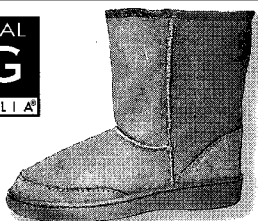
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stand on a scaffold, about to die, with nooses tight around their necks. The outlaws are Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard, two highwaymen—there is a satiric point—but the force of the image lies in its shock, not its wit. There are thirteen conspirators in fancy dress around Tweed, spitting and smoking and feasting, and each is a portrait of a Tammany official. Daumier's tone is ironic, distanced, amused, and, at times, affectionate, and Tenniel's is confidently moralizing (until he was forced by the circumstances of Wonderland to become a fantasist). But in Nast's drawing there is an element of hardly suppressed hysteria which had been present in his art from the very first woodcut of the crowd running toward the Elysian Fields in Hoboken. When he goes after Tweed and Greeley, the symbolic cats and tigers and vultures grimace and scream and caterwaul and run nowhere in particular. If the element of dark, overworked detail recalls the baroque hyperbole of so much American humor of the time—of Twain's or Bierce's tall tales, for instance—it also suggests a larger, barely controlled national fear. Americans, for all their Christmas cheer, are easily persuaded that their political life is, in some way, hidden and horrible. Tweed's countrymen could be convinced that Santa is coming, and they could also be convinced that the weak Democratic candidate for President was the embodiment of malice, shaking hands with a Southern assassin across the corpse of a Union soldier. Daumier made evil men look ridiculous; Nast made ridiculous men look evil.

Once Grant was reelected, Nast held a position of power that no visual artist had ever held in America before, or would hold again. Twain wrote to him, "Nast, you more than any other man have won a prodigious victory for Grant—I mean, rather, for Civilization and Progress." But Nast's long decline had already begun. In September, at the height of the Presidential campaign, Greeley's wife died of tuberculosis, and Greeley himself, grief-stricken, exhausted, and beaten, died less than a month after the election. His admirers felt, not unfairly, that Nast, Mr. Santa Claus, had driven him to his death, and Nast appears to have been

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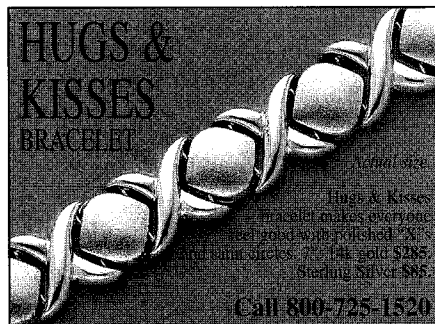
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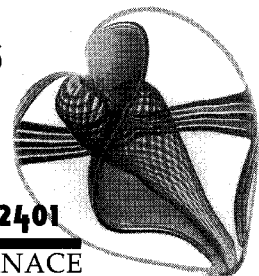
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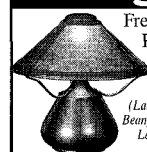
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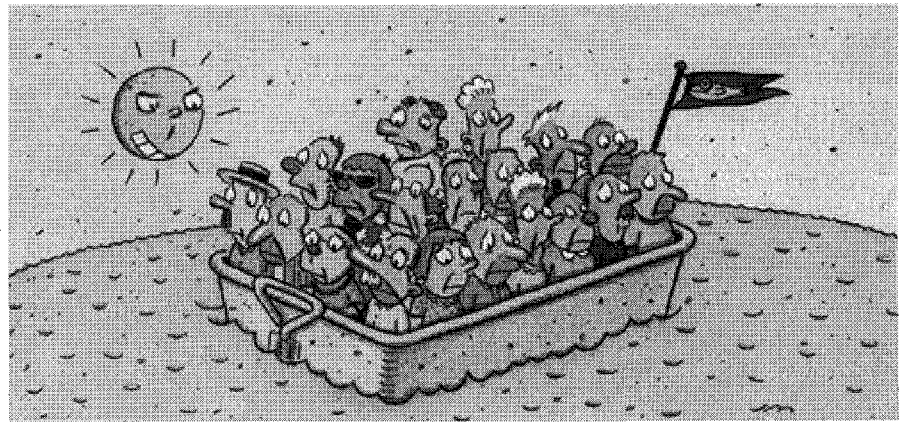
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shaken by the thought. He tried giving up cartoons; he never again used them so passionately.

Partly, he was just worn out. But the message from Twain, meant sincerely, carried an ironic twist: "Civilization and Progress"! The second Grant Administration, of course, became a byword for corruption and mismanagement. Boss Tweed was nothing to it. One remembers Henry Adams's shock when he heard Grant's first Cabinet announced; in a certain sense, Grant's failure was one from which Radical Republicanism, as idealistic reform, has never recovered. The scandals were so varied and so numerous that at last even Nast was forced to draw a cartoon in which Columbia was shown insisting that Grant not reappoint one of his cronies. ("Don't let's have any more nonsense," she says patiently to the good old General.) The opposition of corruption and reform was too simple, or too naïvely stated, to be a convincing principle of political conduct, much less of satiric cartooning.

It has become a journalist's cliché to comment on the resemblance of our age to the Gilded Age of the eighteen-seventies, as Twain called it, and it's true that the mixture of unbelievable prosperity with uninspired leadership is familiar. (In that same decade, there would be a scandal about a Little Rock Railroad which everyone talked about but no one could follow or understand.) But all American ages not actually at war are gilded ages. The neat, divided picture of good and bad on which Nast thrived throughout the Civil War and its immediate aftermath, the vision that had produced Santa and the Boss, was impossible to sustain. By 1880, Nast's decline—he was only forty—was being widely discussed, and by 1886 he had quit *Harper's*. By the middle of the decade, he was out of work and mostly forgotten. (In a terrible irony, he had invested in the stock-broking firm that Grant had lent his name to after leaving office, and it went bust, ruining his hero, too.) The Santa drawings continued, year after year, but now removed from their original political impulse. In 1886, Nast signed a contract to collect his Santa drawings and his Tweed Ring drawings in two books, but only the Santa drawings



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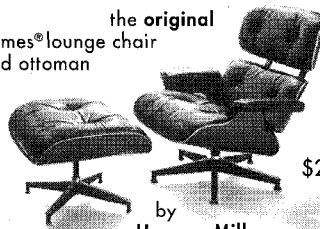
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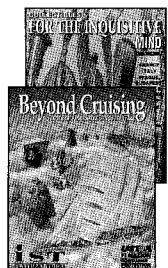
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Even if you don't drink our Tennessee Whiskey yourself, you probably have a good friend who does. And chances are, you know how loyal he is to our smooth-sippin' brand. Well, we at Jack Daniel's hope you'll keep that thought in mind this holiday season. You see, you could wander through a dozen stores to find your friend the perfect gift. Or, we believe, take one look at the photo up above.

SMOOTH SIPPIN' TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Your friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly.

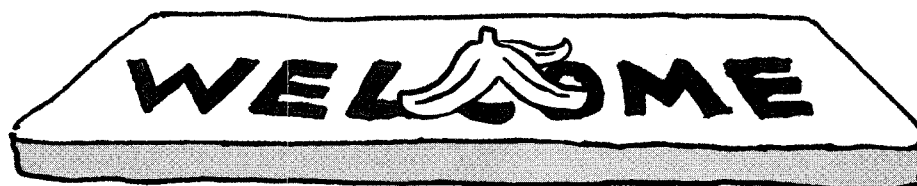
Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.



ever appeared, torn from the crusading context in which they had first appeared. By then, the ring was hardly remembered, or maybe too many other rings had closed to make its fall seem to matter much.

It was at long last left to Teddy Roosevelt, for whom, as a young man, Nast's cartoons had been a political textbook, to help Nast out of his difficulties. In 1902, the President offered Nast a consular sinecure—in Guayaquil, on the coast of Ecuador. It was worth four thousand dollars a year. Nast accepted, and went off to Ecuador, sailing out of New York Harbor, which he had entered as a little boy of six from Landau. It was a cruel appointment, too, since the city was a death trap, infested with yellow fever. Nast tried hard to keep up his spirits, writing long letters back to America filled with the kind of bright self-mocking drawings that he hadn't made since he was a boy. He wasn't downhearted. He had the eternal American faith that his luck was always about to turn. Still, he wrote to himself, "I hope I will live to die in some other place. Things are bad enough without my being buried here." He died of fever within six months, on a Sunday evening, a week after Thanksgiving, having spent his last holiday with the British vice-consul. (He brought his hosts a turkey, just like Santa.)

But his inventions never went away. He helped create the symbolic pantheon for a country where money had become the only principle, and plenty the only comfort. Nast's great theme was reform, but his great subject was the triumph of materialism, a triumph that became so vast after the Civil War that it absorbed the national myth. No other values or possibilities are recognized in his work—his is an entirely secularized nativity. It is what sets him off from the other great cartoonist-creators of the nineteenth century. In Daumier there is always an appeal to culture—even the most absurd of his connoisseurs is communing with some force greater than himself. But in Nast, American in this as in everything else, there is only an endless cycle of Christmas and corruption, Boss Tweed going for your throat, or Santa Claus coming down the chimney, and which one you get is mostly a question of how lucky you are prepared to be. ♦



"Hey, where ya been? The gang's all here."



BEHIND THE LINES

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD NEWMAN

FOR seventy-two years, their creations—Martians and barflies, kings, thugs, cancan dancers, tuba players, chatty lions, plump Bergen County matrons—have been rubbing shoulders, uproariously and indiscriminately, in these pages every week. The cartoonists themselves turn up less frequently, passing by with their giant manila folders or perching on couches near the art department, individually or in small bunches, talking mildly over coffee.

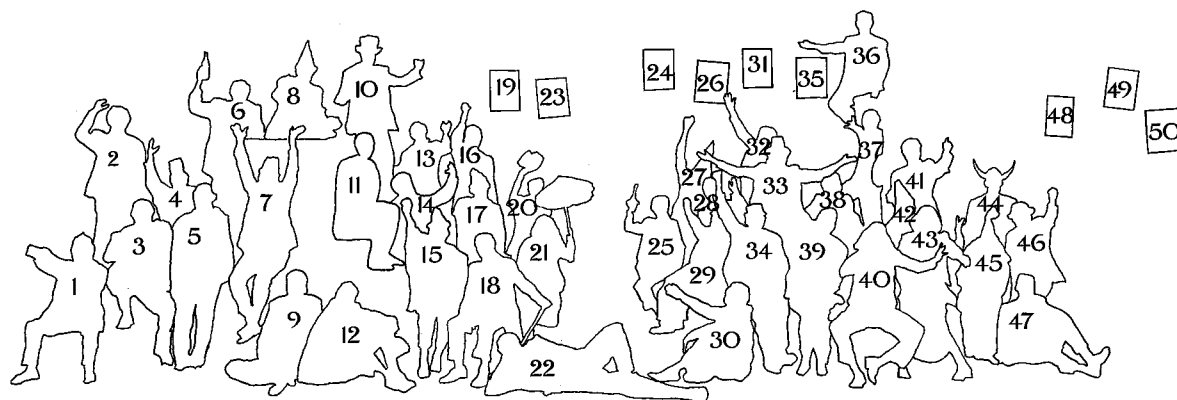
Such sightings are a coveted experience at *The New Yorker*, where just about everyone holds these men and women in poorly disguised awe. When relatives stop in for a visit, the only bona-fide tourist attraction is a group of cartoons that James Thurber drew on an office wall in the late thirties (a man in his armchair; some football players playing through; a self-portrait), carefully transported to our current address and installed behind

glass. Yellowed with age, they have the aura of cave paintings at Lascaux.

Inevitably, the visitors have questions. Is Ed Koren hairy? Does George Booth bring his dog? Does Roz Chast look like a Roz Chast? Is Robert Mankoff dotty?

In September, forty-one of our cartoonists donned evening dress and gathered at the Pier 59 Studios, in Chelsea, under the gaze of nine of their most illustrious predecessors, while Arnold Newman busied himself behind the camera. "He impressed me with his shouting and running and professional cheeriness," George Booth said afterward, but J. B. Handelsman remembers being hectored. ("What's the matter with you people? You're supposed to be funny.")

"Posing for pictures is an awful, boring, disgusting job," Sam Gross complained later. "Now I know why models use cocaine." ♦



1. ED ARNO
2. LEO CULLUM
3. BILL WOODMAN
4. EDWARD SOREL
5. EDWARD KOREN
6. DEAN VIETOR
7. LEE LORENZ
8. FRANK COTHAM
9. PETER STEINER
10. MICK STEVENS
11. MIKE TWOHY
12. WILLIAM HAMILTON
13. J. B. HANDELSMAN
14. FRANK MODELL
15. ROBERT WEBER
16. CHARLES BARSOTTI
17. BERNARD SCHOENBAUM

18. MISCHA RICHTER
19. PETER ARNO
20. AL ROSS
21. ROZ CHAST
22. JOHN O'BRIEN
23. GEORGE PRICE
24. HELEN HOKINSON
25. JOSEPH FARRIS
26. CHARLES ADDAMS
27. JACK ZIEGLER
28. MICHAEL MASLIN
29. BARBARA SMALLER
30. EDWARD FRASCINO
31. GLUYAS WILLIAMS
32. WARREN MILLER
33. SAM GROSS
34. ELDON DEDINI

35. JAMES THURBER
36. DANNY SHANAHAN
37. MORT GERBERG
38. GEORGE BOOTH
39. STUART LEEDS
40. ROBERT MANKOFF
41. MICHAEL CRAWFORD
42. ED FISHER
43. LIZA DONNELLY
44. BRUCE ERIC KAPLAN
45. VICTORIA ROBERTS
46. DONALD REILLY
47. ARNIE LEVIN
48. REA IRVIN
49. CHARLES SAXON
50. BARNEY TOBEY





TIDINGS OF . . .



"And—what the hell—good will toward women!"



"The charge is driving without a tree."



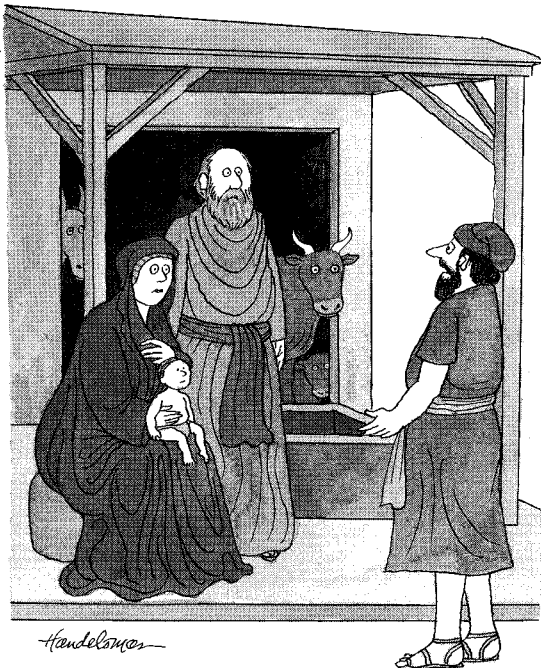
ORTHODOX

CONSERVATIVE

REFORM



"I think this may be an appropriate moment to say a few words in memory of the animals we've slaughtered for our pleasure."



"Sorry, folks, but your insurance doesn't cover more than one day in the manger."



"Mail is running three to one against our Christmas newsletter."



PETER ARNO, 10/17/36

"When will it ever end, Miss Hartley? When will it ever end?"

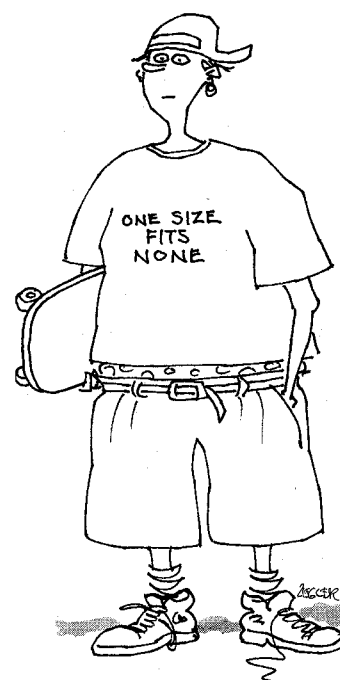


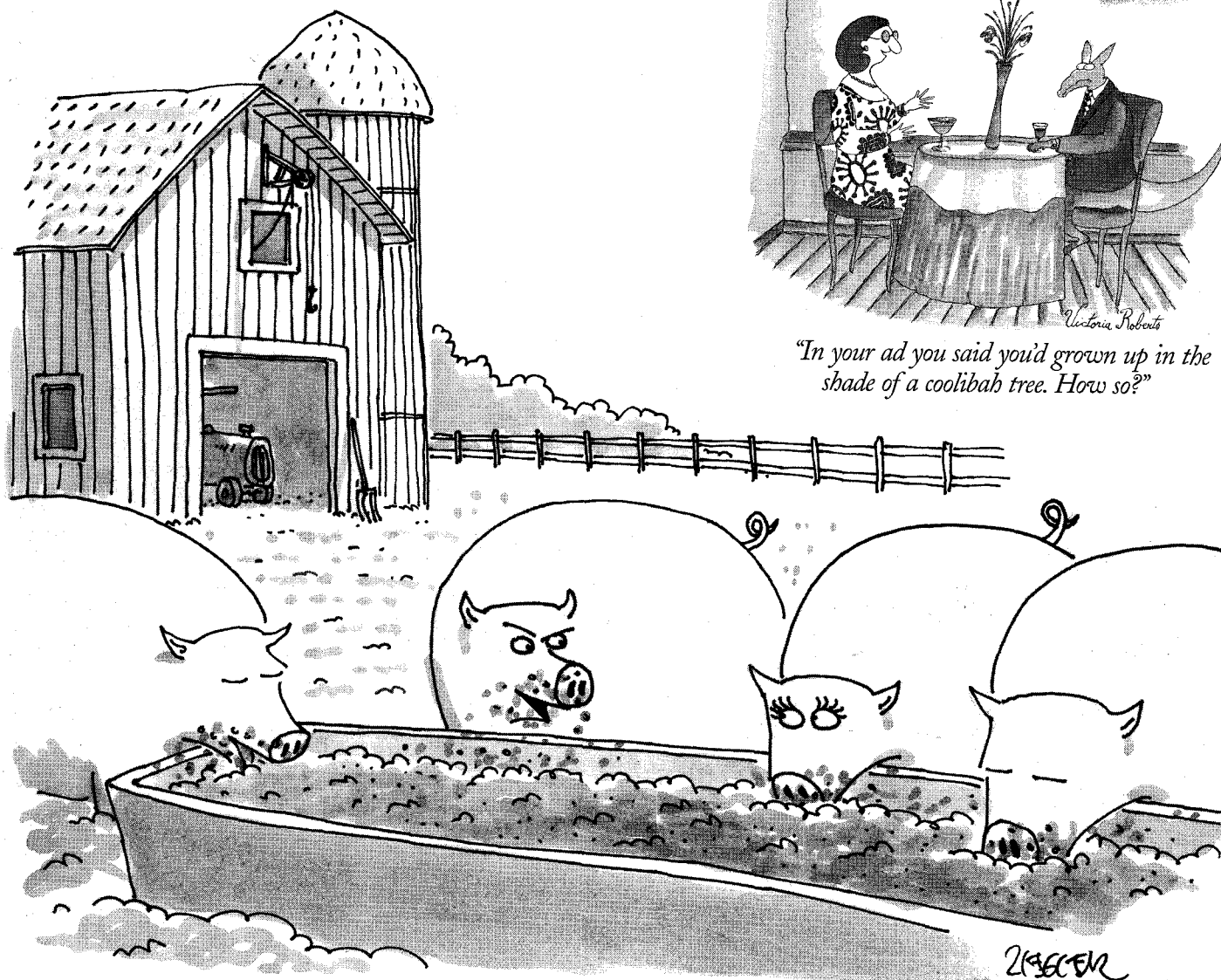
"Actually, I preferred 'Heaven,' too, but then the marketing guys got hold of it."



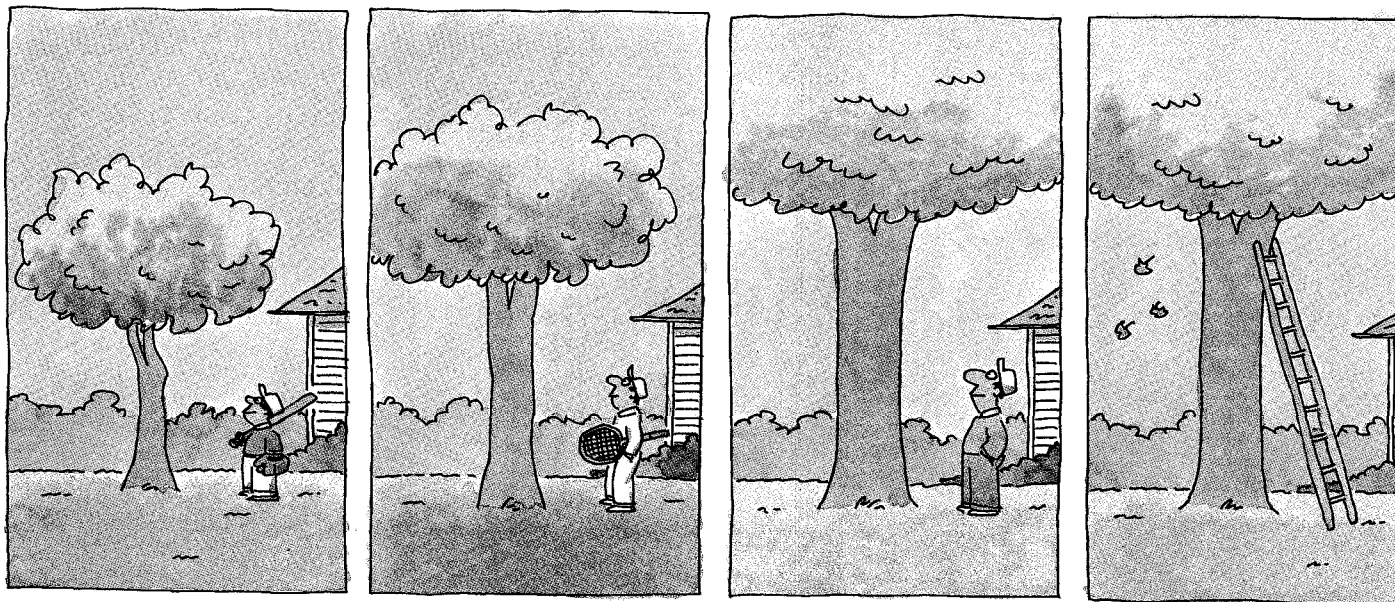
Shanahan

"I'm sorry, Nathan, but I need to color outside the lines."





"Step a little closer, baby, and let some of the magic rub off."



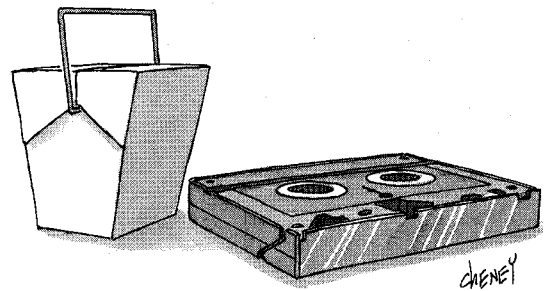


"Oh, darling, whatever happens—ever—I know I'm probably always going to remember this as one of my happiest marriages."

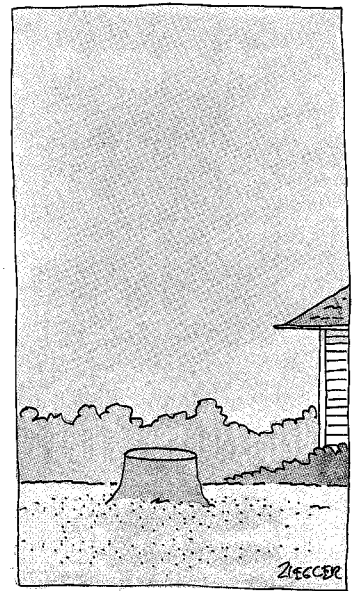
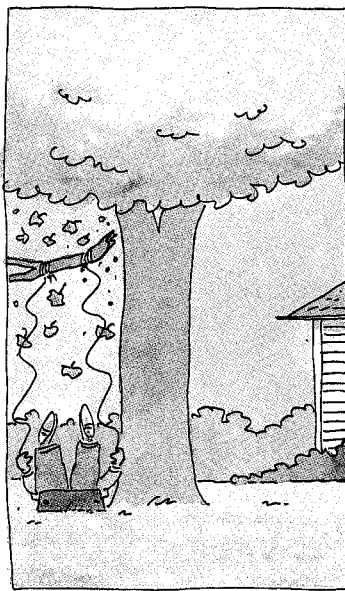
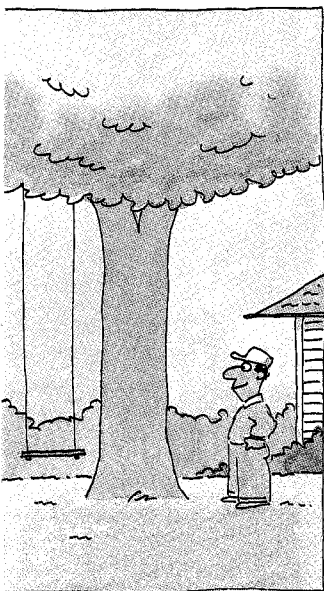


Shanahan

MISTRESS DOMINATRA, ESQ.



DINNER AND A MOVIE





MANKOFF

"Maybe you ought to consider making love in the morning—before you have a chance to piss each other off."



ron

"Damn it, Ethel, all I'm asking you for is one lousy kidney!"



"We'll have you out of here in no time."

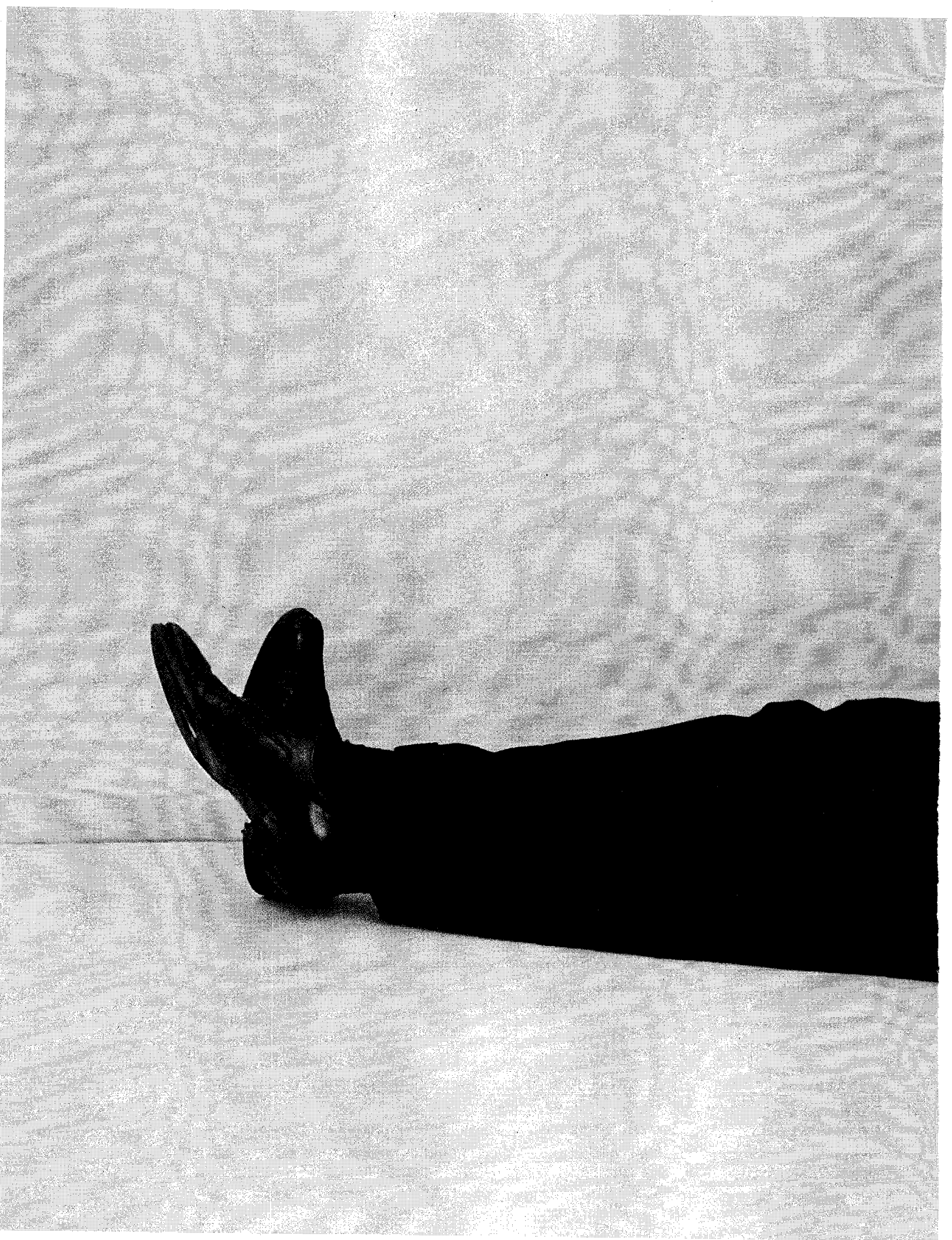


"Will that be all, sir?"

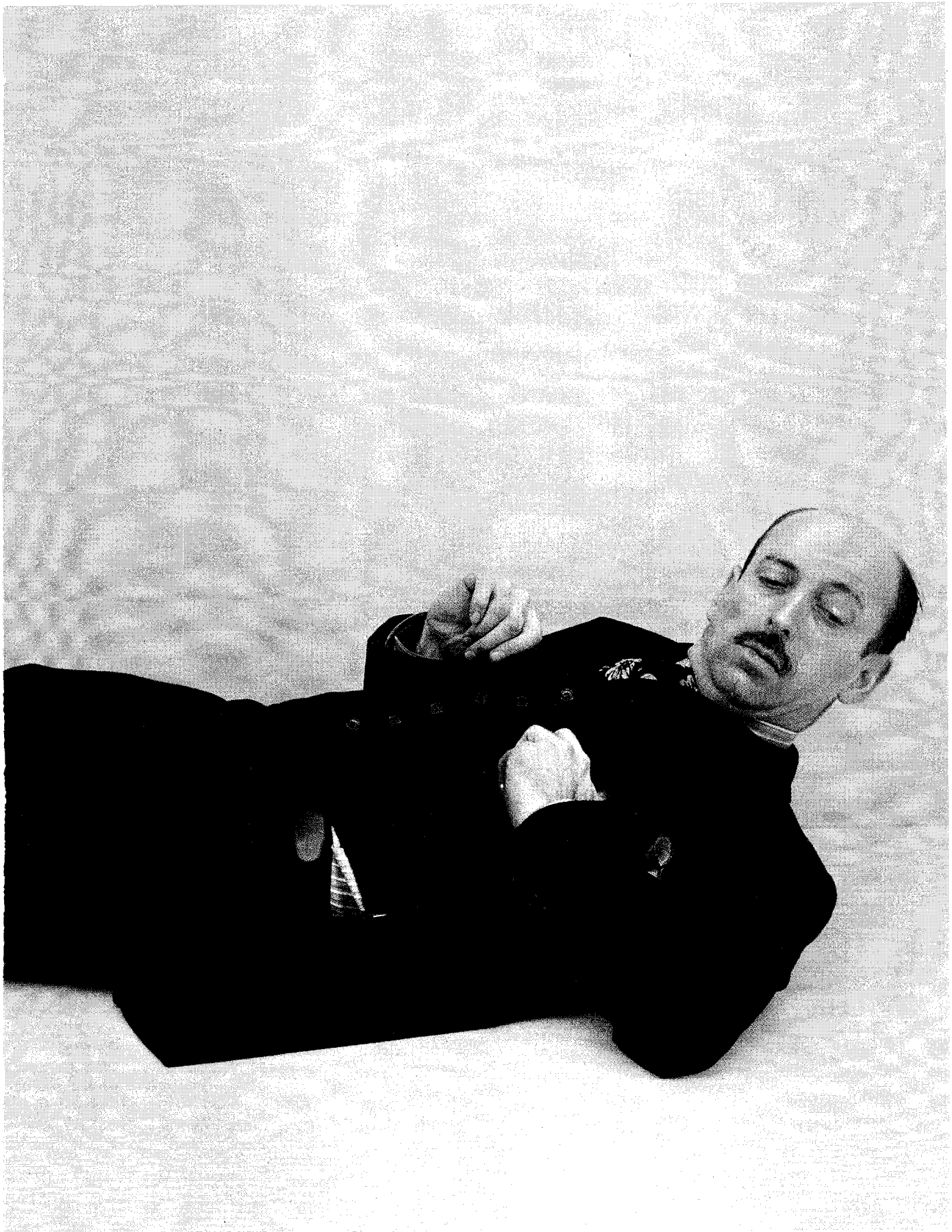


"And twelve: How did you learn about us—(a) church, (b) synagogue, (c) family member, (d) word of mouth?"

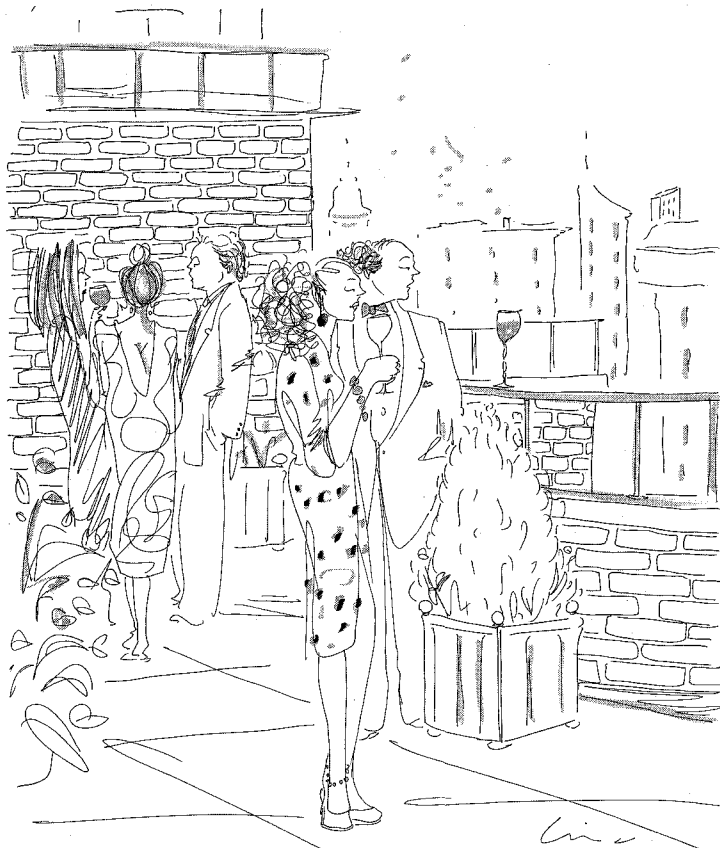
COURTESY VOGUE. COPYRIGHT © 1944 (RENEWED 1972) BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS, INC.



POPULAR PRICE *Like the movie industry, the late cartoonist George Price—seen here in a 1944 photograph by Irving Penn—of what one writer called “the lumpenproletariat hodgepodge.” For sixty years, Price adorned these pages with cleaning women, after*



rted out in Fort Lee, New Jersey, around the turn of the century. But Price stayed put, and he grew to be the premier chronicler
urs Santas, couples squawking amid hilarious household clutter. "I'm not anti-anything," he once explained, "except anti-muttonhead."



"Ah, New York—the great unfinished novel!"



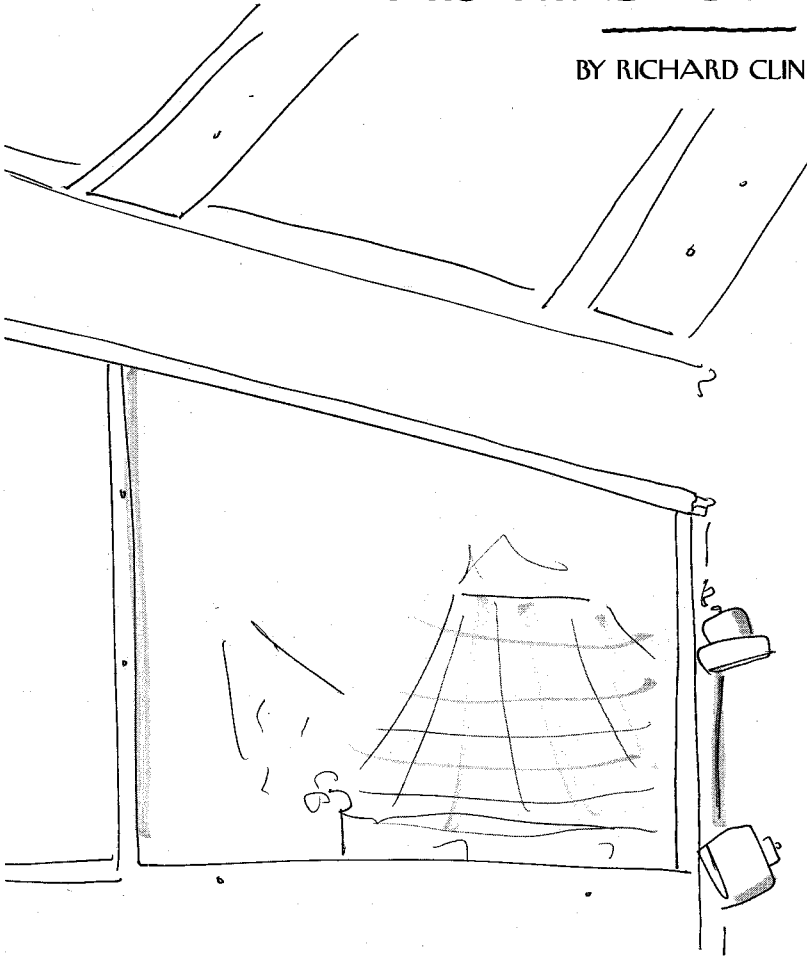
"We've been going out for three years. Not bad for meeting over a beer at P.J. Clarke's."



"I miss living in the East Village. I even miss coming home at night and stepping over the bodies."

HIS KIND OF TOWN

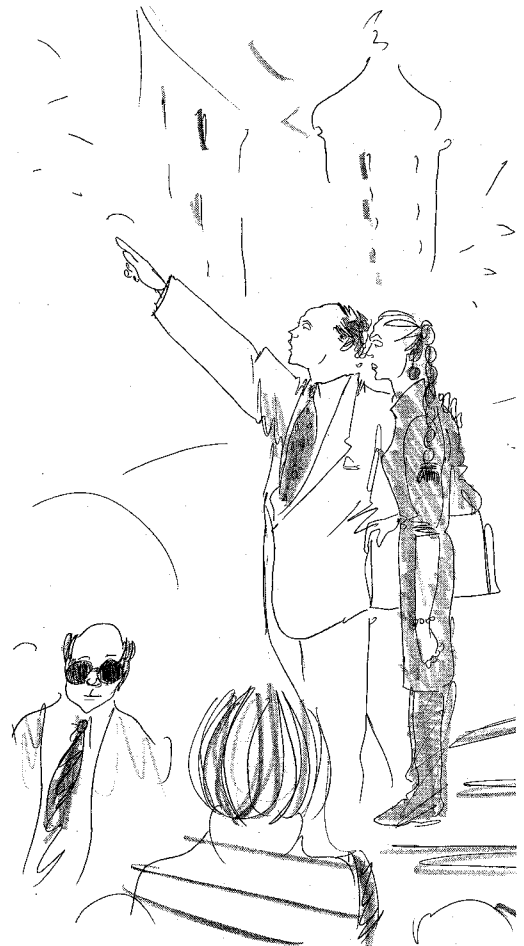
BY RICHARD CLINE



"Does Fifty-third and Eighth sound dressy?"



"What a view, no? And, best of all, it's bullet-proof."



"That was fun—I usually don't go to the Upper East Side for fun."

CHARLES ADDAMS

BY
ROZ CHAST

When I was a kid, my parents and I used to escape the city and spend the summer up near Cornell University, in upstate New York.



A whole contingent of Brooklyn schoolteachers went up there, to take courses and attend lectures - for, as my mother put it, "a certain degree of intellectualism."



This group included a barely five-foot-tall science teacher whose tan and extremely bald head was overflowing with plans of how to get free stuff from corporations...



...a goateed, demonic-looking math teacher who was a compulsive punster and his pale, delicate wife with noticeably tiny feet...



...a social-studies teacher who wore clothes she designed herself, like the skirt with plastic pockets that held removable snapshots of all her friends...



...and a Spanish teacher with a dime-size birthmark in the middle of his forehead, as well as countless others.



Anyway, on the Cornell campus was a browsing library. When my parents needed a little "intellectualism," they'd park me in there.



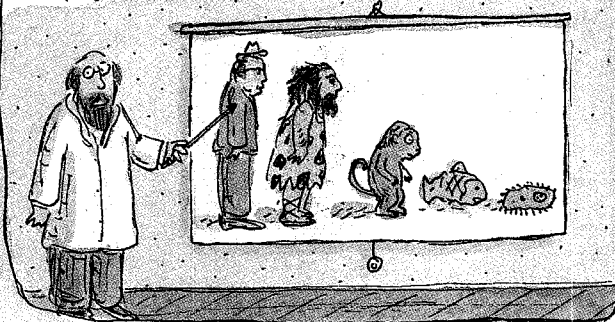
There were no kids' books whatsoever, but there were tons of cartoon collections. I discovered Peter Arno, Helen Hokinson, George Price, Otto Soglow, and many more.



But the books I was obsessed with were by Charles Addams: Monster Rally, Black Maria, Homebodies, Nightcrawlers, Drawn and Quartered... I laughed at everything that I knew I shouldn't find funny: homicidal spouses; kids building guillotines in their rooms; and all those poor, unfortunate two-headed, three-legged, four-armed people.



Wolcott Gibbs, in his introduction to Addams and Evil wrote that Addams's work "is essentially a denial of all spiritual and physical evolution in the human race."



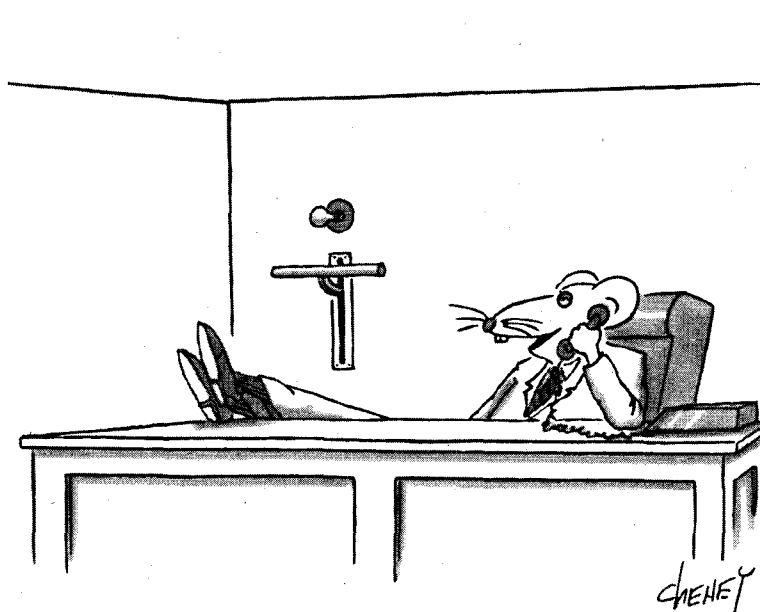
All in all, I'd have to agree.



ENCORES



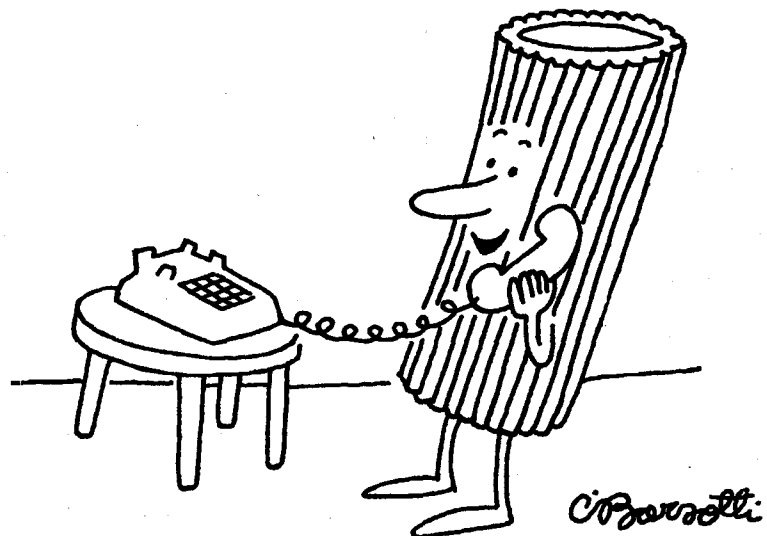
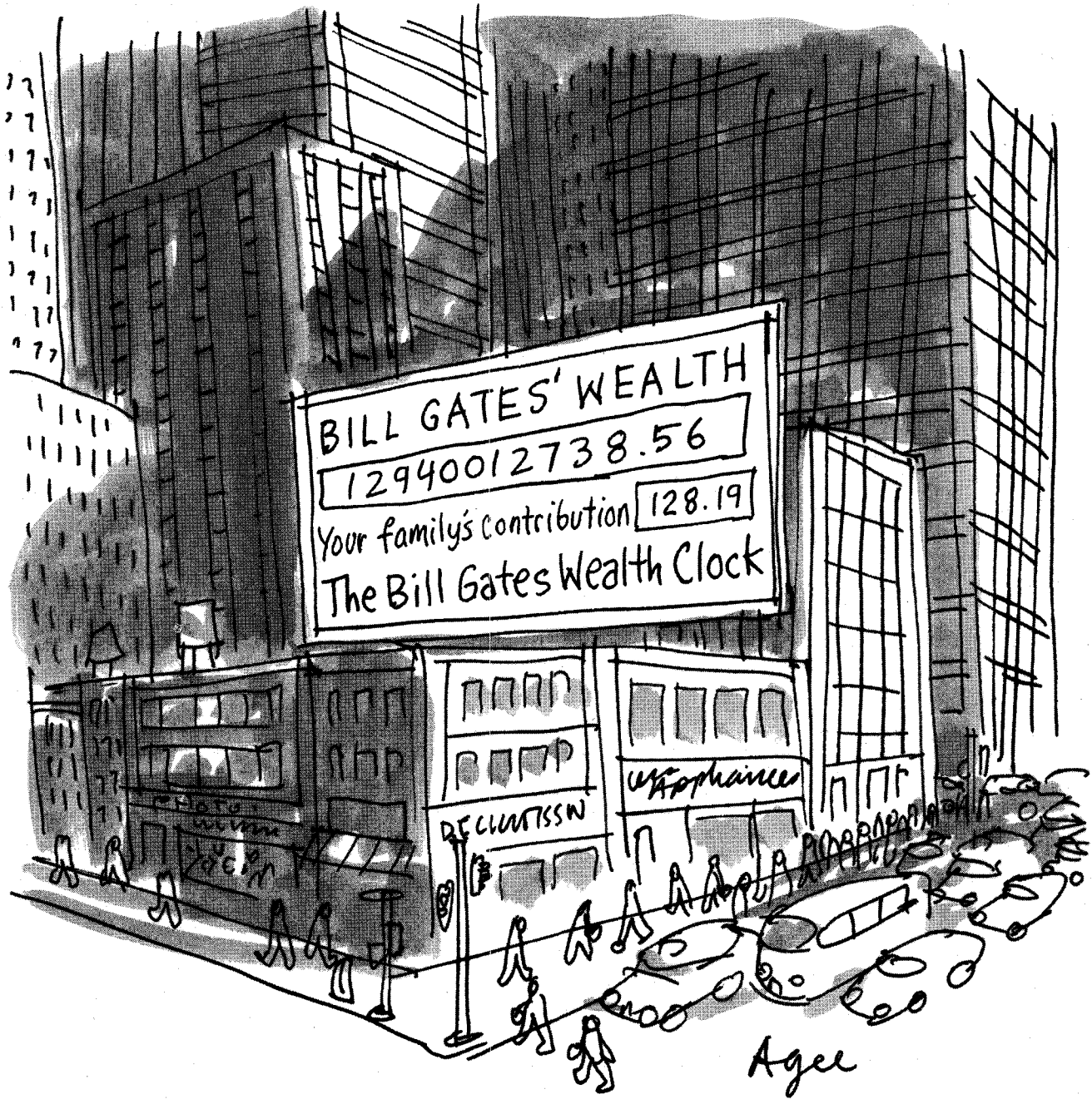
"Before I forget, Detrick, here's the dental plan."



"Oh, not bad. The light comes on, I press the bar, they write me a check. How about you?"



"I know what I said ten minu"



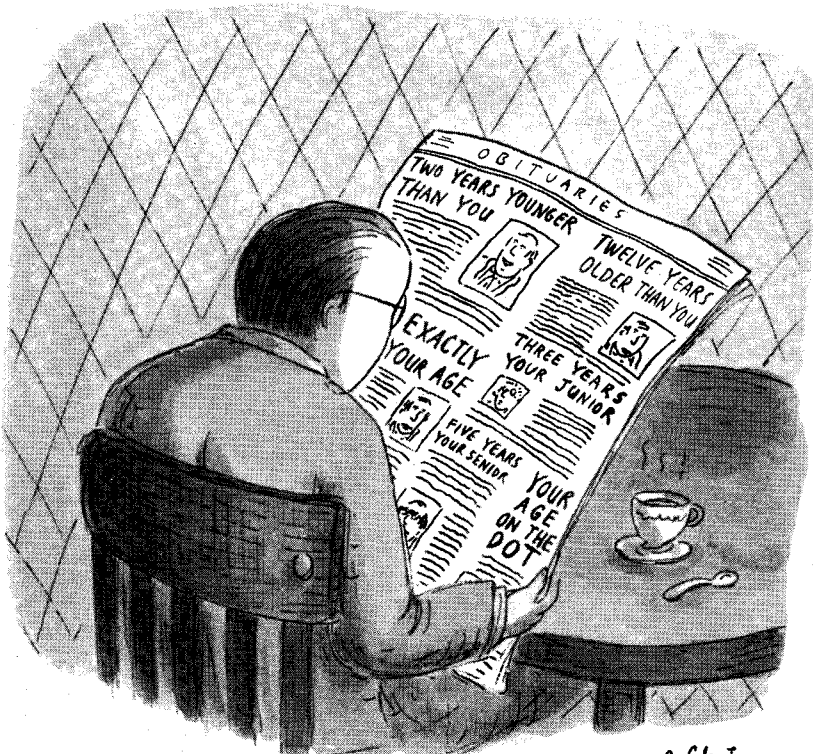
o. That was the old me talking."

"Fusilli, you crazy bastard! How the hell are you?"



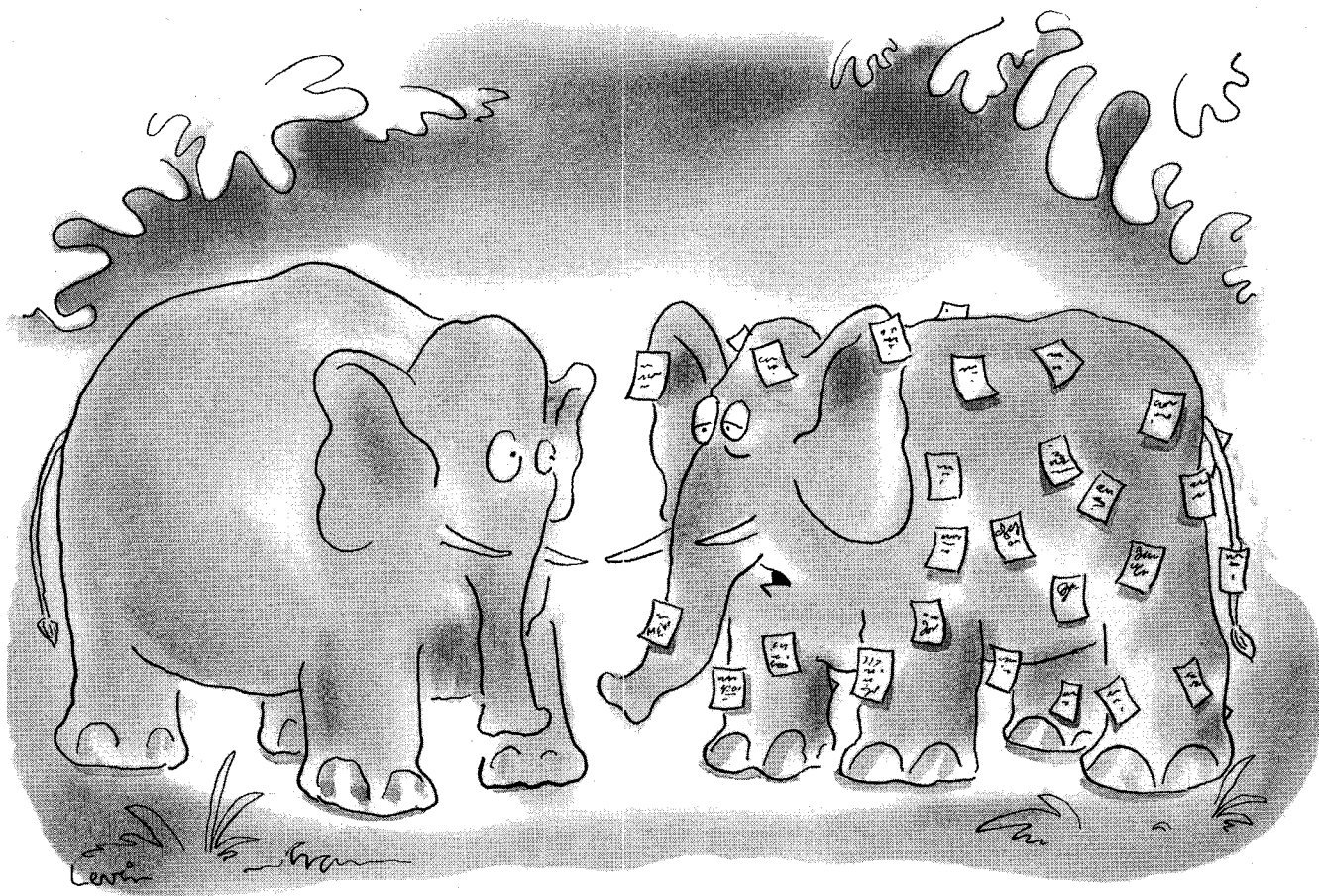
MANKOFF

"No, Thursday's out. How about never—is never good for you?"



A.C.W.





"As I get older, I find I rely more and more on these sticky notes to remind me."



"On the Internet, nobody knows you're a dog."

FROM THE ARCHIVES

COVER STORIES

Five from an era of extreme incorrectness.

BY LEE LORENZ

FROM the beginning, *The New Yorker's* cartoonists have mined their gold from shafts driven deep into the gray bedrock of the magazine's text. A gifted few have managed to rise to the surface and display their haul in full sunlight on the cover. A catalogue of these talented switch-hitters would stretch from Addams to Ziegler and include Arno, Booth, Chast, Hokinson, Koren, Steig, Steinberg, Stevenson, and Thurber. Their work is funny, beautiful, and surprising, and some of it, by today's standards and even by yesterday's, is offensive.

Up to the Second World War, ethnic humor, sexual jokes, and the free use of racial and sexual stereotypes were staples of popular humor. *The New Yorker* made little effort to screen out such stuff. Almost every issue published prior to 1940 contains something inimical to felicitous intergroup relations—rapacious Jews, ten-watt blondes, no-account blacks, shrewish housewives, and so on. By way of illustration, so to speak, consider this arbitrary sample of zingers from a less enlightened age—not quite B.C. but definitely pre-P.C.

Will Cotton's covers, skillfully executed in pastel, are memorable for their

elegance and gentle wit. He was a gifted caricaturist, and his portraits of actual people were always warm and affectionate, never cruel or grotesque. In contrast, this cover, which manages to abuse both the Irish and the blacks, is truly puzzling. It's possible, of course, that the idea came from someone else—perhaps from the founding editor, Harold Ross, who didn't mind offending anyone.

Julian De Misky, the artist who signed his work M, was one of the most prolific and resourceful of the first wave of *New Yorker* artists. He did spots, cartoons, and covers, and helped create the decorative style of *The Talk of the Town*, which was later perfected by Otto Soglow. M's treatment of the Indian in this cover is meant to be sympathetic even if the characterization is stereotypical. And the women, fawning and fatuous, are caught right between the eyes.

Peter Arno delivered his assaults with such high spirits that even his victims rarely took offense. (Presumably the bimbos were too dumb, and the lecherous old tycoons too busy, to complain.) Whether Japanese-Americans ever protested is unknown, but, God knows, they had plenty to protest about. Rea Irvin periodically ridiculed them in a faux-

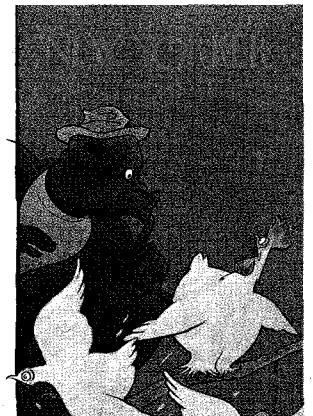
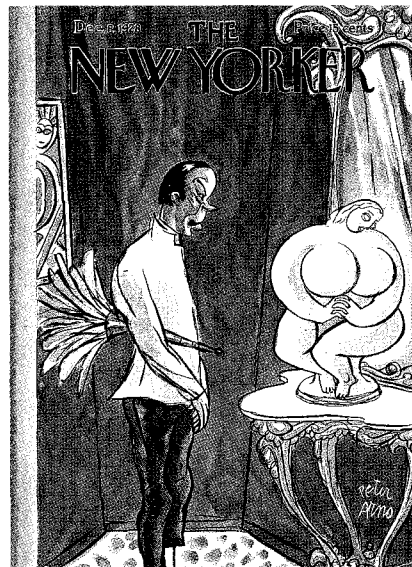
Hiroshige style, and when Arno wanted to suggest major depravity he tended to trot out an "Oriental." The servant's implied thoughts are all too scrutable and clearly have little to do with art appreciation.

More than anyone else, Rea Irvin invented the look of *The New Yorker*; he designed the magazine's distinctive headline typeface and drew the trademark Regency dandy who adorned the inaugural issue's cover. An artist of rare subtlety, he could suggest a complete personality by the cock of an eyebrow or the slope of a jaw. Subtlety, however, has nothing to do with this cover. The pop-eyed Negro in the chicken coop is a cliché right out of blackface vaudeville, and Irvin treats it in a correspondingly broad manner—one that makes "Amos 'n' Andy" look like "The Cosby Show."

Leonard Dove was a journeyman cartoonist whose work often appeared swaddled in a thick smog of halftone. (Ross once terrified him by unexpectedly hopping out of his office and shouting, "Dove! Your drawings are too damn dark!") In this cover drawing, rendered in an uncharacteristically decorative, Irvin-like manner, the sparrow-brained tourist is the natural prey of the hawk-beaked scam artists. ♦



New Yorker covers:
by Will Cotton,
March 19, 1938, above,
and Julian De Misky,
August 16, 1947, right.



Covers by Peter Arno,
December 8, 1928, left,
Rea Irvin, November 21, 1936,
above, and Leonard Dove,
February 27, 1932, opposite.

Feb. 27, 1932

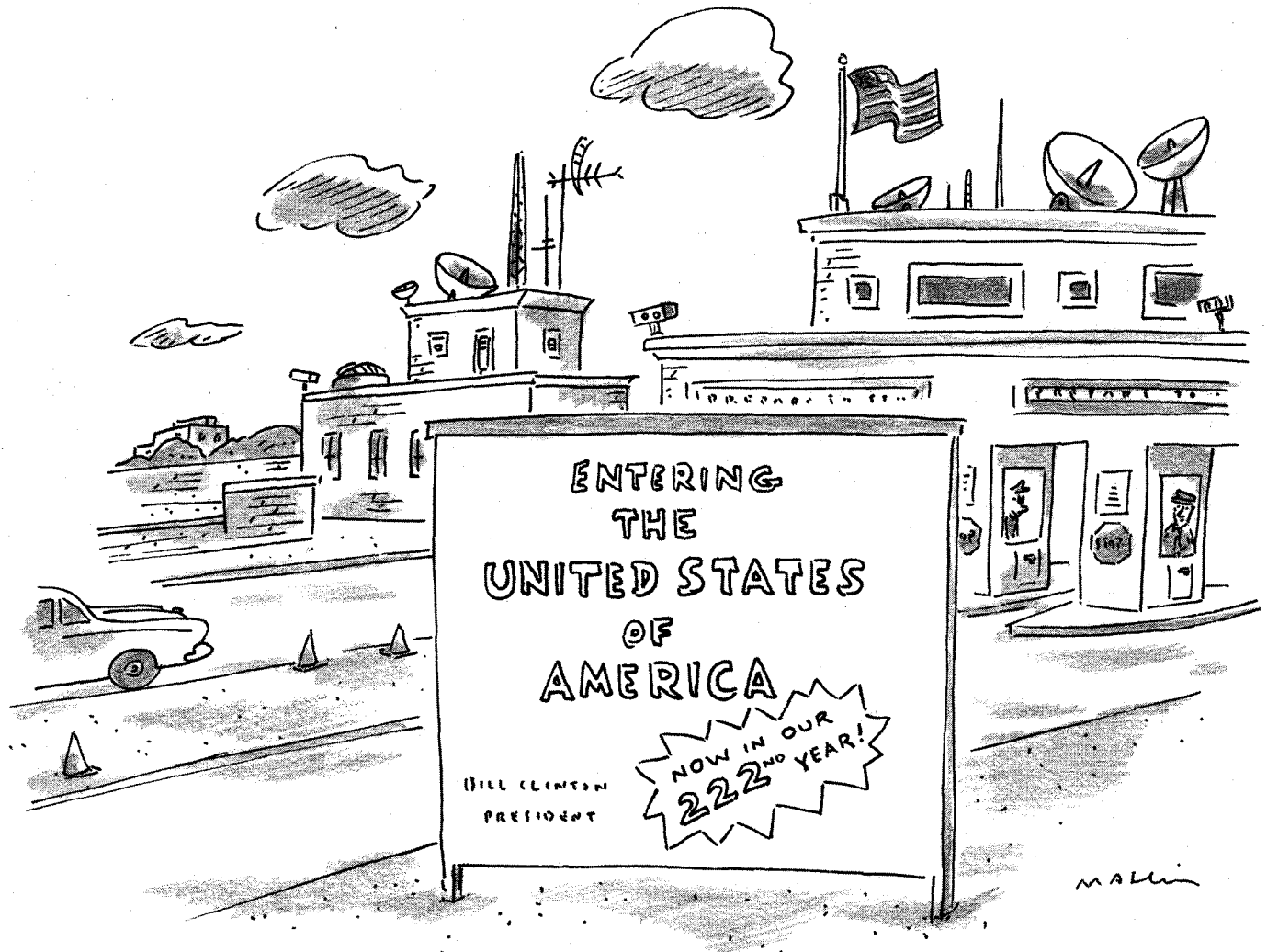
THE

Price 15 cents

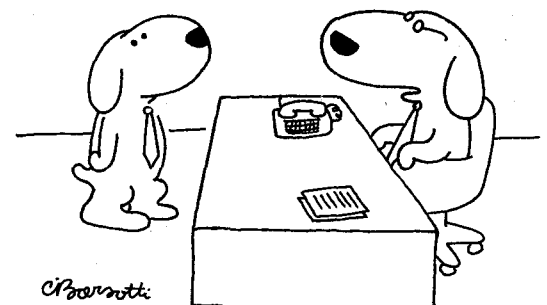
NEW YORKER



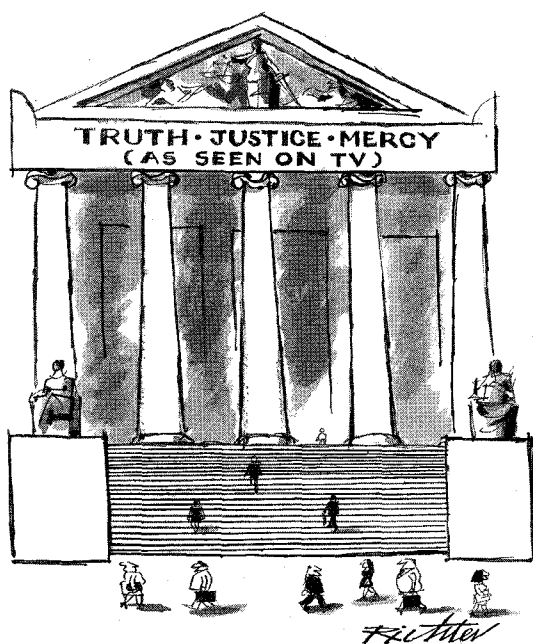
TOMORROW'S SPECIALS



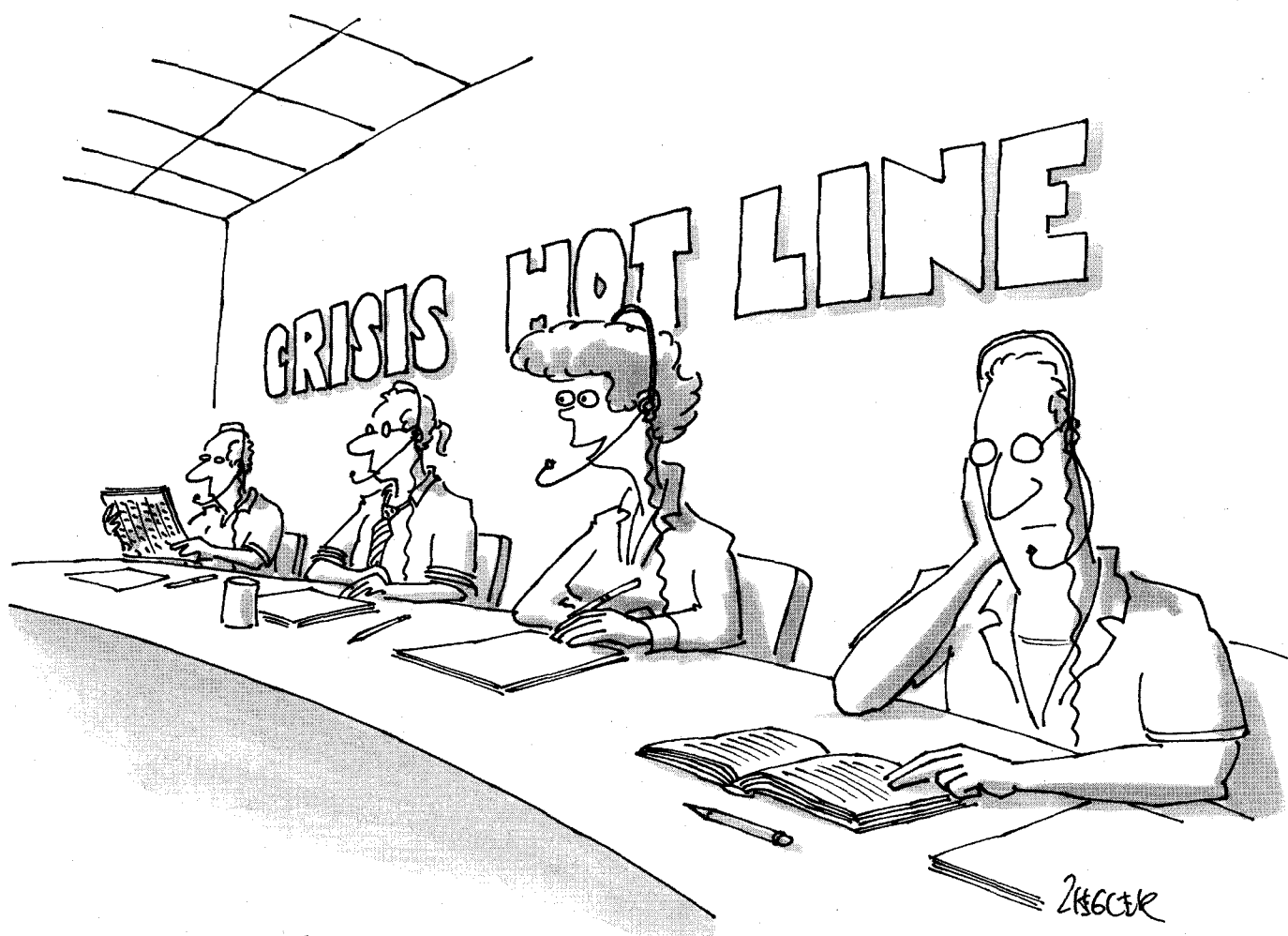
"This never could have happened at www.amazon.com."



C. Perotti
 "And when the time comes the company will put you to sleep at its own expense."



"Smaller, more powerful chips allow me to have a smaller head."



"How may I direct your call? Doctor-assisted or regular?"



"It's my only vice."



*"I usually wake up screaming at six-thirty, and
I'm in my office by nine."*





"The love ballad I'm about to sing will pose a lot of uncomfortable questions about gender identity and class-based issues. I hope you can handle it."



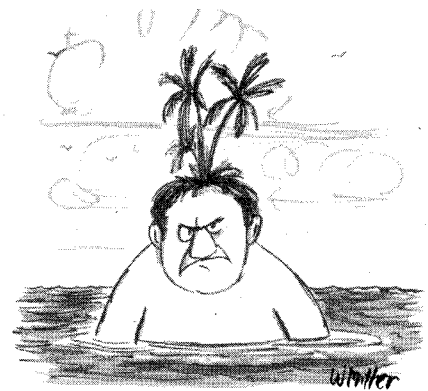
"Let's face it—the city's in our blood."



"I was hoping for a nice dry white wine."



"I'd know. That's who would know!"



THIS MAN IS AN ISLAND.

ALBUM

MAROONED

CINEMA has westerns, horror pictures, and films noirs; television has sitcoms, soap operas, and political shoutfests; poetry has sonnets, epics, and odes. *New Yorker* cartoons, in their modest way, have genres, too: the erupting volcano (a.k.a. "The gods are angry"), St. Peter at



"What's our immigration policy?"

Heaven's gates, the sidewalk wind-up-doll salesman, the two guys in a bar, and many more that still thrive, plus a few that have been nudged into retirement (e.g., the cannibals' stew pot). But perhaps the most fecund of cartoon genres is the desert island: a search of the magazine's files for variations on the theme yields a stack of Xeroxes an inch high.

When ships were the only mode of overseas travel, the thought of shipwreck crossed every traveller's mind. But even in the jet age the fantasy of being marooned on a distant isle, free from both the constraints and the comforts of civilization, has remained irresistible to cartoonists. Over the years, the cartoon island—originally outfitted with raft, shack, and, occasionally, grass-skirted inhabitants—has been pared down to the symbolic essentials: sand, tree, castaway. And, as Addams's potted plant shows, the genre quickly became so familiar as to permit meta-jokes—desert-island cartoons whose subject is not isolation or erotic liberation or the persistence of habit but, simply, desert-island cartoons.

—HENDRIK HERTZBERG



ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

“CONGRATULATIONS! IT’S A BABY”

Growing up in a black-and-white world of cocktail parties, psychiatrists, talking dogs, and the deeply other.

BY ROGER ANGELL

I ALWAYS look at the cartoons first,” everyone says. So do I, and I’ve had practice. When I say that I grew up looking at *New Yorker* cartoons, I do not speak in metaphorical terms. My mother, Katharine Angell—later Katharine White—became an editor for the newborn magazine in 1925, the year I turned five, and because she was involved in the art as well as the prose of Harold Ross’s little enterprise there were always photocopied drawings (with the captions typed on the back) and covers, along with fiction galleys and Talk of the Town pages, all over the house. I went for the cartoons right away. It’s odd to look back on this precocious diet and wonder what I made of Ralph Barton’s gin-raddled nineteen-twenties week-enders or the florid fake engravings by John Held, Jr., which spoofed everything Victorian. I passed them over, I suppose—storing them away in memory until my sophistication quotient caught up a little—and ate up the rest: the covers, which were so much brighter and livelier than my children’s-book jackets, and, inside, Rea Irvin’s plump paired cops tooling around in tiny roadsters; Peter Arno’s thin young men in tails crowding into speakeasies; and engrossing multi-part strips, like O. Soglow’s Little King running away to join some Gypsies; the dusty crosstown peregrinations of a restaurant hard roll, from bakery to diner’s plate, as delineated by Al Frueh; and Irvin’s boldly inked parson rushing over hill and dale, in full ecclesiasticals, to bless the fox after he has blessed the hounds. The first *New Yorker* cartoon to become famous may have been George V. Shanks’s circus mishap—the butterfingers trapeze artist apologizing, and his dropped partner glaring back up from the bottom of the page. I got that right away.

I can’t remember myself often asking for help with a caption or a situation. One

exception was Helen Hokinson’s American lady in a Paris back street shyly asking, “Avez-vous ‘Ulysses’?” A book banned in this country, I was told, and, uh—well, it’s hard to explain. I was still only ten. I never said anything about an earlier, darkly brooding Reginald Marsh drawing of a bored, vulturous cleric, from a 1929 issue, which my mother had put up, matted and framed, in a corner of the hallway, but I kept stopping to look it over. “Let us pray,” he is intoning into a basket-like nineteen-twenties radio microphone just under his chin: a biting joke back then, when radio was so new—and still disturbing now. I don’t think Pat Robertson would put it up in his hallway, I mean.

Just lately, I’ve been looking at Gluyas Williams’s splendid full-page 1928 drawing captioned “A Little Bird Reveals the Facts of Life to the Editor of the New York Times,” and imagining the intense twenty minutes’ study I must have given to that situation: the Editor, an ancient gent in Dundreary whiskers, sitting stunned; the birdie flying out the window; the horrified editors and pressmen recoiling at the door. But what were “the facts of life,” and why didn’t the editor of the *Times* know them? Within a year or two, I must have spotted the scene again, in one of the early *New Yorker* albums, and understood it better. It doesn’t matter now, because the joke is still strong and alive. Art waits for us to catch up, and never goes out of date.

I had modern parents—my mother used to take me to lunch at speakeasies—and although they certainly didn’t agree about everything (they were divorced), there seems to have been no debate between them about the notion that kids should be left on their own when it comes to reading. I was a bookworm, and was terrifically lucky to be growing up in a place where funny drawings and brilliant, hardworking

artists were taken seriously. When Arno and Hokinson and James Thurber and Mary Petty and Richard Taylor and William Steig and Saul Steinberg and Whitney Darrow and George Price and Charles Addams and the rest began to flourish, in the thirties, every other *New Yorker* reader got lucky, too.

Cultural historians who offer explanations for this sudden flowering of the *New Yorker* cartoon seem to share an owl tone, and cite the same roster of names and sources in their accounting: the old *Punch*, Charles Dana Gibson, Frank Crowninshield’s *Vanity Fair*, *Life* (the old *Life*) and *Judge*, Prohibition, H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, the Depression, the genius of Harold Ross and the genius of his art editor, Rea Irvin. I can’t disagree, but I have a different conclusion. I think it was a miracle. It was an accident of history: something in the drinking water; sunspots; the conjoining of Aquarius and Herbert Hoover in the third house. Nobody knows what happened; we only know that it hasn’t happened again. Something very much of the same order was going on with *New Yorker* writers at this same moment, when Robert Benchley, Frank Sullivan, Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, Russell Maloney, Wolcott Gibbs, and S. J. Perelman were all writing for the magazine. Ah, *New Yorker* subscribers must have thought, what a funny bunch we Americans are. Just think—all these writers and artists, every week like this, from now on! Well, no. That coming together was a time too good to last, and somebody else will have to explain why. I’m just glad I was around.

THE summer I turned fifteen, my mother and my stepfather, E. B. White, were startled one evening at the dinner table when it came out that I could remember every single drawing

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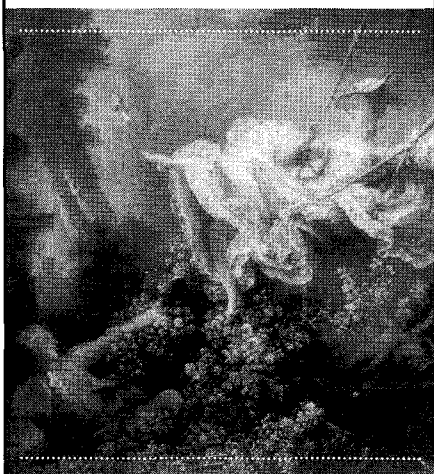


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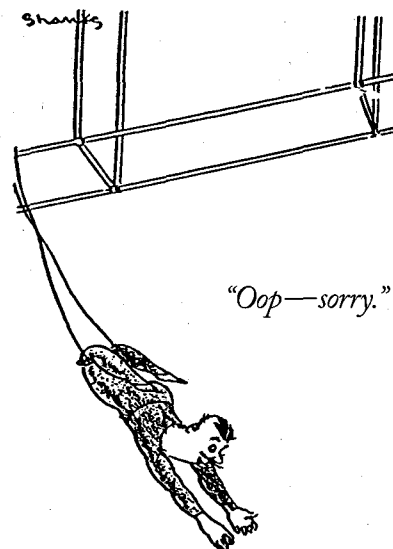
Book Review

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and every caption that had appeared in the magazine in its first decade. My claim was tested on the spot and it held up, and I can recall my mother briefly worrying about whether I'd been wasting my time. It was too late, in any case, because *The New Yorker* surrounded me on every side. The magazine was talked about endlessly, all day long, and then some more over the weekends. Frank Sullivan or James Thurber or the Robert Coateses turned up on Sundays sometimes, and we all played word games and Kick the Can. I took on Thurber at Ping-Pong; he could still see then, and he was excitable and scary-wild across the table. After I went off to boarding school, he gave me a great interview for the school paper, along with the original of one of his most famous drawings, which somebody swiped from my dormitory room in Lower Dunworth. (Be warned, whoever you are: Interpol and The Friends of Dr. Milmoos are on this case, big time, and expect a break any day now.)

I studied Peter Arno's stuff closely while I was growing up, because I'd picked up the news somewhere that he was sophisticated. (I can't recall anyone at home using that word in conversation.) His men and women were inexorably stylish and stayed out late drinking, but there was also something outré about them, because they looked out of scale and were dazzlingly overlighted. They reminded you of the movies. His drawings appeared to be about New York and Westchester and the Hamptons, but I think only people from out of town ever believed that portrait. Arno's jokes were racy, and his line was bolder than anyone else's—the gleam of a tuxedo lapel, the slash of lipstick, the carnal tilt of a sugar daddy's mustache—and he overdressed his grandes dames and the-atreguers and equestrians (and underdressed his showgirls and bimbos) because it was so much fun for him to draw them that way, in costume. My parents had dressed up in evening clothes and gone to parties, too, back when they were still married—it was a thrill to watch them taxiing off into the night—but in the mornings they got up and went to work. Parties didn't go on all the time, the way they did in Arno's world: I knew that much. Arno felt free to play with us this way



GEORGE SHANKS, 7/16/27

because he was sure about his eye—he could draw a sophisticated robin—and certainty is the heart of cool. Even his captions had dash—“Hey, Jack, which way to Mecca?” and “Well, back to the old drawing board” and “Fill ’er up!” and “Wake up, you mutt! We’re getting married today”—and brought back the work in a rush when you thought of them later. (I must have spotted that last one in an early Arno album, for a snoring man and a naked woman in bed together was altogether too racy for Ross, which meant that it didn’t appear in his not always sophisticated magazine.)

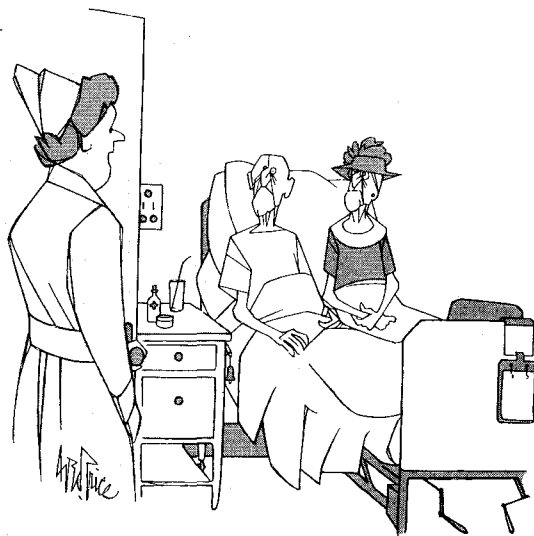
Charles Addams was another bravura captioneer. His outlandish dramas were often served up with innocuous lines that clarified and darkened the situation, both at the same time: “It’s the children, darling—back from camp” (each of them inside his or her own portable kennel), for instance, and “Oh, speak up, George! Stop mumbling!” Was I the only person, I wonder, to notice that George must have got himself out from inside that bulging python later on, only to be carried away, in another drawing, by a giant bird, whose burdened shadow wings past the wife—“George! George! Drop the keys!”—and across a beach as the creature departs overhead? I have been thinking about Addams’s “Congratulations! It’s a baby” for sixty years now, because my mother gave me the drawing—for Christmas, I think—while I was still in my teens. I have since handed it along to my own son, and he now tells me that it is out on loan to some gallery or other, with the label “From the collection of John Henry Angell.” In the drawing, a young nurse has just popped her head out of the maternity ward to give the happy news to the brand-new dad: an ancient, egg-shaped gent who has lifted one frail hand in surprise.

Cartoons in this magazine—most of them, at least—reward the noticer, and part of the pleasure for me with a George Price was always to go over it again, after that first dazzled look, and take in the mechanics: the framework of the hospital bed, under the sheet; the

perfect empty glass on the table, with the perfect straw inside; Mrs. Glenhorn’s chin and mole and hat; and the line of the middle fold on the back of the nurse’s uniform, which ends, like all Price’s lines, in a point. He worked in wire and steel, I sometimes like to think, and then drew the sculpture onto the page.

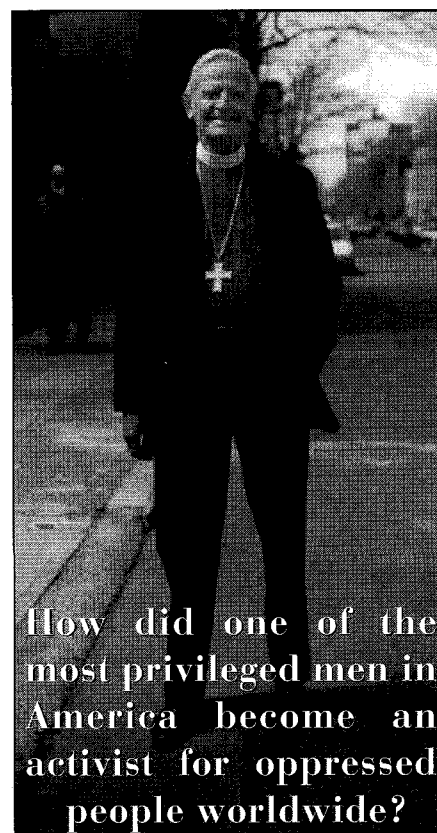
ADDAMS (to go back a step) is a good place to convene the gallery talk proposing that the best cartoons are captionless: brilliance of idea and skill of execution will carry the day, as with a Raphael or a Cézanne—or with thirty-six hundred-odd *New Yorker* covers. How about those unexplained Addams ski tracks that flow unconcernedly around and past the mid-slope pine? Or his similarly silent police lineup of sullen goldilocked little suspects arrayed under the kliegs as they are studied by three bears?

I take no stand here. Whatever works, whatever warms me, whatever makes me laugh is the drawing for me. Con-



“Visiting hours are over, Mrs. Glenhorn.”

temporary artists for the magazine take obdurate pride in writing their own captions, scorning the collaborative efforts of the past, when an editor or a writer—sometimes it was White, sometimes Gibbs or Peter De Vries—came up with the line that ran under a drawing. (I respect this moral stance, but I have to confess that I don’t quite get it. Should there have been only one Gershwin? Would Richard Rodgers’s songs sound better if he’d barred the door against Lorenz Hart?) Captions seem to come naturally with certain



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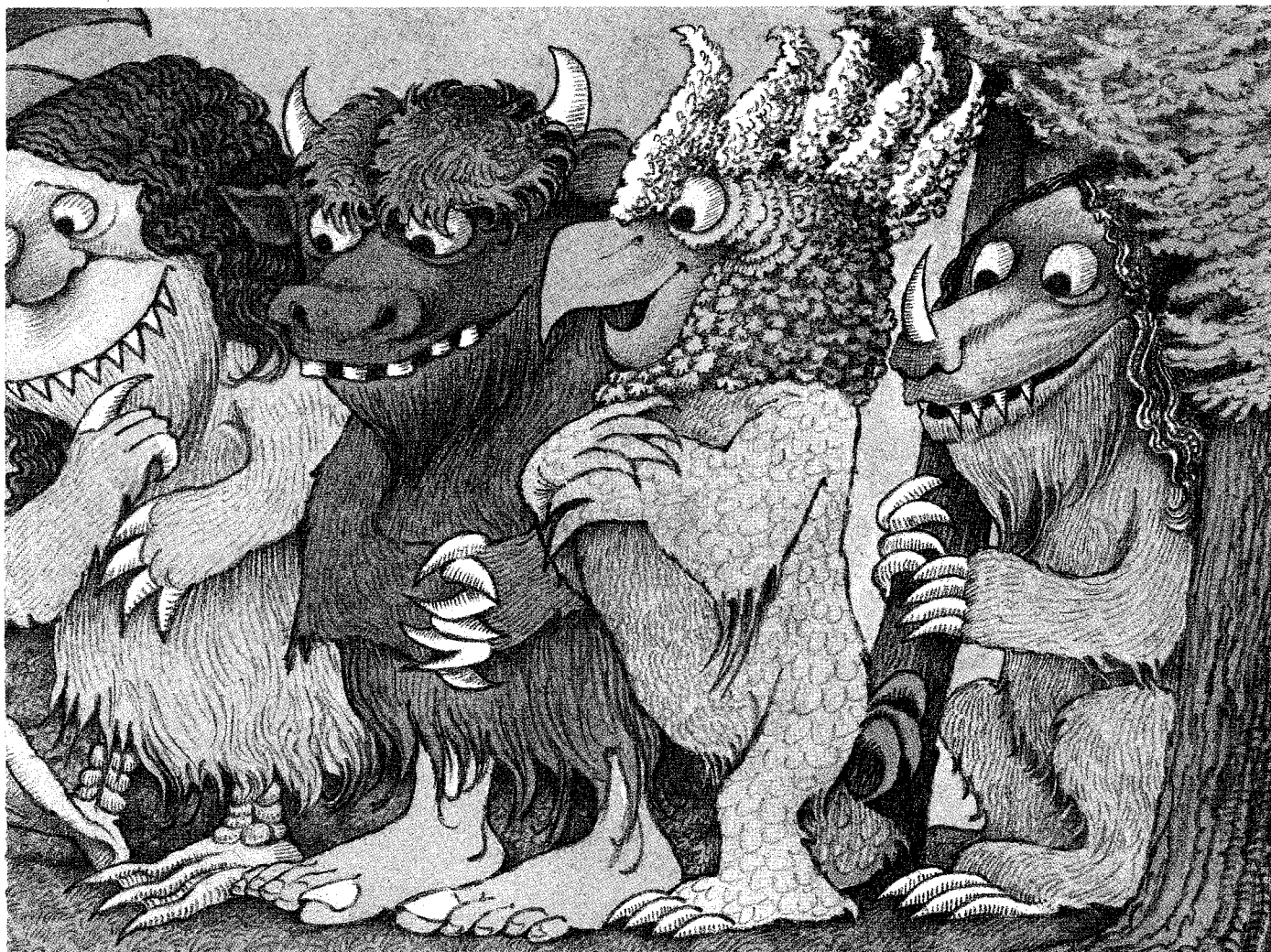
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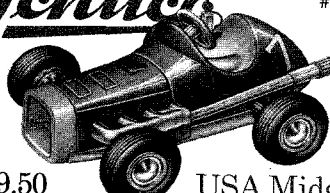
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artists. Charles Saxon's suburbanites, as I recall, sometimes even turned up with ribbons of text underneath, adding to a murmurous satire. His wide-bottomed, no-longer-quite-young Fairfield County denizens, in Bermuda shorts and bankerish socks, were ridiculous but easy to love. They were sweet, and you laughed at that—but not for the reasons that made you prize an Addams. I never felt the need to work out a code or a theory of pleasure about any of this, I mean, or to weigh

weeks" was the best that E.B. White could offer in his introduction to the first *New Yorker* album, back in 1929.

The same cartoon situations keep coming up—dog jokes and psychiatrist jokes, witch recipes and board conferences, dinner parties and desert islands, golf and space aliens, and a lot more, over and over. Another skiing cartoon? Another skiing cartoon without a caption? What could be better than Frank Modell's turtlenecked downhiller, with his broken leg up on a hassock, who is



jokes on some seismic scale. By good luck, I've been a consumer but never an editor of *New Yorker* art.

I know readers who are forever complaining about the art: it isn't as funny as it used to be, it's bourgeois, it's repetitive, it's childish, it isn't seriously funny. They want our art to be higher—a Steinberg or a Daumier every week, or nothing at all. A contributor friend of mine once announced that there should be no more cartoons in the magazine. "That time is over," she said firmly. I nodded sadly, pretending to agree, and remembered the moment when Woody Allen told me that he wouldn't be writing many more comic pieces for us. "Being funny isn't for grownups," he said. (He has relented a little, I notice, in his movies.) I think there will always be days when I don't trust in laughter, either, and weeks when I despair that we have succumbed here to the kind of humor that Philip Hamburger calls "post-funny," or that we're not funny at all. Then I open the next issue and find a Leo Cul-lum dog happily showing his dog wife the architect's model of their new doghouse, and I relax. It's always been this way. "There have been good

being visited by his dog—a dog bringing a single slipper? Because Frank is lighthearted, he's made it clear that the dog is more upset about the accident than the dolt in the chair. The dog's gaze catches ours, and we want to turn back the page and discover the moment all over again.

The flair and charm of these remarkable artists—dozens of them, down the years—lend a dash of style to us readers, in turn, as we grow familiar with their stuff. Almost without our noticing it, their tones and views can intersect with something of our own, and confer a momentary élan or a rubbed-off, lighter view of the familiar: perhaps only a child or a grandchild of ours sneaking a look at herself in the mirror—a little girl straight out of Steig. Sometimes when I'm out in New York, I'll watch a couple across the room talking, or see some parents and children together, and recognize a pattern there, an angular grace, that comes only from Robert Weber. Pure Booth, we think, catching sight of dogs and auto parts lying about outside a grungy roadside garage, or, perhaps later that same evening, at dinner with mid-Vermont friends, feel a furry Koren

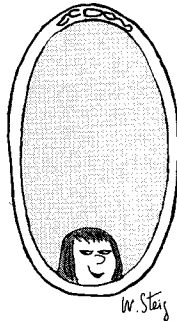
FRANK MODELL 1/14/80

glow falling around us from the candlelight and the sweaters and the irony. This frilly woman walking toward me in the sunshine has a Victoria Roberts smirk, while a bunched-together, rushing pack of teen-agers in their blown-up windbreakers and enormous jeans has the dash and swirl of a Lee Lorenz drawing. Avenues and corners and mounted cops and sunsets can turn into Steinbergs without warning; dustballs and deserts and furniture wiggle to a Roz Chast beat; and the smallest moment, the most ordinary sort of enterprise, can surprise us with a flashback. Sometimes in August, cranking up my ancient Deere lawnmower, I'm tugging at Arnie Levin's flyaway model. If only!

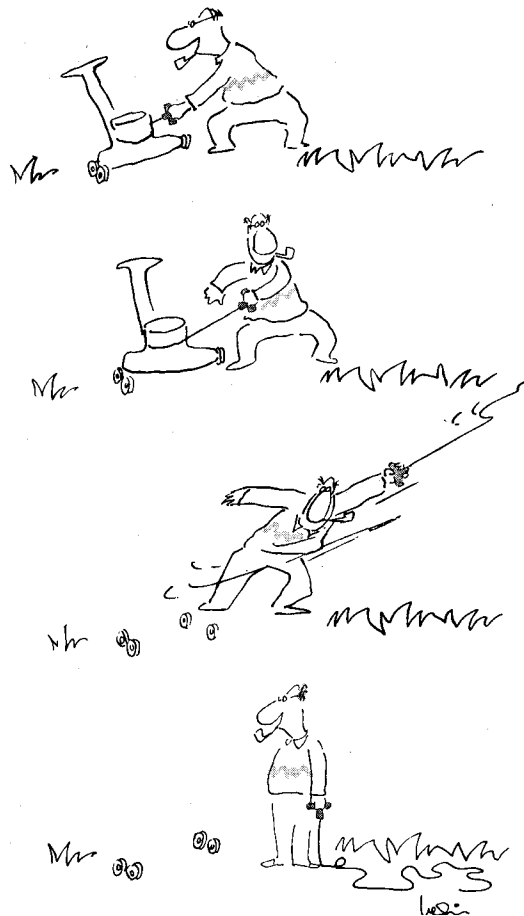
I CAN'T remember the last ten years of *New Yorker* cartoons, and perhaps not even the last ten weeks' worth, but the magazine's art and artists still surround me. Ever since I first came to work here, in 1956, the artists have been clustering in on Tuesday morning, carrying their latest drawings and roughs to show to the art editor, and cheering me up with their engaging gloomy smiles. Many have become friends of mine, and have then been roped into gifts or collaborations. Jim Stevenson's elegant watercolor of a batter turning away as he heads for the plate became the cover for my first baseball book (the painting hangs before me, here on my office wall), and Koren's animal nine has taken the field on a different diamond for the jacket of a book of casuals. (Ed may be the only artist who can draw a West Side monster.) The only baseball card I've had framed is Roz Chast's depiction of Dwayne Cudahee's 1934 season with the Akron Acers (he went hitless in two hundred and eighty-six at-bats), and, not far away, I can study Bruce McCall's baseball moonscape—the moon as a beat-up batting-practice fly ball. Saul Stein-

berg has illustrated some of my baseball pieces, and so has David Levine; luckily for me, both are fans of the game. Back in the early fifties, Steinberg became so enamored of baseball that he took road trips with the Milwaukee Braves; when he had to follow them by television, he would put on a full Braves uniform and cap before he settled down in front of the set. Artists aren't like the rest of us.

The men and women in that Tuesday-morning artists' circle are devoting their lives to the daunting proposition that they can go on being fresh and funny, week after week, and that, in spite of rejections and changes in the magazine's style and price and size, *The New Yorker* isn't going to let them down. They know we can't do it without them. Almost everybody can write—or so it is claimed, by the thousands of submissions—and many of us can learn to edit, but only artists can draw. Theirs is the vernacular that keeps us young and lowdown and not too full of ourselves—and funny on the good weeks. ♦



W. Steig



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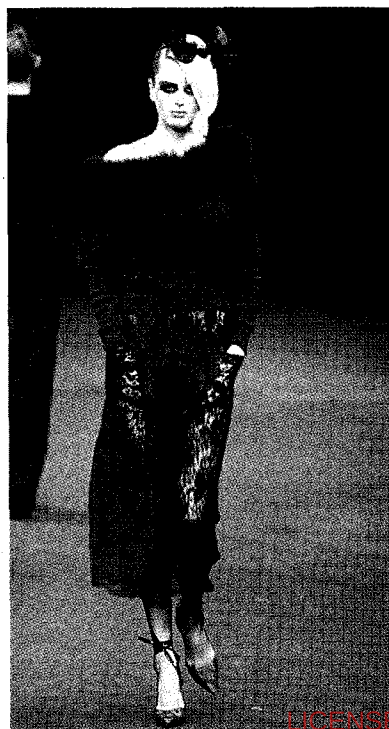
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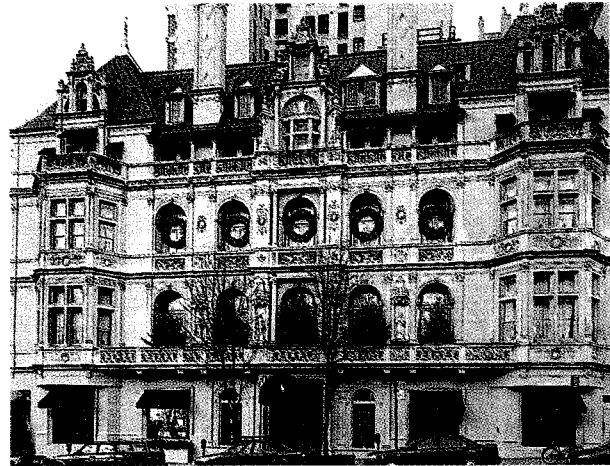
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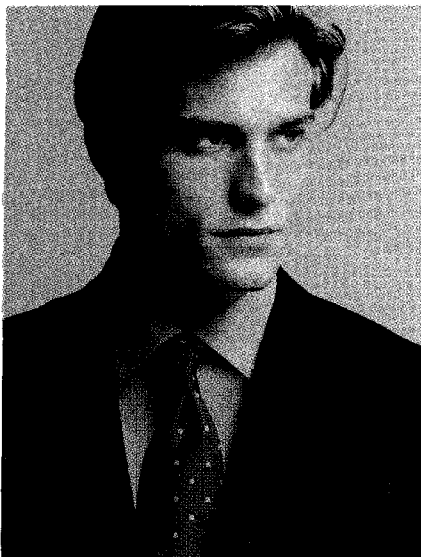
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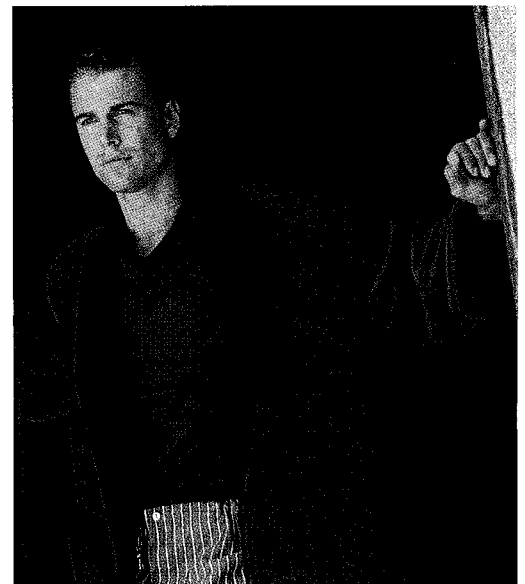
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BOOKS



HOGARTH'S PROGRESS

What the most famous artist in England really wanted.

BY ANDREW GRAHAM-DIXON

IN November of 1726, an Englishwoman named Mary Tofts became briefly famous when she claimed to have given birth to rabbits. According to Mrs. Tofts, this unprecedented obstetric event was triggered by a disappointment. She had suffered a miscarriage as a result of unsuccessfully chasing after two rabbits in a field, and had subsequently developed "such a longing" for the creatures that she could think of nothing else. Soon, animal parts began to come forth from her womb. A rabbit's liver was followed (more perplexingly) by the legs of a cat. Then she gave birth to nine whole baby rabbits.

Mrs. Tofts was regarded with particular interest in contemporary scientific circles. If true, her tale would prove that (as some had suspected) a woman with a sufficiently vivid imagination could be physically impregnated by the force of her own desires. She was investigated by several leading medical men of the day. Cyriacus Ahlers, one of the royal surgeons, assisted her in the delivery of yet another rabbit, a stillbirth, and took its skin away to show to King George I. On December 7th, Mrs. Tofts confessed to having faked the births, and on December 11th an enterprising young man named William Hogarth published a satirical print lampooning all those involved, which he entitled "The Cunicularii, or the Wise Men of Godliman in Consultation."

Ever alert to the mythical dimensions of daily news stories, Hogarth depicted the scene of Mrs. Tofts's confinement as a mock Nativity. One of the not so wise men is a figure said to represent Richard Manningham, a prominent male midwife of the day. He has his hand up Mary Tofts's shift, and the rubric beneath the print describes him as "An Occult Philosopher searching into the Depth of things." A dozen

or so rabbits are playing at his feet.

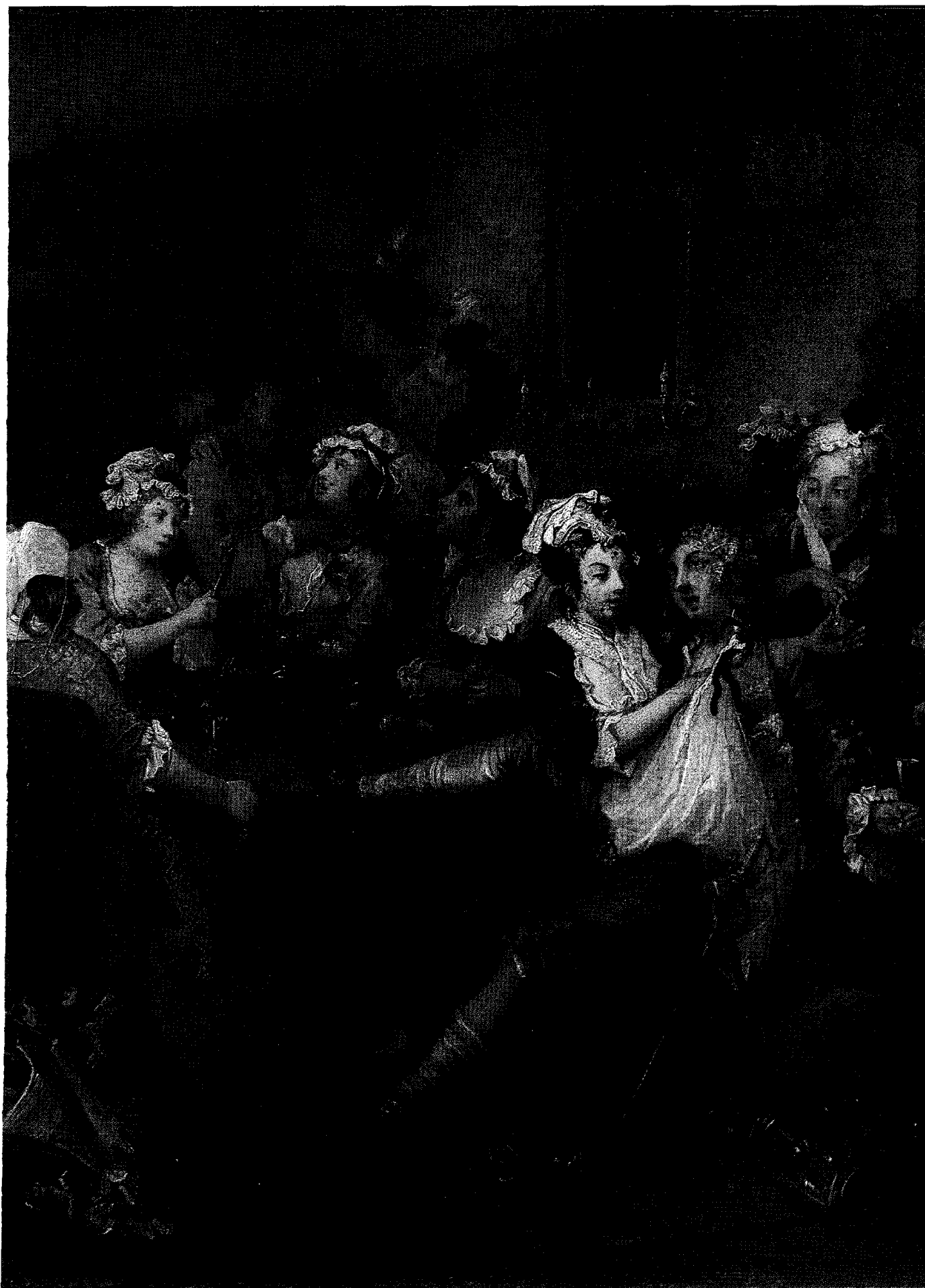
Jenny Uglow, in her affectionate biography of the artist, "Hogarth: A Life and a World" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$45), hints that his early prints were like calling cards—a young man's way of announcing himself to the world. Hogarth saw impostors and gulls wherever he looked. The people of Britain, it seemed to him, were always in thrall to some strange delusion or other. A few years earlier, it had been a false economic miracle: in 1720, the infamous South Sea Company had collapsed, leaving thousands of investors bankrupt and providing Hogarth with the material for a satire entitled "The South Sea Scheme." This year it was immaculately conceived rabbits. The curious case of Mary Tofts was more than just a fabulously absurd demonstration of human credulity. It was an allegory of the malaise of the nation—or could, at least, be made to seem so by an ingenious printmaker with an eye for the main chance.

In some ways, Hogarth had an affinity with those whom he satirized. His opposition to the self-deluded, his desire for the truth and nothing but, is so fervent that it amounts to another form of extremism, resembling the same irrational enthusiasms that he attacked in others. He had a punitive moral sense but took a very unpuritanical pleasure in the picturing of excess and sin and delusion. William Hazlitt said that he was "carried away by a passion for the ridiculous"—that he did not show vice "in its incipient, or dormant, or *grub* state; but full grown, with wings, pampered into all sorts of affectation, airy, ostentatious and extravagant."

The titles of Hogarth's most celebrated works, "A Rake's Progress" and "A Harlot's Progress," were taken—along with much of his morality, and his relent-



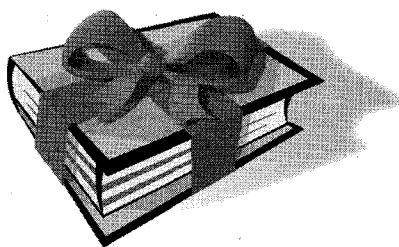
"A Rake's Progress," Plat



the Tavern Scene." There was a desperate edge to Hogarth's will to succeed, and the upper classes never forgave him for it.

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lessly emblematic frame of mind—from John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Hogarth's choice of words was, in the circumstances, cruelly ironic: the lives of the Rake and the Harlot, curtailed by the artist to a few telling scenes, can hardly be said to progress. Duped by their own fantasies, both of them rush headlong to an early end. Tom Rake-well, the Rake, tries to act out his dreams of being wealthier than he is, falls into debt, and finishes his days, insane, in Bedlam. The Harlot wants to believe that prostitution will one day furnish her with riches and respectability, but she dies of the pox in seedy lodgings while quack doctors quarrel over her. Few artists have ever hounded their own creations as mercilessly to the grave as Hogarth did, and he did so possibly because he knew that his own life might have easily taken a similar path.

HOGARTH was born three hundred years ago in one of London's poorer neighborhoods, near Smithfield, the city's main meat market. During the early eighteenth century, animals were slaughtered as well as sold there, and in a typical year, according to the admirably well-informed Uglow, seventy thousand oxen and cows, five hundred and forty thousand sheep, two hundred thousand calves, two hundred thousand hogs, and fifty-two thousand pigs died more or less under Hogarth's nose. No wonder, perhaps, that he should have possessed such a well-developed sense of mortality. The scene that terminates "The Four Stages of Cruelty" is clearly the work of a man well acquainted with dead flesh. Tom Nero, murderer and sadist, gets his final comeuppance in the Surgeons' Hall: his intestines unwound into a bucket, his heart cut from his chest and fed to a stray dog, his eyes gouged from their sockets. It is an almost audible scene of butchery. The air is full of soft, wet noises: the gnawing of the dog, the suckings and scrapings of dissection.

Hogarth's puritanical morality can be explained, at least in part, by his personal history. His father, Richard Hogarth, had been a dreamer, and young William had suffered for it. Richard Hogarth emerges from Uglow's account—which is inevitably shaped by the pioneering researches of Ronald

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Paulson—as a shiftless and unworldly character not unlike the feeble hack scratching his head and worrying about the rent in his son's print "The Distress'd Poet." Hogarth's father was in fact a distressed schoolteacher, who dreamed of making his fortune by publishing Latin textbooks and grammars. But he was a flawed grammarian and an even worse businessman, so the dream remained just that. He eventually tried to rescue the family's finances by opening a Latin-speaking coffeehouse, and ended up spending several years in debtors' prison when it bankrupted him. Hogarth's mother, Anne, supported the family by hawking patent medicines for children, but her remedies were evidently no more effective than those of the argumentative quacks in "A Harlot's Progress." During these difficult years, Hogarth's two younger brothers, Thomas and Edmund, both died, leaving him the only man in the house, and Hogarth, at sixteen, became a silver engraver's apprentice, starting his career near the bottom of the social ladder.

Even by the harsh standards of the early eighteenth century, this was not a happy London childhood. Realism, for Hogarth, became not merely a style but a moral imperative and a strategy for life—a tough mental attitude, which turned out to be his own personal route to salvation. His opportunism, conveyed by Uglow in every twist and turn of her story, seems less a form of calculation than an instinct. Not only did he have an innate feel for the sensibilities of the mass market but he was the first man in Britain to realize that there could

even be such a thing as a mass market for narrative prints. In hindsight, Hogarth's own progress—from apprentice to independent engraver to inventor of the "modern moral subject" to Britain's most famous artist—seems to have been peculiarly inevitable. But it cannot have felt like that to him. There was a desperate edge to Hogarth's will to succeed, and the upper classes, who were in any case suspicious of this man with a common touch, never forgave him for it.

NOT all of Hogarth's early memories were morbid. In a set of autobiographical notes written toward the end of his life he vividly recalled his annual visits to Bartholomew Fair, which was the haunt of bearded women, Siamese twins, and other such "freaks" of nature, where actors and actresses performed theatrical entertainments ranging from medieval Passion plays to more modern productions. "Shews of all sort gave me uncommon pleasure when an Infant," he wrote, "and mimicry common to all children was remarkable in me." He was good friends with David Garrick, who once cast him in a cameo role in some amateur theatricals: he played the part of Grilliardo, the Devil's Cook, and entered with the ringing threat "Hither am I come / To slice some Steaks from off thy Brawny Bum / Make Sausage of thy Guts, & Candles of thy Fat, / And cut thy Cock off to Regale his Cat."

Uglow remarks that "Hogarth's prints often have the same exuberant mingling of the popular and the mythic, the gross and the visionary that characterized the Bartholomew spectacles," which



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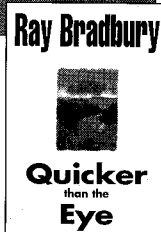
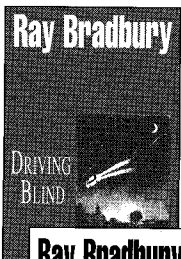
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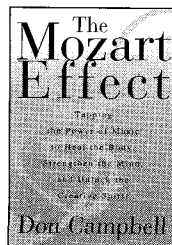
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Ray Bradbury has been telling us stories for more than six decades. His capacity for literary invention seems endless; and if there are any roads he's unwilling to drive down, any uncharted territory he's reluctant to venture into, he hasn't revealed them to us yet. Bradbury has two collections of new short fiction currently in bookstores: **DRIVING BLIND** in hardcover and **QUICKER THAN THE EYE**, appearing for the first time in paperback. These are tales that run the gamut from cold, stark reality to warm, wistful memory to the wildly fantastic. It is exhilarating to realize that the voice that so enthralled us in our youth—the fertile imagination that once colonized Mars and explored the dark magic of Autumn—remains as vivid and alive as ever.

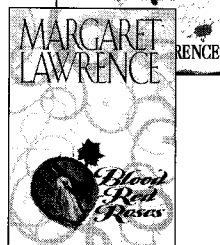
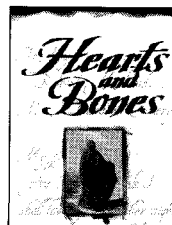


A good story can stimulate the emotions and the imagination, but music, apparently, can actually heal the body and unlock the creative spirit. In **THE MOZART EFFECT**, author Don Campbell proposes that the particular



sounds, tones, and rhythms that give us pleasure—be they the gentle strains of a Chopin etude or a hard, driving rock 'n' roll beat—have substantial curative powers that go far beyond the simple soothing of “the savage breast.” And Campbell is not alone; many scientists, psychologists, music therapists, and health care professionals are seriously investigating this phenomenon.

Margaret Lawrence takes us back to America's beginnings with **BLOOD RED ROSES** and the Edgar Award-nominated **HEARTS AND BONES**, and she blends in suspense, romance, and murder for good measure. These two novels powerfully recreate a harsh and unforgiving place and time: rural Maine in the decade following the Revolutionary War. We view this bygone world through the eyes of midwife and unwed mother Hannah Trevor, a woman who is alternately envied and mistrusted for her radically independent spirit, and whose curiosity, intelligence, and strong sense of justice involve her in the investigation of particularly heinous local crimes.



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is true, certainly, but does insufficient justice to the complexity of Hogarth's attitudes toward the theatre. When he dreamed up the settings for his “modern moral subjects,” as he described the Progresses and also “Marriage-A-la-Mode,” he often borrowed from the stage conventions of the day. The rooms he drew are sets in a theatre, flimsier than real rooms and overflowing with emblematic stage property—maps and candlesticks, pictures and statues, masks and mantelpiece ornaments. Horace Walpole wrote, “It was reserved to Hogarth to write a scene of furniture. The rake's levee room, the nobleman's dining room, the apartments of husband and wife in Marriage Alamode [sic], the alderman's parlour, the poet's bed-chamber, and many others, are the history of the manners of the age.” The characters who strut and preen and fast decline through life in these same mis-en-scènes are themselves reminiscent more of actors playing people than of people simply being themselves. The wife so theatrically stifling a yawn in Plate 2 of “Marriage-A-la-Mode” is an actress in a Restoration comedy; her husband, dying so dramatically in Plate 5 as Silvertongue the lawyer escapes somewhat inelegantly through the window, has become the overplayed hero of a second-rate melodrama.

But Hogarth was not exactly—and certainly not only—celebrating the theatre in such works of art. The staginess of the settings and the theatrically artificial comportment of his antiheroes and antiheroines are cues for moral condemnation. They are telltale signs planted by the artist—one of his ways of letting us know that these are people who can no longer tell the difference between imposture and the truth, between themselves and the roles they have fatally chosen to play.

JOHN KEATS, musing over Hogarth's prints on New Year's Eve of 1818, felt that they had become terminally dated—“an old thing,” he called them. But although many of the once topical hits in Hogarth's prints are indeed unlikely to register with the modern viewer—to whom the fraudulence of such as Mrs. Tofts is probably a matter of perfect indifference—Hogarth himself is by no means a dated figure. Uglow argues that this is because—

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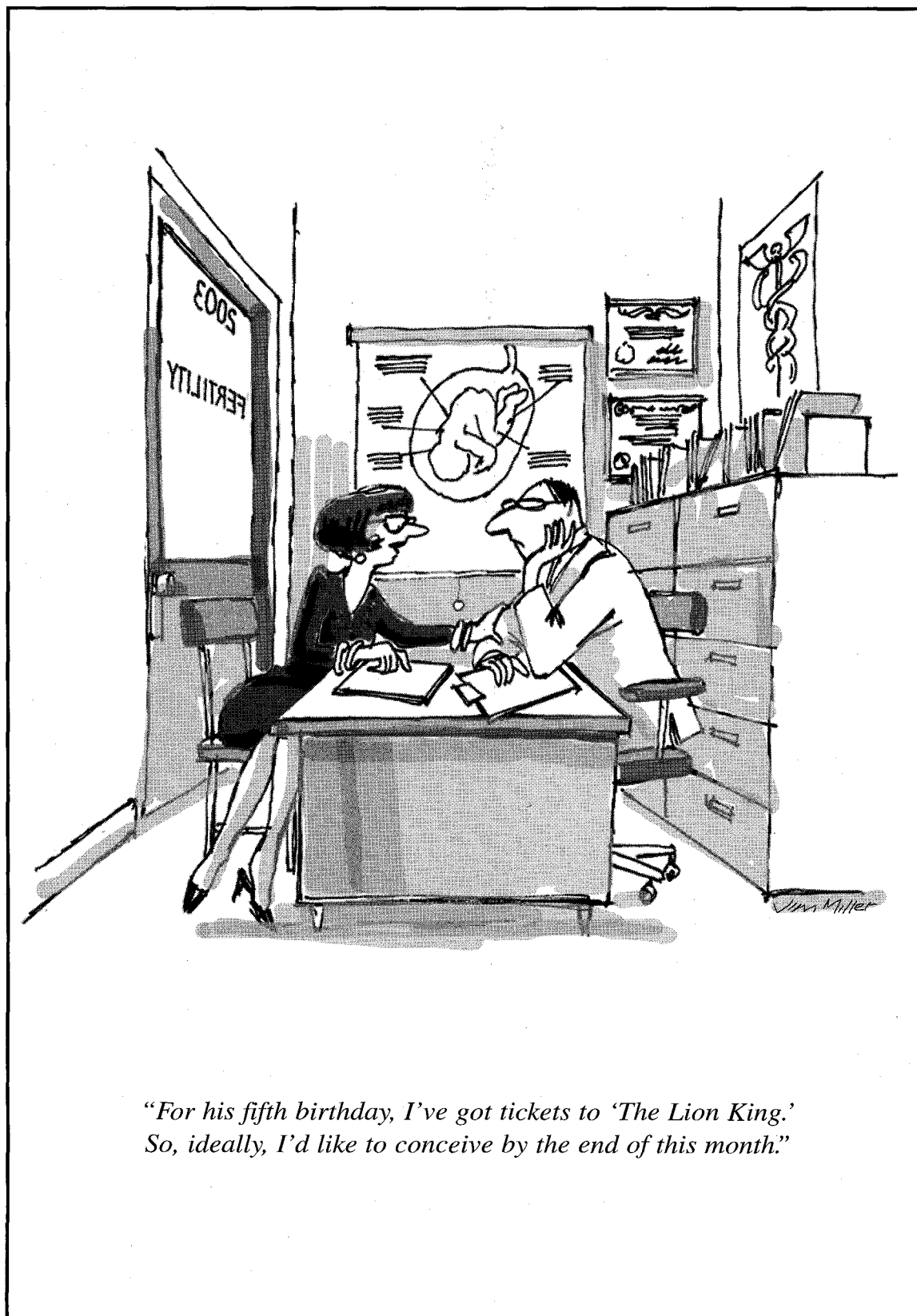
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in the Progresses, in particular—he invented timeless urban parables, which still haunt the modern imagination. But Hogarth is also an artist who continues to make the British feel awkward, precisely because so many of the nastier attitudes to which he gave such unsettlingly clear expression have not yet receded safely into the past. This is especially true of his patriotism.

Hogarth—or “Britophil,” as he sometimes signed his polemical writings—remains England's most militantly nationalistic and Europhobic artist. One of his earliest prints, “Masquerades and Operas, or the Taste of the Town,” was a satirical attack on the taste for Italianate art forms and Italianate architecture—he singled out William Kent's neo-Palladian buildings for the Earl of Burlington—which seemed to be sweeping London in the seventeenth-twenties. Hogarth's most virulent attacks on foreigners were reserved, however, for the French. Any character in Hogarth who has French art on his walls or, like Tom Rakewell, is seen taking lessons from a French fencing master immediately stands convicted of unpatriotic pretensions and un-English foppishness.

Hogarth's anti-French insularity was carried to a venomous pitch in “The Gate of Calais, or the Roast Beef of Old England,” which he painted in a spirit of splenetic vengefulness after being arrested on suspicion of spying while he was innocently sketching some buildings in Calais. At the center of the picture, the steaming rib of English beef, over which a variety of unpleasant Gallic types salivate, establishes a culinary metaphor for the state of the two nations: Catholic France, land of overfed priests and emaciated, credulous, snivelling wretches—like the skinny pair of nuns who think they can see Christ's features in the fish that is their meagre dinner—is put to shame by meatily substantial Protestant England. The tone is paranoid, even considering that Britain and France spent much of the eighteenth century at war.

JENNY UGLOW writes particularly well about Hogarth's vexed relationship with himself, demonstrating in the process that the persona he projected in his popular prints was to some

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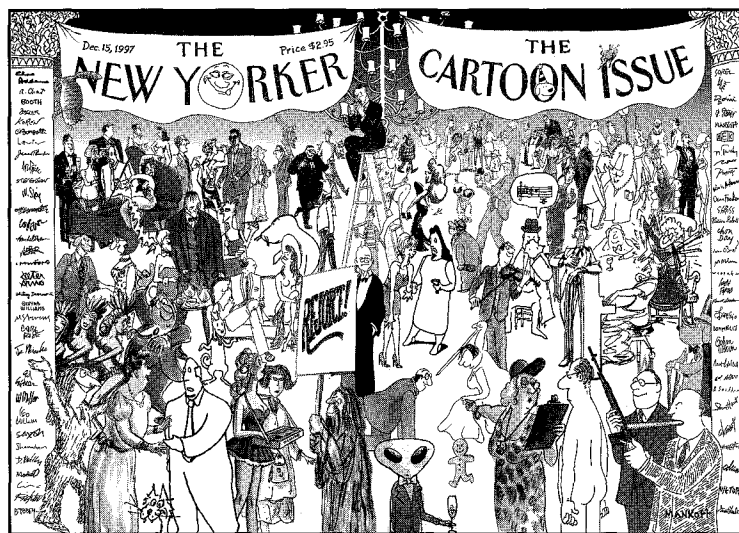
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extent a myth. His public scorn for foreigners and foreign art was, she shows, less than entirely consistent with his private tastes. He once confided to a friend that he thought Titian a very great painter; and although he may have been ideologically Francophobe, he was aesthetically Francophile, being deeply indebted; in his palette and his sense of composition, to Watteau and his followers Lancret and Mercier.

Hogarth was in many respects a man divided. While he made his name as an artist who burlesqued the high traditions of Renaissance and post-Renaissance art—a low-life Raphael, chronicling the deeds of crooks and whores and drunks rather than hymning the saints—he also dreamed of graduating to the grand manner himself. During his apprenticeship, he had been to see Sir James Thornhill's Baroque mythological paintings on the ceiling of the Royal Naval College, in Greenwich, and he never lost the ambition to try his own hand at something similar. In 1720, keen to improve his style, he enrolled in the St. Martin's Lane Academy. A few years later, he eloped with Thornhill's daughter Jane, an act that was doubtless motivated by love as well as ambition (the former apprentice and the daughter of the knight of the realm did in fact live happily ever after) and was also a remarkably clear move on Hogarth's part to replace one failed father with another, more potent model. Thornhill himself was reconciled to the match only by the enormous commercial success of "A Harlot's Progress." Hogarth tried sporadically throughout his life to live up to his father-in-law's example, by working in the higher reaches of Biblical and mythological narrative painting. His endeavors to do so are not well known and will probably never be much loved: "The Pool of Bethesda" and "The Good Samaritan," for St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in London; "Moses Brought before Pharaoh's Daughter," for the Foundling Hospital, also in London; and a huge altarpiece for St. Mary Redcliffe's, in Bristol.

These are in many ways Hogarth's least satisfactory works, largely because the artist was so manifestly ill at ease with himself when he painted them. For that very reason, however, they reveal, with unusual clarity, the fault line that



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- 16 KNAVES (naves hom.)
- 17 WINDY
- 18 T + HAT
- 19 WAR(RANTY)
- 20 EASTER (anag.)

DOWN

- 1 S + CREAM
- 2 CHAR(DONNA)Y
- 3 ITALIC (anag.)
- 4 PHLOX (flocks hom.)
- 5 C + ALUMNI + ATE
- 6 STATE
- 12 THE + TAS (sat rev.)
- 13 MARTY + R
- 14 CADRE (anag.)
- 16 KIWI (key + we hom.)

ran through Hogarth's temperament. He was determined to confine himself within the polite, anemic conventions of eighteenth-century Raphaellesque history painting but was always unable to suppress the innate unruliness of his imagination. "The Pool of Bethesda" is perhaps the most typical and disastrous product of Hogarth's ambitions in grand narrative. In an unconvincing landscape, a mannequin Christ dressed in timelessly vague drapery—a pastiche of a pastiche of a Raphael—finds himself confronted by a gallery of what are obviously eighteenth-century London paupers and cripples, each of whom awaits his healing touch. Contemporary critics of the painting complained that Hogarth had shown a want of propriety in making the poor and the sick seem so real. The trouble, rather, was that he had shown too *much* respect for propriety, enlivening the crowd but painting the rest of his picture in a conventional manner, and thereby suspending just one piece of the real Hogarth—that vivid slice of London life—in an otherwise dead framework.

Hogarth could never quite bring himself to believe that *his* art could amount to high art, so whenever he attempted history painting he strayed into a feeble imitation of the Old Masters. When he painted portraits, by contrast, the stakes were much lower. Portraiture was generally regarded as mere journey-work—or "phizmongering"—in mid-eighteenth-century England, so he felt free to be himself everywhere in the canvases. In the process, he produced some masterpieces of eighteenth-century realism, like the portraits of George Arnold, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, in Cambridge, England, and of Mary Edwards, in the Frick Collection, in New York. Nevertheless, there was always a part of him that cringed before the snobbish, academic, received idea that painting too attentive to the real world was necessarily low.

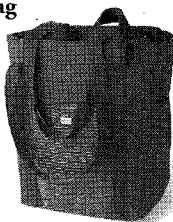
No matter how successful Hogarth became, he always remained a fundamentally insecure man. He seems to have felt shop-soiled by his past, and he resented the fact that high society, though amused by his genre painting, also looked down on him for not being able to rise above it. The saddest part of his life was its end. He made various increasingly

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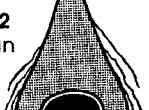
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desperate bids to be taken seriously, but each one foundered. "Sigismunda," his last and grisliest effort at sublime history painting, in which he depicted his wife, Jane, as a character from Boccaccio weeping over the bloody heart of her dead lover, was meant to rescue his reputation. Instead, it was rejected by Richard Grosvenor, who had commissioned it: he told Hogarth with cruel delicacy that it was such a powerful work that he could not bear to have it in his house even if it were to be concealed behind curtains. The artist's other main enterprise in those years, the weird, sexy, and highly original treatise "The Analysis of Beauty," was mercilessly burlesqued by Paul Sandby in a series of memorably unpleasant satirical prints. The biter had been bitten. Hogarth was deeply hurt by these attacks.

The bleakest period of his life also produced the darkest of all his prints: "Tailpiece: or The Bathos," in which Father Time is seen, in Uglow's words, as "the last inebriate at the pub to end all pubs," and "The Cockpit," a nightmare scene of gambling and cruelty and solipsistic obsession which seems to reach forward half a century, in anticipation of Goya's bullfights. These turned out to be Hogarth's last defiant gestures of unpredictability. On October 25, 1764, he died quite suddenly, soon after boasting that he had "eaten a pound of beef-steaks for his dinner." Jenny Uglow quotes this from John Nichols, Hogarth's first biographer. She does not dispute the date but wonders whether the beef might just be part of the Hogarth myth.

William Hogarth himself would probably have found the idea of celebrating an artist's tercentenary—even his own—more than faintly absurd. He despised connoisseurs who had eyes only for pictures smoked by time, and he felt that too much energy was spent in heaping praise on the dead. Still, he might not have objected to Jenny Uglow's gentle, humane, and intelligent biography—an admirable attempt to see the artist in something like his entirety. ♦

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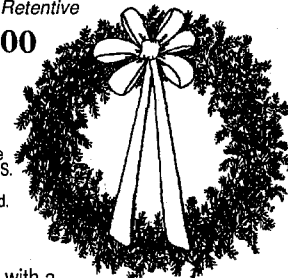
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BOOKS FROM OUR PAGES



THE PUTTERMESSER PAPERS, by Cynthia Ozick (Knopf; \$23). Part satire, part fable, part philosophical inquiry, this novel investigates the life of one Ruth Puttermesser, a feminist lawyer who is born on the Bronx's Grand Concourse and murdered, sixty-odd years later, on the Upper East Side. In between, her quixotic struggles to integrate heart and mind include a stint as mayor, a thwarted romance with a modern-day George Lewes, and an attempt to obtain American citizenship for a glamorous, icon-hawking Muscovite cousin, who proves to be in no need of rescue.

DEEPER, by John Seabrook (Simon & Schuster; \$25). Seabrook is both Francis Parkman and Sir Thomas More when he sets out, in 1994, to explore a vast foreign domain known as cyberspace. By 1996, his pioneering days as a Net "newbie" behind him, he is a full-fledged "digital guy," skilled at surfing the Web and fluent in cyber-argot ("pern," "f2f," "IRL"). His self-awareness and his unflagging enthusiasm make this two-year foray into a computerized New World read like a tale from *Boy's Life*.

RESURRECTION, by David Remnick (Random House; \$25.95). Remnick's portrayal of the political fluidity of Russia in the nineteen-nineties covers everything from the devastation of Chechnya to the new fondness among career Communists for Italian suits. One Moscow writer complains to the author that trying to write about the absurdities of contemporary Russian life is like trying to describe a sinking ship while sitting on deck. Remnick not only captures these absurdities but makes their ramifications unnervingly clear.

CHILDPROOF, by Roz Chast (Hyperion; \$15.95). Here's proof that empathy can be funny, and that originality can administer shocks of recognition. Chast's hilarious cartoons of moms, dads, and kids are firmly rooted in the specificity of domestic life, but her off-center characters (deadbeat dads, crummy-poet moms) also have plenty to say about the wider culture.

IRONS IN THE FIRE, by John McPhee (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$22). In these essays, which range from the cattle lands of Nev-

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ada to the beaches of northern Japan, McPhee continues to tease out the secrets of the worlds that exist all around us. Take the tract of virgin forest that survives in the midst of New Jersey's well-trafficked industrial corridor, or the geologic provenance of Plymouth Rock. Meditating on this chipped and cleaved national symbol, McPhee explains, among other tiny, crystalline revelations, how the Pilgrims may well have "landed where they left."

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF AMY CLAMPITT (Knopf; \$30). This volume contains a wealth of poetry almost mind-altering in its density of description and its mental breadth. Whether her attention is trained on an owl "that came / rowing out at noon, soundless as fur," or on the sly joy of water leaking in the subway station at Times Square, her faith in microscopic detail is balanced by her sense that our vocabulary, no matter how precise, is hardly adequate for wondering at our existence—"this / botched, cumbersome, much-mended, / not unsatisfactory thing."

THIRTEEN WAYS OF LOOKING AT A BLACK MAN, by Henry Louis Gates, Jr. (Random House; \$22). These profiles of influential black men, ranging from *littérateurs* like Albert Murray to politicians like Colin Powell, are deliberately unargumentative: they eschew the polemical knout for sly and careful observation. Yet together these intimate and historically grounded portraits build to a larger argument—against so-called racial authenticity and what Baldwin referred to as "the burden of representation."

DO THE WINDOWS OPEN?, by Julie Hecht (Random House; \$21). The unnamed narrator of these comic ruminations is a mad housewife, an amateur photographer, and a would-be mother, and she is plagued by questions such as the following: Why did *Vogue* teach us that the best tanning hours are between twelve and two? Is the venter at the superior vegetable stand on Nantucket really anti-Semitic? Armed with her Xanax, her sunglasses, and "Così Fan Tutte" in her Walkman, Hecht's embattled heroine reminds us that the sublime and the ridiculous are more closely acquainted than we like to think.

THE WIND-UP BIRD CHRONICLE, by Haruki Murakami; translated from the Japanese by Jay Rubin (Knopf; \$25.95). To learn why his wife has disappeared, Toru Okada searches the past, the present, and an obscure parallel world, all of which are connected by a dark thread of violence. Early in his quest, he finds himself in a modest embrace with an ethereal "prostitute of the mind," looking down at her trembling early-sixties-style bouffant: "I felt I was having a well-made dream." So does the reader of this book, which clicks along like a detective story laced with surreal details: a waterless well, the hands of a clock.

ALL AROUND ATLANTIS, by Deborah Eisenberg (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$22). When Francie first spots the headmistress's secretary heading toward her dorm, she experiences a moment of dislocation: "There

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✿ He explains why eating out in New York costs \$75 per person, except when it costs even more (p. 355)

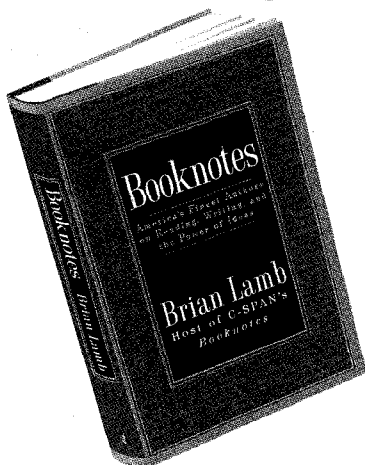
✿ He points out the best *bistrot*s *modernes*: amazingly inexpensive restaurants run by brilliant young chefs in Paris (p. 387)

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was some little oddness about seeing Cynthia outside the office—as if something were leaking somewhere." Something is always leaking in these menacing and filigreed stories, either from the past or from the imperfectly intuited future: Francie is about to learn that her mother is dead.

THE WORLD IS THE HOME OF LOVE AND DEATH, by Harold Brodkey (Metropolitan; \$25). The hallmark of Brodkey's art—a moment-by-moment awareness, rooted in memory, of what he calls "the curious movements of the selves"—is everywhere apparent in this posthumous collection. In several of the stories, Brodkey continues to decipher the tortuous family dynamics of his boyhood through the eyes of his alter ego, Wiley Silenowicz. In another story, he describes a dying man watching the wind move through the woods: "All around me spread shivering whorls of tethered shadows, an infinity of motions of a million twigs. . . . Nature has said, *I will make the tethered trees wild.*"

WRY MARTINIS, by Christopher Buckley (Random House; \$22). This sampler of magazine handiwork contains generous examples of the humorist's urbane art, with satires, hoaxes, interviews, short jaunts, and aileron rolls ("How I Went Nine Gs in an F-16"). Buckley sustains his blend of scampish insight and belles-lettres style throughout, from his over-modest beginning ("My Title Problem"), all the way to his judicious index (with such entries as "Book Reviewers, best people on earth, 1-314").

THE SPRINGS OF AFFECTION, by Maeve Brennan (Houghton Mifflin; \$24). Brennan's masterly stories trace a delicate trajectory, from the author's accounts of a happy childhood in Ireland to the fictional worlds of two unhappy couples suffering the effects of irrecoverably lost love. The drab Dublin row house in which the stories are set comes to signify the psychic claustrophobia from which, devastatingly, there is no hope of escape: "Any house would have been too small, but this one was much too small. There wasn't a corner in it where you could hide without causing questions—those silent questions that were not questions at all, but reproaches."

ALL ABOARD WITH E. M. FRIMBO, by Rogers E. M. Whitaker and Tony Hiss (Kodansha; \$16). "Be of good cheer. . . . Get on a train!" This was the sage advice of E. M. Frimbo, "the world's most redoubtable railroad buff," who when he was not amassing nearly three million rail miles all over the globe was a mainstay of the *New Yorker's* staff for six decades. This expanded version of the 1974 original turns out, like the ever-punctual Frimbo—with his black homburg, thirteen Persian cats, and dear Contessa—to be both heartening and timely.

THE FILE, by Timothy Garton Ash (Random House; \$23). In 1977, Ash turned down the advances of Great Britain's MI5 in favor of a stint as a writer in East Berlin, where he quickly caught the big-brotherly eye of the Stasi; after reunification, he returned to read his file, a three-

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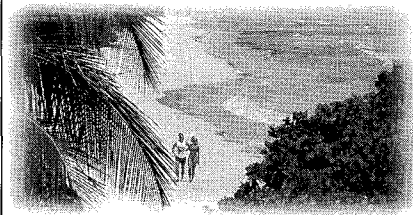
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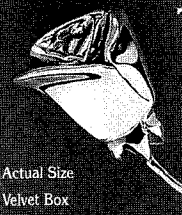
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hundred-and-twenty-five-page record of its attentions. His accounts of tracking down the enemies who spied on him and the friends who betrayed him are riveting, but the names themselves eventually dissolve into a deeply moving portrait of a state built on compromise and human weakness.

DIANA & NIKON: ESSAYS ON PHOTOGRAPHY, by Janet Malcolm (Aperture; \$29.95). An arresting photograph of a girl playing blind-man's buff is reproduced on the cover of the expanded edition of Malcolm's 1980 classic—an apt metaphor, the author suggests, for any attempt to pin down this stubbornly elusive new art form. Certainly this smart book is animated by a sense of play, as the author's spirited defense of Sally Mann makes clear: "They are not your usual pictures of the children to send to the grandparents; they are pictures to send to the Museum of Modern Art."

WOMEN WITH MEN, by Richard Ford (Knopf; \$23). Three novellas take on the unsteady alliance of the title; two of them are set, naturally, in Paris, the other during a Montana snowstorm. All balance crisp dialogue ("So. Come home when you're tired of whatever it is, whatever her name is") against an inner ache chronicled with Jamesian acuteness. Despite plentiful action—a shooting, a suicide, a transoceanic desertion—these pieces, with their careful tally of casual damage, have the transfixing clarity of a slow-motion crash.

DREAMING OF HITLER, by Daphne Merkin (Crown; \$25). Although the author notes, almost wistfully, that "the Forbidden is harder to come by," in these essays she turns an unblinking eye on taboo subjects like spanking, shoplifting, and political correctness. Despite the range of topics—breast reduction, the state of Israel—certain themes recur: the impermanence of desire, the traumas of childhood, and the difference between "those who cut their losses versus those of us who keen over them."

THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF ALL-NEW CAT CARTOONS (Knopf; \$20). If your old copy of "The New Yorker Book of Cat Cartoons" is getting lonely and cranky, here's a kittenish companion for it, courtesy of Sam Gross, Danny Shanahan, George Booth, and three dozen more of this magazine's cartoonists.

NOTHING BUT YOU: LOVE STORIES FROM THE NEW YORKER, edited by Roger Angell (Random House; \$25.95). From Raymond Carver's surreal "Blackbird Pie," in which a wife leaves her husband on the same night that a pair of horses appears on their lawn, to Mary Gaitskill's "The Nice Restaurant," in which, over lunch, an overeager young swain tells his lover more about his past than is truly wise, the stories are linked by the sometimes cutting, sometimes heartrending emotional honesty of the voices behind them. With bulwarks like V.S. Pritchett, Isaac Bashevis Singer, and Jean Rhys, joined by relatively recent luminaries like Alice Munro, Michael Chabon, and Judy Troy, the book is as much a survey of late-twentieth-century fiction as it is a study of love.

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Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") Can Israel survive without it?

There is incessant agitation for Israel to turn over most or perhaps even all of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") to the PLO. Such a move would inevitably lead to the creation of a Palestinian State—perhaps even with Jerusalem as its capital. Can Israel survive this dismemberment? Is it in the best interests of the United States?

What are the facts?

The Root of the conflict. The conflict between Israel and the Arabs is not about borders and not about the Palestinians. It is about Israel's very existence. The PLO still adheres to its infamous "phased plan." It calls for first creating a Palestinian state on any territory vacated by Israel and then using that state to foment a final allied Arab assault against the truncated Jewish state.

The Importance of territory. Many believe that in this age of missiles, territory is of little importance. But this is not the case. The Arab states have acquired over \$50 billion of the most advanced armaments since the end of the Gulf War. And those are not just "conventional" weapons—enormous quantities of tanks,

"Without Judea/Samaria (the 'West Bank') Israel would be totally indefensible; therefore, neither the purposes of Israel nor those of the United States are served by Israel's relinquishing control of the 'West Bank'."

heartland from the east. Israel needs this high ground for defense and to be able to peer deeply into enemy territory. The high ground allows Israel to detect missiles while they are still in the launch stage and to destroy them.

Would the "West Bank" be demilitarized? Even those who want Israel to retreat to her pre-1967 borders are agreed that the evacuated areas must be demilitarized. But that would be useless. Because the Palestinians will have thousands of trained soldiers, camouflaged as their police force. In case of war against Israel, these troops could be helicoptered in minutes to their positions, with armored

forces reaching them within the same night. In any case, it is highly doubtful that the surrounding hostile Arab nations would allow such a military vacuum

to exist. And finally, there is the matter of terrorism. There are over fifteen Palestinian terror organizations that neither Yassir Arafat nor any other Palestinian authority can control. There would be a constant rain of Katyusha rockets launched into the Tel Aviv area and into the entire coastal plain, which contains 80% of Israel's population and of its industrial and military potential. Ben Gurion airport, every incoming and outgoing flight, would be subject to mortar fire or shoulder-held Stinger attack. Does anybody doubt that the Arabs would not exploit that irresistible opportunity?

Without the "West Bank" Israel would be totally indefensible. That is the professional opinion of over 100 U.S. generals and admirals. Israel's strong defensive posture makes it most inadvisable for Israel's enemies to attack her. But once this defensive strength is removed, a coordinated war against Israel can only be a matter of time. The example and fate of Czechoslovakia, which preparatory to the Second World War was dismantled and shorn of its defensive capacity, insistently come to mind. What does all this mean to the United States? In a part of the world in which our country has the most far-reaching geopolitical stakes, Israel is the guarantor of American interests in the area. With Israel in a position of weakness, the role of the United States in the area would collapse and radical states such as Syria, Iraq and Iran would dominate. That is why, despite the heady prospect of "peace in our time," neither the purposes of Israel nor those of the United States would be served by Israel's relinquishing control over the "West Bank."

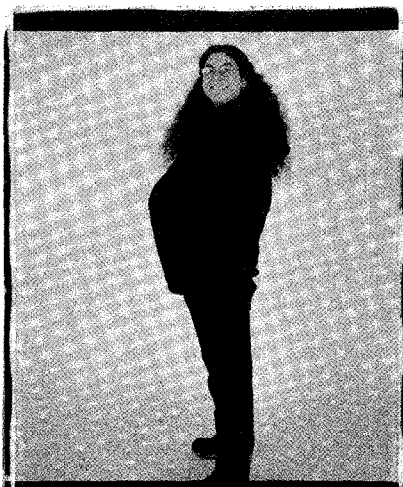
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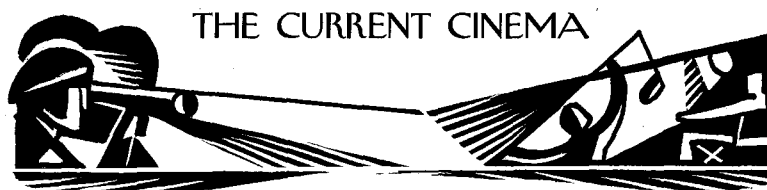
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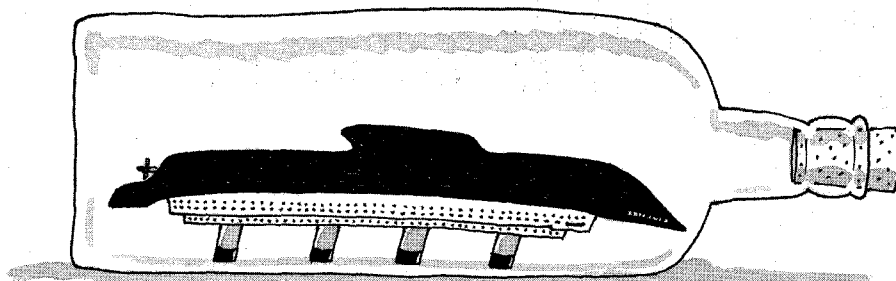
THE SHIPPING NEWS

"Titanic" raises the stakes of the spectacular.

BY ANTHONY LANE

AFTER all the hullabaloo, James Cameron's "Titanic" will finally set sail on December 19th. Already, however, the film has moved away from the quayside, with a première in Tokyo and a public screening

Fisher), the suspiciously moneyed Molly Brown (Kathy Bates), and Smith (Bernard Hill), the captain of the ship. The only glum face on view is that of Ruth's daughter Rose (Kate Winslet), a young first-class Philadelphian who has al-



The Titanic: a fatal vision of efficient loveliness for those who sailed in her.

in London. The latter was attended by the Prince of Wales, and if any of us wondered whether His Royal Highness was well advised to lend his gracious presence to the tragedy of a sinking ship we were too polite to say. It was altogether a polite occasion; there is always something absurd about going to the movies in a tuxedo, even more so when the movie in question wastes no opportunity to laugh at stuffed shirts. If he really wanted to show solidarity with "Titanic," Prince Charles should have rolled up in corduroy and old boots.

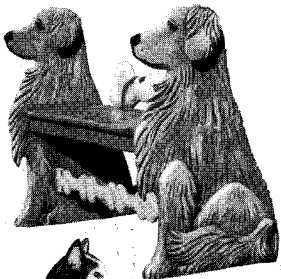
The hero of the tale is Jack Dawson (Leonardo DiCaprio), a freewheeling scruff—a skinny kindred spirit, perhaps, of his namesake Jack London—who wins a couple of steerage tickets in a poker game. Armed with little more than a sketchbook and an insolent grin, he leaps aboard the Titanic as she is about to cast off from Southampton on her maiden—and, as it turns out, her funeral—voyage. Jack thus joins the hundreds of other happy fools who believe that they are heading for a nice time; among them are the nifty and elegant Ruth DeWitt Bukater (Frances

ready foreseen her own demise—not in the form of a large lump of ice in the North Atlantic but, far more scarily, at the hands of her fiancé, Cal Hockley (Billy Zane), the man with a heart of absolute zero. Unless something happens, she will marry him, live comfortably, and suffer the long, slow death of the soul. The something is Jack, of course, who rescues a despairing Rose as she stands at the stern, red silk shoes on the railing, and prepares to jump. He hauls her back, they fall in love, he draws her nude, they make out in the cargo hold, and then the ship, in a touching display of erotic sympathy, rears up on end and goes down.

You might ask how such a simple story can take almost three and a half hours to tell—and by what miracle, moreover, "Titanic" should feel like the least boring movie of the year. The answer to both questions lies in the assiduous grace with which Cameron has framed, decorated, and wrapped the love affair. The film has been hailed as a fresh departure for him—as a flight from the panting mayhem of his "Terminator" films—but both of those pic-

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tures were obsessed by the bending and shaping of time. It is only in retrospect, appropriately, that we can see how serious that obsession was, how swiftly it went beyond a technical trick, and how thoroughly it has crept into every cranny of "Titanic." If you've heard nothing about the movie, it's a shock to see it open in a modern-day setting, with a deep-sea expedition to the wreck of the ship. Like the spacemen who cut into Ripley's lost craft in Cameron's "Aliens," a bunch of scientists descend to the gray ghost of the Titanic, send robots through the fish-filled rooms, and retrieve a safe. Back on the surface, they pry it open, expecting jewels; instead, they find a drawing of a naked girl. A lady of a hundred and one sees the image on TV and phones the explorers. "Oh yes," she says calmly, "the woman in the picture is me."

This is the aged but still blooming Rose (Gloria Stuart), a survivor in every sense—"Wasn't I a dish?" she says, looking at the drawing. From here the story unfurls in flashback, as she recounts her distant experience. Cameron's great achievement is to shrink that distance: as Rose peers into the video monitor that displays the wreck, you see her face reflected in the screen until past and present are no more than a breath apart. Even finer are those sequences where the Titanic is resurrected; rather than simply cut to the spring of 1912, Cameron sends his camera gliding along the decks and gangways of the encrusted vessel until, as if in fulfillment of a wish, she melts into life. This may be the most beautiful special effect ever seen; in its peculiar magic, at once decorous and delirious, it feels closer to the Cocteau of "Beauty and the Beast," say, than to the tedious wizardry of recent blockbusters. Many moviegoers, and almost all critics, inveigh against special effects, but what rankles is the abuse of effects; Cameron has repeatedly shown that in the right hands they are as fertile and provocative as any other artistic resource. At best, indeed, they answer to our hopes and terrors of transfiguration: the metallic morphing of the T-1000 in "Terminator 2" offered the most succulent image of self-replenishing evil since "Dracula," and, at the other extreme, the way in which sunshine imperceptibly

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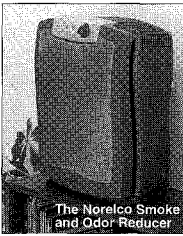
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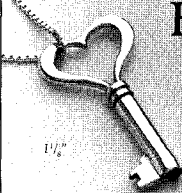
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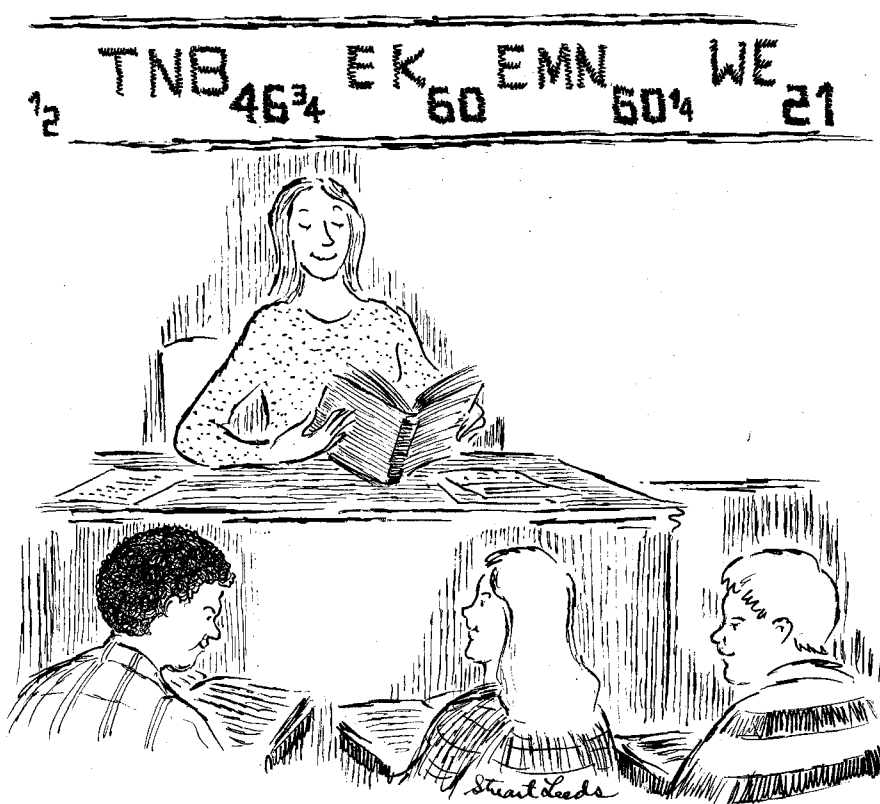
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breaks upon the drowned corpse of the Titanic, and in which passengers start to stroll again upon its gleaming decks, is as bracing a prospect of rebirth as you could hope to imagine.

No wonder Leonardo DiCaprio looks so chipper. His performance is indeed that of a youth who has been given a new lease, or even the freehold, on life. Some of Jack's lines are straight out of the Hobo's Handbook—"I've got ten bucks in my pocket, I've got nothing to offer you"—but he manages to conjure an age when both he and the twentieth century were still in their teens and it was not entirely fanciful to be fancy-free. There's an extraordinary moment, near the end, when Jack and Rose cling once more to the stern where they first met; now, however, they are right at the summit of the ship, which is vertical and poised to plunge. As it begins to slide like a sword into the waves, Jack shouts "This is it!" and you realize that, even in the face of death—or especially there, when their hearts are on overload—these two are having fun. Kate Winslet is in her element, and that element is water; given her bright, bedraggled Rose and her Ophelia in Kenneth Branagh's "Hamlet," not to mention the bathtub

scene in "Heavenly Creatures," you could plausibly argue that Winslet is emerging, like a shell-borne Venus, as the Esther Williams *de nos jours*. Winslet's talent, however, extends beyond her gills, and from the opening scene, when the camera curves down to seek out Rose's proudly pale face beneath the brim of her hat, you catch the same air of principled unpredictability—more Jeanne Moreau than bathing beauty—that lit up Winslet's fiery, cigarette-waving heroine in last year's "Jude." Isn't she a dish?

It took guts, and a certain generosity, for Cameron to cast his two leads like this. The movie is blissfully free of the middle-aged A-list that you would expect from a project of this magnitude, not to mention the B-minus list that used to bedevil disaster flicks; I like both Mel Gibson and Harrison Ford, for instance, but imagine how ponderous and straightforward "Titanic" would have seemed under their influence. As for Shelley Winters, there would have been no need for the iceberg. The best performance in "Titanic" comes from Victor Garber, who plays Andrews, the Irish builder of the ship. It would have been easy to nudge the role toward hysteria as his beloved cre-

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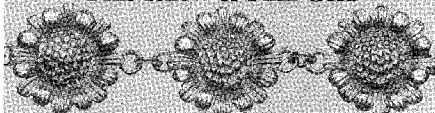
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ation breaks up beneath him, but Andrews is never more civilized and kindly than when he is overseeing the progress of doom. "She is made of iron, and she will sink," he says firmly. Garber offers a wonderful portrait of a man who is stricken, but not by panic; as the Titanic tilts and sinks, Andrews stands by a mantelpiece with a drink and adjusts the clock by the time on his fob watch. Not only is he a model of conduct to the other passengers; he corrects and refines the movie's automatic satire. For much of the time, we are invited to scoff at the snobs as they bicker and dine, and to relax in the unbuttoned company of Jack and his ilk. At one postprandial point, the camera whirls around with Rose as she dances a Celtic reel belowdecks—a shot borrowed from "Whiskey Galore"—and then cuts hard to Cal and his cronies talking politics through a fug of cigar. Later, amid the chaos, Rose tells him that half the people on the boat are going to die. "Not the better half," says Cal. Boo! Hiss!

I didn't object to the presence of this stage villain—he could walk into a one-reel melodrama from 1912, no questions asked—because he reinforced the growing sense that "Titanic" is, for all its narrative dexterity and the formidable modernity of its methods, an old-fashioned picture. The most radical thing about it is the version of the "Demoiselles d'Avignon" which Rose appears to have bought in Paris, and is presumably lost forever, together with the fifteen hundred dead. In both its emotional thrust and its social judgment, "Titanic" pursues a clear and often obvious route. Like "The English Patient," it could be described as a long historical romance, and yet it boasts none of the intricate byways that darkened Minghella's movie. At the close of the century, Cameron is pushing at cinema much as D. W. Griffith did at the start—raising the stakes of the spectacular, outwitting the intellect, and heading straight for the guts. He piles on the astonishment as if he owed it to the nature of his medium; there are sights here that no other director would have the nerve to design and stage—an old couple embracing on their double bed while the water flows beneath it like Lethe, or the ice-whitened bodies of passengers bobbing in the endless

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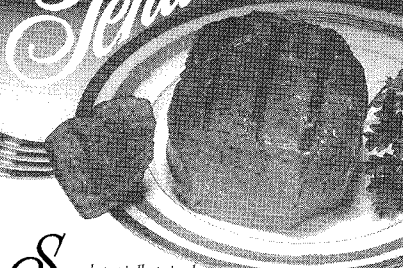
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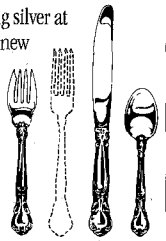
When their cosmology grows soft and spongy and unreal, the old cosmologists get touchy. They feel they should have held it off, they should have known about it in advance, they should have stretched the interstellar cloth or sown a row of stars along a rift just to the left of Mars or guessed about a pin-size patch of purple gas or grafted comets tail to tail, and thus or otherwise suppressed the drift; as if change were not something that just happens at certain stages but a private test failed moment by moment as age is.

—KAY RYAN

darkness, as if on a battlefield of water. Some viewers have confessed themselves disappointed by the computer-generated images of the Titanic; the daytime shots, in particular, are lightened by a strange haze, and there are times when this unrusting palace resembles not so much an actual ship as one of those splendid, stylized liners from travel posters of the nineteen-twenties. Yet even that, I found, was no shortcoming, for it drove home the Titanic as a dream—a fatal vision of efficient loveliness for those who sailed in her, and a kind of unreal, awesome trip for those of us watching her now. She went down, according to this movie, as a direct result of Rose and Jack, because the men in the crow's nest were too busy spying on the smooching couple to notice what was looming ahead. So now you know: the Titanic was lost for love. James Cameron's film is grand and wrenching rather than clever or subtle, and it floods your eyes; if you are going to spend two hundred million dollars on a movie, this is the way to do it. ♦

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THE THEATRE



THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

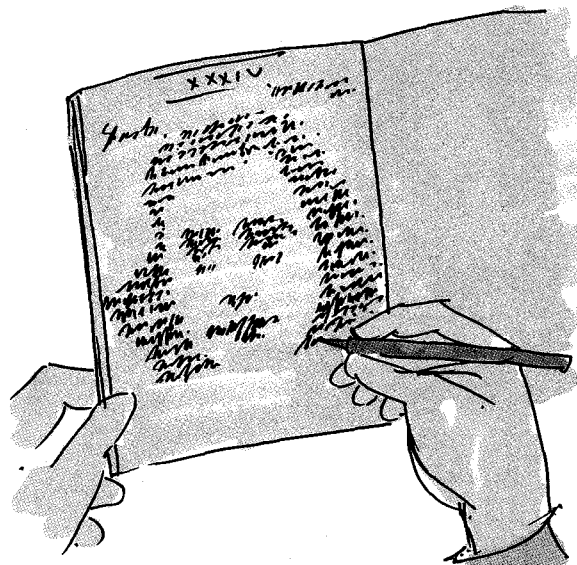
A new production tries to re-create the world of Anne Frank.

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK—the 1955 play, that is, which was written by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett (a well-known husband-and-wife scriptwriting team, whose credits include “The Thin Man” and “Seven Brides for Seven Brothers”)—was not, strictly speaking, faithful to the diary itself. It was, however, very much in keeping with the popular image of Anne Frank, an image that had been promulgated by those who were responsible for the diary’s publication: Anne as a symbol of goodness triumphing over evil, of hope burning bright in the face of hopelessness. The original version of the diary, which was published in Dutch in 1947 and in English in 1952, under the guidance of Otto Frank, Anne’s father—the only member of the family to survive the Holocaust—tones down Anne’s more hot-blooded feelings about sex and about her mother, and alters passages that might have been seen as “too Jewish.” Otto Frank died in 1980, and a few years ago a “definitive” edition was published.

It would be inhuman to find fault with, or even to question, the choices that Otto Frank made with regard to his daughter’s diary, but perhaps it is worth noting that under normal circumstances—the very circumstances that, of course, didn’t exist for the Frank family—such parental control over a child’s writing would be undesirable at best and ruinous at worst; children who write do so, at least in part, in order to free themselves from their parents’ editing. Still, the Anne of the old diary and the new, “real” Anne are much the same to a reader, and it could be argued

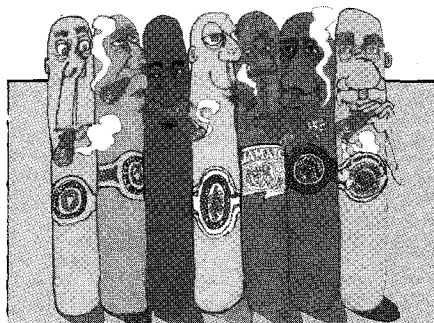
that the differences between the diaries are largely academic: both offer the same glimpse of horror. A revival of the play—its first revival—is now at the Music Box, under the direction of James Lapine, and,



in the spirit of historical scrupulousness, the text has been thoroughly renovated: out with the old, in with the new.

Theatrically, the new adaptation, by Wendy Kesselman, is an improvement; it smartly dispenses with the short scenes at the beginning and the end of the original play which are set in Amsterdam after the war and give the play a storybook quality. In that version, Mr. Frank, on being presented with the diary by the Dutch woman who helped his family for the more than two years they were in hiding, begins to read from it. As he reads, the voice of Anne takes over and the play proper begins; at the end, after we hear Anne’s voice say goodbye to her diary (a sentimental fiction, for when the Franks—Anne, her parents, and her sister, Margot—and the four other people who were in hiding with them were caught, they were taken from the house in a matter of minutes, with no time for goodbyes), we

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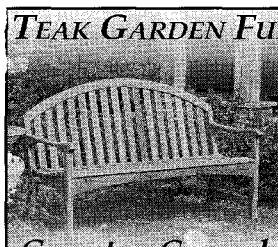
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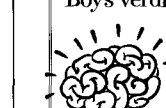
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again see Otto, literally closing the diary. This fairy-tale device might not have stood out when the play was first produced, just ten years after the end of the Second World War, because anyone who saw the play had also seen the war: "once upon a time" was only yesterday. Now that era is long ago; in order to bring it back alive, the producers of the current version of the play seem to take as their credo that realism is the road to authenticity. We hear a Hebrew prayer, something that was absent from the original play; the set, a cramped space without enough room for eight people to coexist comfortably, is realistic; the characters' clothes grow realistically shabbier over time. And no one overacts or underacts. The cast is a fine one, featuring George Hearn and Sophie Hayden as Mr. and Mrs. Frank, and Harris Yulin and Linda Lavin as Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan. Lavin and Austin Pendleton, as the fussbudget dentist Albert Dussel, are particularly good. Anne, who was thirteen when she started writing her diary and fifteen when she died, is played by the sixteen-year-old Natalie Portman; she looks the part, but her girlishness seems stiff and studied. For all there may be to admire about the production, only one small image stood out: the ghostly mark that remains when Anne, now safely hidden from the Nazis, pulls the yellow Star of David off her sweater. Hard work and good faith permeate this revival; nevertheless, I left the theatre with the uncomfortable feeling that the play itself is a categorical mistake—a well-intentioned but wholly misguided enterprise.

I don't hold to the idea that the Holocaust is, a priori, off limits to artists, and it never occurred to me before that Anne Frank's diary shouldn't be dramatized. But the kind of authenticity that the play achieves struck me as being in every way a falsification of the diary and of Anne Frank's experience. (Cynthia Ozick's essay in the October 6th issue of this magazine is a bristling exegesis of the uses to which the diary has been put; I admit, though, that I was skeptical of some of her insights until I saw this production.) Both the 1955 play and its new incarnation, while ostensibly honoring Anne Frank by attempting to re-create her world and give voice to her words, have, in fact, silenced her—not to mention the seven people who shared living quarters with her for some eight hundred days and nights. They would be appalled, as Anne

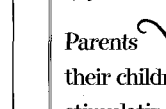
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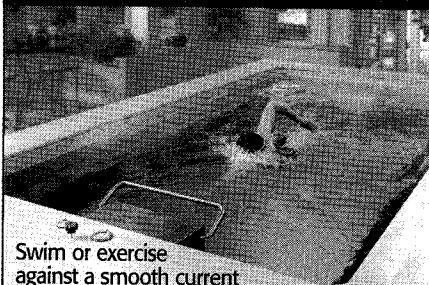
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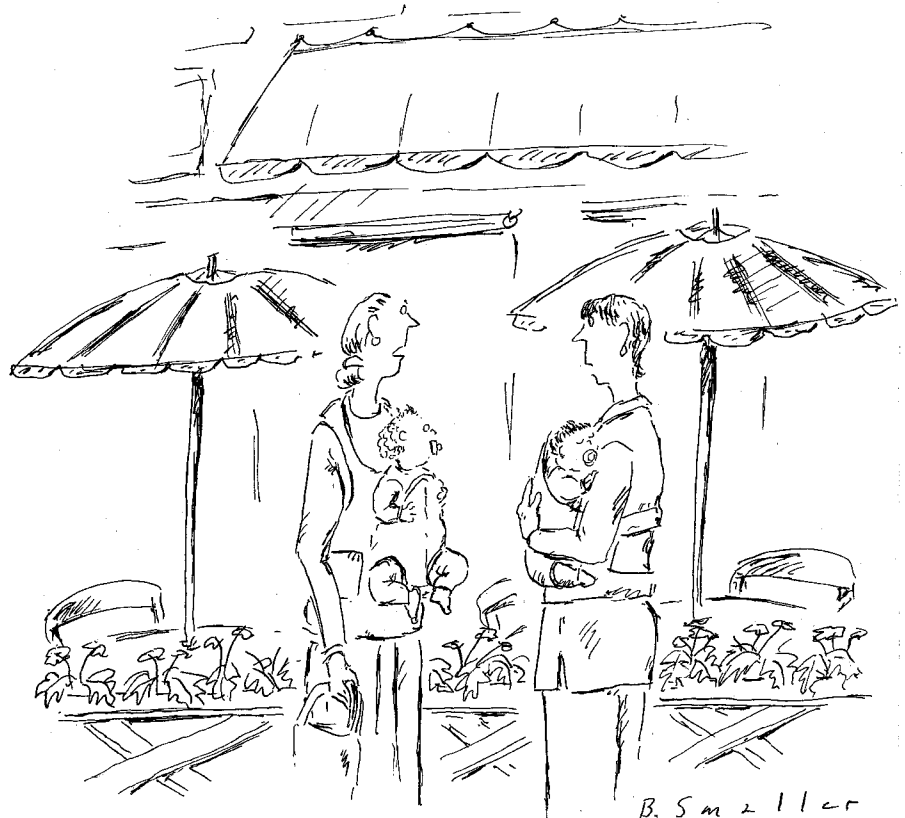
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"My baby is not on backward—your baby is on backward."

herself would be, one suspects, to know that their characters, which Anne analyzed at length but often changed her mind about, were now written in stone on the stage in a way that they never were on the page. (Anne might—*might*—also think it was a good joke on her young self that some of her adolescent musings and mood swings had been immortalized. Still, one doesn't like the idea of someone else deciding which of one's naked-baby pictures will be shown to the public.) We can't possibly reach Anne Frank's world except by approximation—by historical documentation and testimony, and by works of imagination. The play, which is meant to be a show of respect, represents instead a failure of imagination. The diary, on the other hand, thrusts imagination on the reader; it is lively, vivid, and deliberately engaging—if it

wasn't written to be read, it was certainly written *as if* it would be read. Its directness, the way it treats you as if you were there, is perhaps what has given rise to the impulse to dramatize: because Anne is so alive in her diary, we want to find a way to keep her alive. It's a natural impulse, but an inadequate one—dark gray is not a substitute for black. Reading Anne Frank's diary, whether you are twelve or thirty or fifty, is an experience that does not leave you, though you may never speak of it to another human being. It may lead to questions that you spend your life trying to answer. When the performance I saw of the play was over, people in the audience shifted nervously in their seats and looked around at each other for some kind of answer to the only question the play had left them with: Are we supposed to clap now? ♦

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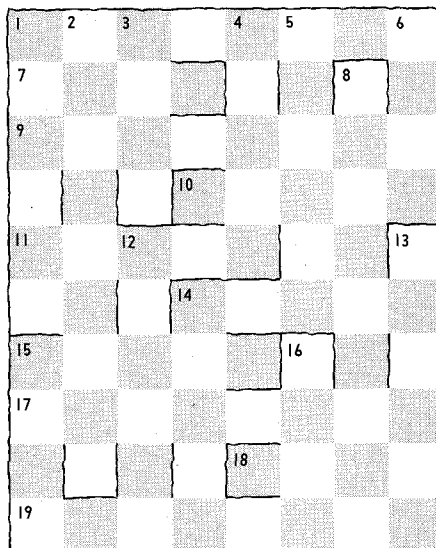
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- 1 Bats scare our guest at a party? (8)
- 7 Part of sitcom: "Itt" shows neglect (4)
- 9 Ghost's noise by the mostly evil cemetery (4,4)
- 10 Fester's face: real weird and beastly (5)
- 11 Blood-colored—that is, when turned down (5)
- 14 Swamp Thing spat audibly (5)
- 15 Fat Pugsley's heart initially torn out (5)
- 17 Brain with bugs seen in it (8)
- 18 Bad times for vampires heard in confusion (4)
- 19 Cut-off hand's back in sod we disturbed (8)

DOWN

- 1 "Addams Family" prop we found in a sort of salad (6)
- 2 Morticia's wildly passionate (9)
- 3 Embraced by Fester, I scream (4)
- 4 Haunted house for you and me and her (5)
- 5 Ghost tears up the "Thing" (6)
- 6 Lurch's part auditioned? (4)
- 8 Picture with allure could make Gomez rail (9)
- 12 Witches making CD with trancelike singing? (6)
- 13 Pugsley's head, under ground, cut off (6)
- 14 Cooked guts with old relish (5)
- 15 Wednesday holds back thrill (4)
- 16 Intend being wicked? (4)

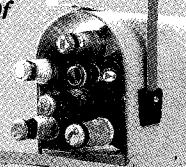
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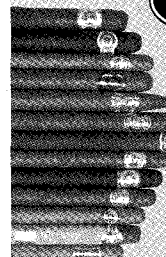
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THE DRAWING PRESIDENT

BY BRUCE MCCALL

RN: I drew this cartoon last night. Now, you get it published, goddammit.

HRH: Mmm.

RN: Wrong side up. There.

JE: I like, I like!

RN: Not sideways, *this* way. Now, you know, most cartoonists can't draw a lick. Look how they draw me.

HRH: No resemblance. The coloring, the haircut. No resemblance.

RN: None. Cartoonists. They wear check pants, derbies, smoke big cigars.

HRH: Check pants, derbies, cigars. (Inaudible.) We send someone to bend their pen nibs. Shorten their chair legs.

JE: Serve them right.

RN: Helen Gahagan Douglas, in '46. She wore a derby. Kept mice under it that she let loose at my speeches.

HRH: Only stuck-up people have three names.

RN: Exactly.

JE: We break all the eggs in her fridge.

RN: Now, this cartoon of mine really says something.

HRH: About how it's a dog's—

RN: What dogs? Those are people, you goddam imbecile.

JE: But the fire hydrant there—

RN: That's the U.N. Can't you tell the U.N. from a goddam fire hydrant? Got to get the message out.

JE: Yeah, the U.N., run by the Jews. I heard the cartoonists are all Jewish, too. And left-handed. What do you expect, left-handed Jews.

RN: No, no, no! The message that this is a drawing President. That RN can draw. Jack Kennedy couldn't draw at all, you know. But oh no, they wouldn't print RN's cartoons in high school.

HRH: Get hold of all the high-school yearbooks, rip them to shreds.

JE: Find the editors, kidnap their pets.

RN: I want this cartoon to run in *Collier's*, *Look*, *Puck*, *Liberty*.

JE: Might be difficult.

RN: Talk about nattering nabobs of negativism! I told you what to do, now *do* it!

HRH: Um, he says "difficult" because, um, they're all out of business.

RN: We drove them out of business? Serves the bastards right. You know, I could never afford to buy magazines. Those big slick magazines with the brassiere and hair-cream ads.

JE: A little dab'll do ya.



HRH: Don't despair, use your head, save your hair. Well, you know those Rosicrucians. Not on board.

RN: I never get a fair shake from the Rosicrucians. Are we letting the air out of their tires?

JE: But, ah, frankly, this cartoon of yours, it kills me. With the sunrise—

RN: That's an atom-bomb explosion, you idiot.

HRH: An injustice if it doesn't run. A miscarriage of justice. Like you said, a drawing President. A President who can draw.

RN: You know, back in Whittier, when RN was in knee pants, which by the way were all torn and tattered, I drew my mom a cartoon.

JE: Bet she loved it.

HRH: A mother's small son draws her a cartoon, she's bound to be touched. Son, I'm touched!

RN: Sent me to the goddam woodshed. HRH: We could put bugs in her knitting.

JE: Loosen every other floorboard, she trips.

RN: So this new cartoon of mine.

HRH: Revenge. A revenge cartoon. Well within your rights. The AG will go along. A blind memo.

RN: No, a *reconciliation* cartoon! RN's mother sees it—that's why I stayed up so late last night. Get that out, too. That RN was up all night doing this cartoon on the dining table in the Vermeil Room and not tracing over, either. That would be cheating. Of course, the steward had to uncap the India ink for me.

HRH: 'Cause those ink bottles, have to twist the cap just right or—

RN: So I wouldn't get inky hands, you goddam moron!

JE: He can't meet the Emperor of Japan inky-handed.

RN: Exactly. So I don't care how the hell it's done, just get the cartoon placed.

HRH: We paratroop a team onto the roof of every major newspaper.

JE: Go in through the skylight at press time. The noise of the press drowns out the smashing glass.

HRH: Replace the regular editorial cartoon with this classic one. All about how the trees—

RN: Trees? Can't you tell trees from liberal agitators? See, the long hair?

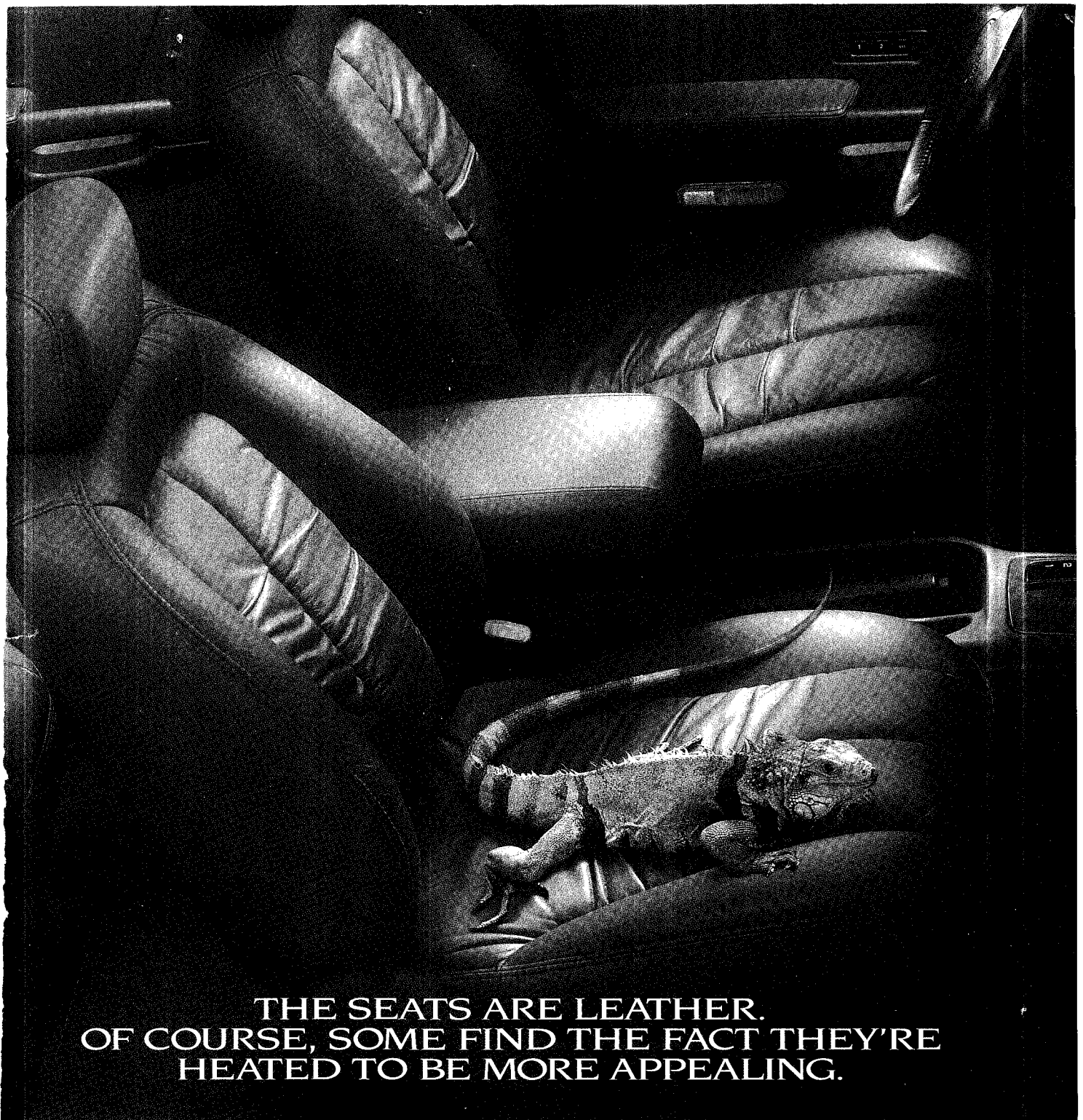
JE: Got it! Plain as the nose on your face.

RN: What did you—

HRH: He was looking at me. At *my* nose.

RN: Make a note. Nobody who comes in here looks at my nose. Even a glance—take down the name. I'm not some goddam cartoon.

(TAPE ENDS) ♦



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